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BRITISH COLUMBIA FOR SETTLERS



BRITISH COLUMBIA FOR SETTLERS

ITS MINES, TRADE, AND AGRICULTURE

BY

FRANCES MACNAB

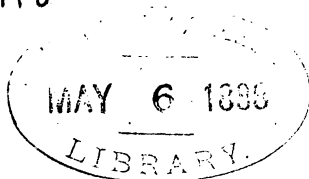
AUTHOR OF "ON VELDT AND FARM," "RELICS," ETC.

WITH THREE MAPS

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TO
THE "TRAIL-BLAZERS,"
WHOM I MET ON MY TRAVELS,
AND TO ALL WHO SMOOTHED MY PATHS
IN BRITISH COLUMBIA,
I DEDICATE THIS
BOOK.

PREFACE.

THE reader must accept the following pages as a sketch of the great work which might be written upon British Columbia were more time allowed for it.

While it would be impossible to compress the whole of so large a subject into a book for the information of emigrants, it is hoped that, by breadth of treatment, some idea may be conveyed in a handy compass of both the inducements and drawbacks offered to careers in that Colony.

I have to acknowledge the courtesy of Lord Strathcona for permission to reproduce the Government agricultural map of British Columbia and Mr. Ogilvy's map of the Klondyke. I am indebted to the C.P.R. for furnishing me with their map of Canada, and for assisting me to reproduce the other maps.

These notes are the result of travels undertaken during the summer months of last year, and I have to thank the following gentlemen for the good advice, assistance, and encouragement given me in what I found to be an arduous, in fact, an almost impossible, task:—Colonel the Hon. James Baker, the Hon. J. Turner, Sir William van Horne and the officials of the C.P.R., Charles Hosmer, Esq., Major Dupont, the Rev. Dr. Robertson, Messrs. Allan & Bros., the managers of the Bank of Montreal, and many friends, too numerous to be named, but whose kindness it is a lasting pleasure to remember.

THE AUTHOR.

SOUTH WEALD,
January 1, 1898.

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BRITISH COLUMBIA FOR SETTLERS.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY.

THE condition of British Columbia is one of gradual unfolding. There is no other word which will describe the process taking place in that country. The peculiar interest in the subject centres round inclinations pointing to certain conditions of industry, which possibly prevail nowhere else to the same extent. We are not watching the rapid rolling back of a long-closed scroll, finished and brought to perfection ages ago. It is not the case of patching new methods upon an old, effete, and yet glorious civilization. It is something which is being born in our own day; and, like the slow and original work of Nature, there follows a sequence of events—first the bud and then the leaf, the shoot, the flower. This generation may not gather the fruit or harvest the seed, but at least it will see a wholly new and distinct branch of life produced with all its hopefulness and promise.

Under the two fur-trading companies—the Hudson's Bay and the North-West—who first exploited a territory which, considered geographically, is as large as Europe—this colony was merely a hunting-ground for fur-bearing animals. Gold washed from the sands of the Fraser river allured men from the coast fisheries and lumber trade, and brought into the country a race of brave and

B

hardy pioneers. Then followed within a period of a few years two great gold rushes—that to Wild Horse Creek, at the foot of the Rockies across the American border; the other to Cariboo, south indeed of Alaska, but considerably north of Kootenay.

In the excitement of the chase for gold, the old fur-companies fell into the background—much as does a sheath which through winter and the storms of spring, protected the bud. To this day old wooden forts can be seen, surrounded with, and overbuilt by, houses, shops, stores, and hotels. The names of the factors are immortalized by great rivers, and the largest store in most towns bears above the doorway the proud lettering, “Hudson’s Bay Company. Incorporated, 1647.” But while the sealing industry is arrested and threatened with extinction, and fur-bearing animals are becoming more and more rare, the stores carry on a retail business in grocery, haberdashery, millinery, and upholstery. This change alone is remarkable in a country which was once considered the *ultima thule* of Canada.

Two obstacles placed a check upon the development of British Columbia. The great double range of mountains which shut it off from the North-West territories, and the other range which formed a barrier along the coast, the only means of crossing which was by navigating in canoes treacherous and dangerous rivers, through dense forests, inhabited by savage tribes.

Then followed the advent of the Canadian Pacific Railway, or, as it is called, the C.P.R., which was at that time reaching out to lay hold of commerce in the Orient, and based its hope of success on the directness of the route it offered from Liverpool to Japan, China, and the South Seas. This great enterprise brought with it a trail of population which formed clusters at the section-points and timber-yards. The railway found work, it brought money, and then came the demand for *fresh farm produce*. That was a time of high prices for the produce-growers, and the Hudson Bay Company’s factors, who had cultivated patches

of land, or bought cattle, and pastured them on the ranches, reaped good returns on their enterprise.

Hitherto the gold-mining operations had been confined to that known as placer-mining and gold-washing. Picks, shovels, and pans are attractive implements to the poor; while placer-mining produces rich results with a rapidity impossible by other methods. The real source, however, to which British Columbia looks as the foundation of her future wealth, is the ore and gold-bearing quartz, of which many of her rocks are composed. The exploration of these mines is a very large industry, necessitating the support of a large population, which cannot dig out the gold and retreat, but must perforce settle in the country and build towns. Until recently, the cost of machinery and the intractable nature of the ore have been barriers against success in mining; but with the cheap transport of the railway, and the new methods lately discovered for treating ores, these difficulties are gradually vanishing; and more than one Johannesburg is growing up in British Columbia.

Glancing backwards for a moment upon a scene which is already disappearing, we shall see a process typical of the present century. From an economical point of view, the development of the territory itself by the railway is still more interesting than the traffic from long haulages. That Montreal should require tea, Japan coal, and China wheat, is less remarkable than that towns should spring into being upon prairies, or amidst forests, almost simultaneously with the arrival of the railway. The construction of the line brought a small army of employees, and this population, which was not altogether transitory, encouraged others to settle and devote themselves to gardening in the narrow valleys, and to herding cattle on the benches or foothills of the mountains. This necessitated a certain clearing of the land, the timber being frequently required for the railway, or turned to account very cheaply in the mills erected upon the river. The land was cheap,

the life along the line was never isolated. There was the occasional excitement of a fresh gold discovery. Trapping and fishing, on which there was always a profit, offered a change from the monotony of existence; and the railway, besides bringing mails and other comforts, ensured easy transport of lumber to the coast at all seasons of the year, independently of the freezing of rivers. The province was retrieved by the accident of a railway, which, in passing through it, aimed at connecting markets thousands of miles apart, while the actual wealth of the territory itself was a thing that no one dreamt of.

It is scarcely wonderful that, with so many favourable circumstances, the people who settled in this country took life easily. So much was done for them by outside enterprise, and by sheer favour of the gods, that the tendency was to live in the old groove and wait for another stroke of luck. What these people did not foresee was, that the advent of civilization enforced conditions for living and money-making which they would either have to adopt, or by which they would be crushed. They believed that fur-trading would last, and also the high prices for agricultural produce; whereas the completion of the railway meant the reverse.

With very few exceptions, people were startled to find that, after the railway came in, they were becoming poorer. Some made an effort to reduce their expenses. Others borrowed capital at an exorbitant rate of interest, to launch out in fresh business, with their land mortgaged away under their feet. As the families grew up, the struggle to pay the interest on money borrowed, in some instances to provide maintenance, rendered life intensely anxious. No margin whatever was left them to take advantage of the fresh opportunities for investment which the country afforded as it opened. This element in the population has held the country back, and still checks advance.

Right along the southern border of British Columbia

is the northern boundary of the United States of America. This means the juxtaposition of a people composed of the restless, dissatisfied fractions of many nations. They are a people prepared for anything, because they have nothing, and greedy to be rich; loving both wealth and the pursuit of wealth, till the value of everything is gauged by cents and dollars alone. British Columbia could find and had attracted the brave, hardy prospectors, men who faced the difficulties of mountaineering in a country scantily supplied with food, and possessed of a severe climate. The Americans came in as promoters and mining brokers, and companies were formed chiefly by capital which was drawn from the States, although it may originally have come from Great Britain.

The British Columbians looked on in wonder and admiration at these people, who coolly risked thousands where they had to pinch themselves to collect a few hundreds. Moreover, they saw business handled in a manner they never conceived before. They saw energy, and along with it a tone of luxury which they envied.

Then it was not only for mining that the Americans came over the border. They were not slow to see the points where their own products might be traded at a good profit in a country which had no manufactures, where fruits were neither understood nor cared for, and where even the commonest fresh vegetables could scarcely be had. It was true the mines, in many instances, "hung fire"; but as more and more capital was drawn into the country, the markets increased, and the Americans were ready to take advantage of every point.* Then, as railways became necessary, the Americans ran their lines over the border, bringing up supplies from Washington and Montana, and freighting down bags of ore to the smelters in the States. But

* The duties paid on imports into British Columbia for 1895 include the following items:—Horned cattle, \$365·00; horses, \$4069·40; sheep, \$10,628·20; bacon and hams, \$11,435·25; potatoes, \$7095·10; tomatoes, \$347·17; condensed milk, \$2833·18; hay, \$3517·06.

few of the mines, except those owned and worked by Americans, paid; so that the situation resolved itself into a loss to the British Columbians. They also lost, or buried for some years, their money in the mines, which money they had drawn in some instances from legitimate and prosperous business; besides losing the markets for produce which the mining camps in Kootenay created, independently of the success or failure of the mines themselves.

While the Canadian Pacific Railway was fully occupied in working its way to the coast, and in establishing a connection with India, China, and Japan, a line of railway was run from Spokane to Nelson, thus penetrating into the very heart of the mining district. Telephones to Rossland rapidly followed, and with the strong commercial organization at Spokane, and the improved methods of agriculture in Washington and Montana, it was soon far more than a mere boast on the part of America that British Columbia had lost her market. The import duties levied by Canada on American produce were no deterrent, and in spite of immense efforts among the farmers on the Lower Fraser and in Okanagan, and the starting of an experimental farm at Agassiz for the distribution of information, the farmers of British Columbia were unable to compete successfully. It was easier to send fruit from the Lower Fraser to the North-West than to Kootenay.

The present time shows a decided awakening, not only on the part of British Columbia but of Canada in general. The North-West Provinces, Winnipeg, and even Montreal, have commenced to lay hold of the markets of Kootenay, and the branch of the C.P.R. at present under construction through the Crow's Nest pass, which it is hoped will reach Nelson before the autumn of 1898, will provide direct facilities for forwarding Canadian produce.

There can be no doubt that, up to a certain point, the mining industry was advanced by American energy faster than it would have been had it been left to the

British or Canadians themselves. The business was unquestionably extremely speculative—so far as the gold and copper ore were concerned. Experience soon showed that mining in British Columbia required a large outlay, while even the most skilful American smelters found themselves baffled by the refractory ores of Rossland.

The British emigrant who goes into the country now will find the chief interests in the mines about equally divided between Americans and Canadians, and for a few years longer the struggle will probably go on whether the Americans are to exploit the wealth of British Columbia or not. Much depends upon the influx of British capital directly, instead of following a circuitous route. More still depends upon the energy, determination, and intelligence of the men, whether Canadians or British, who go there to take their share in this part of our Empire. They must be capable of living as frugally as the Canadian, and of working as incessantly as the American.

These features in the unfolding of British Columbia are at the present moment epitomized in the North and on the borders of Alaska. But there, in addition to other difficulties, we have a climate both inclement and pluvius, while rocks and bogs combine to render it inaccessible.

The London *Times* speaks airily of the rush to the Klondyke as "one of the incidents which draw attention to our imperial interests in Canada," while a man at Seattle foretells with shrewd recognition of hard facts, that "It will be hell in two volumes, bound in calf."

Without any desire to check men going forward to lay hold of the best chances which may offer in the Klondyke, some warning is necessary of the dangers which certainly underly any chance of success. Not the least of these is the fact that the Americans have already appropriated considerable claims, and show every desire to exploit the territory for the benefit of Seattle, San Francisco, and Tacoma. No reference is

made in their advertisements to the duties charged on American goods entering Canada. It is a positive gain to these merchant cities to send men there—provided they purchase goods from them, or from their stores established in the country itself. The shipping companies and the C.P.R. share in the benefits, although these last—and especially the railway, are far more interested in attracting good settlers to develop British Columbia.

It is with the object of thus drawing money into their own tills that everything has also been done by Victoria and Vancouver to promote and prolong the Klondyke boom. The merchants have been waiting for a market to come to them. It is comparatively easy and very cheap to advertise the Klondyke, seeing the difficulty the journalists of the country have in providing news. Therefore the utmost is made of every rich strike, and the excitement is kept up at fever pitch.

But the story is a familiar one. History repeats itself, and human nature is but one air with variations. All gold rushes are manias akin to panic—and as men do wild things in bicycle-riding and lawn-tennis because these excitements become the rage, and one man drags another—so these gold rushes become the fashion of the hour in the country where they take place. As with all other fashions, they wear out and become forgotten.

There is one peculiarity, however, about the rush to the Klondyke which is worth noting. Other rushes have been famous for the population which they attracted into the country. This gold rush will be remembered for the population it destroys.

It will carry with it men who might have made good farmers, or traders, or miners, in British Columbia itself. Brave men, young men, strong men, will be enticed into the harsh conditions of a severe climate and scarcity of provisions, beyond the possibility of retreat. Some of them will die, but a good number will live to return with shattered constitutions.

The booming of the Klondyke, the pretended anxiety to exploit its wealth, has thrown into the British market the prospectuses of companies which are trading concerns on the Yukon and the district known as Klondyke; but even these are too wise to depend solely on the Klondyke, and also own properties in British Columbia. The Klondyke has merely been used by them as a decoy to catch the ear of the public. They are fully aware of the eminent uncertainty in the gold strikes in Klondyke.

But beyond the actual sale of groceries, etc., and the chances for advertisement, there is another reason for prolonging the Klondyke boom. It is the hope of inducing men who hold good prospects in the Kootenays to sell them for less than their value, in order that they may raise the capital to go to the Klondyke. Each man fancies that he will do heroic things in the Klondyke. Whoever else fails, *he* will succeed; and he burns day and night to show himself, or his luck, as a light before men. It is so easy to cajole and flatter a man on his pet hobby. Yet men may be successful prospectors in British Columbia who would fail in the Klondyke. It is the flattery of the fox to the crow concerning her voice—when she held the piece of cheese in her beak.

Yet there are few among the old "trail blazers"—who are not ready, even for the sake of the hardships, to go to the Klondyke. To these men the money made is of far less consequence than the adventure. They know exactly how to proceed, and their powers of endurance having been tested, they are not likely to give way. These men are a totally different race from the city clerks, or farmers. The road to success in life which lies before every man consists in his doing his best at the work for which he is naturally fitted and thoroughly trained. It is part of the common British ignorance of things colonial to believe that any man can succeed out there at anything he tries. In point of fact, the same rule applies there as here, and men

require as special a training for colonial life as they do for the army; but the fact is, that we do train the boys before we put them into the army, whereas we send boys to the colonies whose training has been in many respects positively the reverse of what it should have been.

Another feature of interest in British Columbia is, that while she is part of the Empire of Great Britain, her position is similar to that of the Southern States of America or California, inasmuch as there is a sudden enormous increase of wealth in a country whose constitution is scarcely hatched—whose system of administration is half-fledged, and whose laws have to be framed without the light of previous experience.

There is, of course, always the outline of the constitution and the model of British laws to fall back upon. But both the outlines and the details must be expanded and changed to allow the admission of wholly new elements; nor can the experience of older states offer much assistance in solving the political and economic problems relating to highly advanced commerce which invariably shows a determination of establishing and creating a code for itself.

Is the future of British Columbia to be, as some say, "merely a valuable asset to Canada, as offering handy markets for the North-West"? Will the merchants of Victoria and Vancouver be content to share with the States the trade in the mining centres, and see the stable rural population crushed out? Will British Columbia be the dumping-ground for the products of America worked up into manufactures by aliens to the Empire? Or will capital and intelligence be found equal to securing the full result of her productiveness to this British colony herself? That Canada is alive to part at least of the situation, may be inferred from her recent movement towards Free Trade within the Empire. But there are still ultimate questions relating to the maintenance and equilibrium of trade which have hitherto appeared to apply only in Great Britain. Is it possible to develop

a paying business in raw products? Is an agricultural population worth having; or is it good enough for a province to exist, with its towns fed and provisioned from elsewhere?

Time was when Vancouver Island, as a Crown colony, regarded itself as the candlestick in which burnt the light of British administration. The mainland was hardly worth a thought, and still to-day the island people are incredulous that mainland cities should be as important as Victoria. Have they not the Government Buildings in Victoria?

But the problems clamouring for attention throughout British Columbia are those of the most modern conditions of trade, although the country is still in its infancy, and the land has not yet passed through the hands of the first generation of farmers; while much of it is in the same state as was Great Britain when the Romans colonized it.

The spring of life so long delayed has come with a rush, and the country which has been long laid by—hidden behind its mountains, and overgrown by its forests—will receive a people who must hammer out a constitution suitable to the nation's precise needs. It is an opportunity which we shall doubtless see embraced by men who can feel that their country's welfare is more to them than the pursuit or accumulation of wealth, or the mere exercise of power.

CHAPTER II.

MINES.

MINERAL wealth is so lavishly distributed in British Columbia that it is difficult to point to localities which are entirely destitute of mining prospects.

In West Kootenay the most pronounced development has taken place. The methods in general use there are those likely to prevail elsewhere; and at present the mines of Rossland, Nelson, Slocan, and Sandon form the principal markets for other industries. The development has been largely assisted by the great waterways of lakes and navigable rivers, and by the railway which has for some time connected Northport and Spokane with Rossland and Nelson, beside the other short line which brings up supplies and takes down ore between Sandon and Kaslo.

In Cariboo, and beyond in Cassiar, there is wealth untold which has scarcely been touched. In Lilloet there are free-milling quartz mines, one of which, the Gold Cash, has already paid a dividend. In the Boundary Creek district, there are mountains of almost pure ore. Along the Hope trail to the coast, and in East Kootenay, between the Rockies and Selkirks, copper, silver, gold, and lead are only waiting for the railway and the smelter. In Vancouver Island, where mining was for many years solely occupied with the coal of Comox and Nanaimo, free-milling quartz of high grade has recently

been discovered. Nor must the large deposits of coal in the Crow's Nest Pass, and the oil wells in Cassiar, be omitted, especially because, affording as they do a cheap basis for working precious metals, their value ranks as an asset to other mines which would not pay without them.

The geological formation of the country is a subject upon which the present writer is not qualified to enter. But it will be of use to the reader to remember that ore apart from quartz is gold mixed with other matter, such as copper, iron or silver, or else silver mixed with lead, antimony, copper, or galena. The fluxes used in smelting are introduced to get rid of the sulphur, arsenic, iron, etc., while the process of smelting itself separates the quartz or rock which floats away from the minerals when both are liquefied by intense heat. The whole subject is extremely fascinating; introducing as it does what may be termed the chemistry of mining brought to great perfection.

Just at the present time the whole question of the mines rests upon ways and means—transport and treatment. Then follows the important item which has not been ascertained—the depth to which the mines may be sunk. In some cases the gold is a deposit upon the surface of the rock, in others the veins grow richer as they descend; in some they pinch out altogether; or, again, the nature or kind of mineral may change: gold in some cases disappearing and copper taking its place. Instances are not uncommon of prospects showing very high assays of gold upon the surface, owing to the oxidizing of the iron, which carries it, under the action of air and moisture—the base metal is slowly washed away leaving the gold. This is particularly the case in free-milling mines, and is a form of natural concentration.

Hitherto the silver mines have made by far the largest returns, and the ore in them varies less than in the gold mines. They appear to have been formed by metal boiling up from below, and if rich on the surface, tend to

become richer lower down. The volcano which formed them has even thrown out wire-silver, or pure native silver; and in the Payne Mine, Slocan Star, and Reco, silver ore, of such very high grade as to be almost pure silver, has been found in quantities.

One distinct obstacle to the success of mines in British Columbia has been the novel nature of the necessary treatment. The British public was unwilling to invest money in the exploitation of ores the method of treating which was only in the experimental stage. Some mines were opened only to be closed again, because the ore was so hard or so expensive to treat, and the capital which started them had been wasted upon unsuitable machinery. Quartz mills and cyanide plants sufficed for the Randt, and flumes for placer mines, and these things the British public understood. Diggings in California and Australia, and washing in the Fraser River were also comprehensible; but a mystery overhung the British Columbia mines, and for some time no process seemed able to treat ores worked from a certain depth and brought from certain mines. The Americans must be given credit for having achieved the latest triumph in smelting, and of having discovered the precise fluxes and methods by which the most refractory ores in this country can be treated successfully and economically.

Another reason which has deterred British capital from coming into the country has been the utter failure of certain properties to carry out the good things promised for them. Though the vast mineral wealth of the country as a whole is indisputable, yet there are tracts which are mere prairie land, and mountains which will never produce anything but pine forests. Besides districts entirely barren of minerals, there are "showings"—to use a prospector's term—which have never been proved to go any depth, and "prospects" which have nothing beneath them.

It should be an emphatic rule that no mineral claim should be bought as a mine upon its surface showings,

however good they may be. Even if a hole has been dug of ten or twelve feet deep and five feet in diameter, the claim is nothing but a surface showing; and all it is worth is the ore or quartz actually in sight. This rule should hold good upon all purchases of mining property: that the price given should never exceed the value of the ore in sight. It has been estimated by a man well versed in mining affairs that \$25,000 to \$100,000* must be spent upon a property before the stage can be reached at which it passed from a prospect to a mine. For that sum about four or five thousand feet of tunnelling† and shafting should have been done, to follow and gauge the value of the veins or deposits; and some estimate will be fairly made of the actual worth of the property. These figures must be taken somewhat loosely, owing to the cost of development work varying in different localities. The advice given in the Fort Steele district by a leading mining expert is worth quoting, that milling ore should not be touched in that neighbourhood (viz. that it is not worth its development work) which assays less than \$4 a ton on the surface, and smelting ore less than \$40. It also serves to indicate the relative cost of the two methods, and accounts for the failures which have marked the initial stage of smelting mines in this country. It also indicates the fallacy of supposing that any prospect is good enough to buy in British Columbia.

The assay values of properties are also apt to be misleading. In a vein there is often considerable variety in the quality of the quartz or ore. It is the man who means to sell the mine who picks the piece of ore which is assayed; and he will be sure to select it from the richest part of the true vein or pay streak, and yet it

* The dollar is worth on exchange about four shillings and a penny in English money.

† "Shafting" is sinking from the summit or ridge. "Tunnelling" is boring into the side of the mountain to cut the vein horizontally. It is a cheaper method than sinking.

will be taken as representative of the mine. The Americans seek less for high assay values, and are more anxious for large bodies of ore than either British or Canadians.

A large body of low grade ore can be operated more cheaply than a narrow vein, which is often difficult and expensive to expose, owing to the large amount of stuff to be moved, and practically impossible to estimate in bulk. This fact stamps the deceitfulness of high assay values as to the worth of mines. Purchasers should be satisfied with nothing less than bulk assays, and should in no case trust to samples coming through the hands of the vendor's expert.

Yet another reason why British Columbian mines have "hung fire" is that, probably owing to violent volcanic action, the mineral deposit is very frequently "patchy," or "pockety," and the veins are broken and disconnected. It is no uncommon case to find the corresponding strata of a mountain on opposite sides of a wide valley. Some upheaval split the rock and set it up edgeways—perhaps a mile apart. A river first formed by melting snow or ice commenced to trickle between the rocks, and carried away with it the gold precipit formed by oxidized iron wherever the rift left the mineral deposit exposed to the air. The vein or deposit of ore must necessarily be broken, and is not infrequently found on the two opposite sides of the valley, or on different parts of the same mountain.

But apart from the natural causes, something must be ascribed to positively dishonest management, and also for mis-management. Though companies formed in London may buy properties which are worthless, they may also find money to develop good properties; and this money, instead of going into the mine, will find its way into the pockets of the promoters. We will deal with mis-management. To illustrate this, we will suppose the following history of a mine :—

	Dollars.
Paid for mine	25,000
Capitalized at	1,000,000
Treasury stock sold 100,000, realizing	25,000
Expended in mine on development	25,000

The balance of 900,000 shares the directors keep to recoup themselves for the original cost of the mine.

The \$25,000 becoming expended, the directors go to capitalists elsewhere, and sell 500,000 shares for less than \$50,000, and give up the concern.

Had they managed with business perspective, they would have kept 100,000 shares to recoup themselves, and the entire remainder would have been put into the mine; for there was no doubt as to the value of the property. The case, we take it, is simply one of exhausted capital, and consequent inability to conduct the business further. Not unfrequently, mines thrown up like this become, under better management, payable properties of considerable value. The story is of a very common kind, and does not give an extreme case. Something, we maintain, was actually paid for the mine, and \$25,000 were actually put into it. There are, however, cases in British Columbia quite fit to rank on a par with the well-known Glasgow pig-iron companies—which were formed and reformed without touching the iron, and over which many fortunes were lost, and one or two made (which is still more regrettable).

Another difficulty under which Colonial undertakings labour is a management located in London, which insists upon interfering in matters which it does not even remotely understand. There is an instance at the present time of a London Company whose directors meet regularly—yet owing to the initial stage of the mine not being passed, and to the geographical position of the property, no work can be done there at the season when the river freezes. The directors own amongst them a man who studies mining engineering in books, and has theories which he propounds to the managers in

British Columbia in long letters, as he wishes to have them tried upon this particular mine. He has never seen the property; in fact, he has never been in the country.

Yet another and kindred difficulty is the London promoters' high profits. Upon this subject the history of the War Eagle Mine offers a case in point. The purchase price of a mine is reckoned at the value of the amount of ore in sight, which is supposed to cover the purchase price, whatever it may be. The War Eagle was bonded in Canada at £160,000. By the time it reached London it was £200,000; and the promoters offered it to the public at £400,000. It was not sold then, but was ultimately bought by a Toronto firm for £160,000. The mine has since become one of the great successes of Rossland; the shaft has been sunk to 600 feet, and the ore is richer at that depth than upon the surface. The War Eagle must be reckoned as a pioneer mine, and has necessarily had much to contend with. It has had, in common with the Le Roi, to weather, in its critical infancy, the disadvantages of costly transport and very heavy smelting charges. It is thought by some people that as the shaft descends it will become richer in gold. Others aver that it will cease altogether as a gold mine, and produce only copper. An expert has given his opinion that at a certain depth the value of the ore will either increase very considerably or "peter out" entirely. It is also said that no mine in this district can be worked lower than 4000 feet, owing to the high temperature, and possibly not to that depth.

There are rumours of syndicates being formed to acquire large holdings. This practice will not promote the best interest of the country. At all events, the question of management and the possibilities offered to stock-jobbing are of absorbing importance. There are many ways of making money which are both quicker and less troublesome than mining.

Companies will no doubt be floated by British capital in fully-paid scrip largely "watered." There will be the

promoters' pockets and directors' fees * to reckon with; and the residue, if any, will go to working the mine. Every time that a "big strike" or a good "clean up" in other mines causes a boom in the markets, these sham concerns will profit by the boom and rise. They can be easily depressed again by a bad report from their own manager, and persons prepared for this will be able to buy back again at a low figure, and wait for the next boom. The property may really be valuable, and yet not a dollar be taken out of it; and if a dividend is declared to encourage investors, it will be paid out of money actually subscribed by themselves.

There are between two and three hundred mining properties in the immediate vicinity of Rossland, including the Le Roi, Centre Star, Monte Cristo, and the War Eagle, all of which show considerable development; and to give an idea of the inflated statements sometimes made to the British public, it is useful to know that one company largely interested in furnishing information to intending investors in the home market,

* The following may be instanced as a fair account of mining directors' fees and expenditure under the English plan:—

To Expenses at—:				£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Wages	1,034	0	0			
Mine Manager's Salary	500	0	0			
Timber	218	15	5			
Water	421	6	6			
Cartage	8	0	4			
Horse Hire	68	7	6			
Rents of Leases	48	0	0			
Telegrams, Stamps, etc.	55	14	3			
Office Rent	44	11	0			
General Expenses	96	6	3			
							2,495	1	3
To Expenses in London:									
Rent, Salaries, etc.	383	6	8			
Directors' Fees	1,050	0	0			
Telegrams, Stamps, etc.	64	14	7			
Stationery and Printing	51	0	11			
Interest	25	4	2			
General Expenses	163	0	11			
							1,737	7	3
							£4,232	8	6

announced publicly that five of their properties would be richer than the whole of Rossland put together. Yet not one of the properties was sufficiently developed to justify such an exaggerated statement. Such bravado has been aptly described as "hunting geese with a brass band."

The lines upon which mining business usually works in British Columbia is as follows: In the first instance, the prospectors go out into the hills, and hunt for indications of mineral deposit. They return sometimes empty-handed—or, if not, with specimens of quartz or ore for the assayer, and to register with the Government official the strips of territory or land where they have discovered payable ore or quartz. These claims are afterwards bought, generally speaking, by a man who acts as broker or agent for several others. He buys the claim (or claims) as cheaply as he can, and, being a broker, he looks to make a profit upon the sale. He sells it to the company formed by the other men, for all the stock. In this way he renders the stock fully paid, and the company cannot be assessed for any sum. If it were assessable, and fell into debt at any time, the creditors would call up the unpaid amount. By this arrangement with the broker, the books of the company show that the stock is fully paid and unassessable. The broker next offers to give the company the proceeds from the sale of one-fourth, or it may be, one-half of the stock called treasury shares—or trust shares. The balance of the stock is called promoters' shares, and these are divided amongst those who have assisted him to buy the mine, keeping a certain number for himself—all which is done upon arrangements made prior to entering upon the business. The promoters next agree to pool their shares—and those who manage a concern of this kind properly will see that all the promoters' shares are pooled until the treasury stock is sold. By this means no individual shareholder can get out of the business leaving the treasury stock unsold. The money raised by the sale of the treasury stock goes to develop

the prospect. When the mine is at last proved, and more capital is required, if the company has no more of the treasury shares left, they must fall back on the promoters' shares. The choice is left them of selling the mine "right away," and dividing the proceeds, or they can sell an interest by surrendering a portion of their promoters' shares for working capital at a fixed figure. This last offers a very fair opportunity for the introduction of British capital. The original company remains in possession of the mine, and having the largest share, is certain to carry out the development of the property. It has its head-quarters upon the spot—for companies which hold their offices at Montreal, or Vancouver, are as useless as if they were in London. They can appoint, if necessary, an authorized agent in London to transfer shares, but the actual company would be upon the spot in British Columbia.

There is a British Columbian branch on the London Stock Exchange, which was opened during the summer of 1897; but those who avail themselves of this exchange to sell treasury shares will have to pay a tolerably high registration fee.

Another disadvantage in transacting business is the want of confidence which exists between the British Columbian mine-owners and the London stockbrokers.

There is considerable difference of opinion as to the merits of working a mine upon the British or American plan. The British engineer has a more finished, elaborate, and consequently, more costly method. He uses what may be termed complete apparatus from the very commencement, and if the mine fulfils its promises and does not disappoint the expectations of the experts who examined it in its early stages, his methods will in the long run prove the most economical. But he requires very large capital to start with, and remembering that the initial cost in British Columbia must always be high, the raising of sufficient capital to commence and continue mining may prove beyond the powers of his company. There is no doubt that heavy capital increases

the speculative element in the business, for the mine may not turn out to be sufficiently rich to justify the outlay—although it would have made good returns upon smaller capital.

The American, on the other hand, works as cheaply as possible. He wastes or casts aside ore which require machinery. He works with as few men as possible, and without clerks, or mine-managers—putting in one man with a pick, to dig out the pay streak, and then, as returns come in, another man, and when he can afford it, a third; but from the very first he takes care that the mine pays for its labour. After the pay streak has been dug out and exposed, and the ore shipped till it is certain that the property is valuable, the management will be changed.

British mismanagement takes various forms, and the following story illustrates the injury which may be done by too good a plant. There was a mine into which \$160,000 had been put, and lost. The business utterly failed to show a return; and at last it could not meet its working expenses. Latterly, the miners' wages had not been paid, therefore the men asked to be allowed to try and recover them by working the mine themselves for two years. They put aside all the expensive machinery except the stamps and the plates. The company had paid these men \$2 a day, but, working the mine for themselves, they paid themselves out of the proceeds \$5 a day for two years. The American's method is less speculative than is generally supposed. The aim is to reach results by the cheapest possible methods. It is an incontestable fact that Americans will produce results while the British, with their more elaborate system, are "fooling around" outside. The Englishman, in his anxiety to save low-grade ore, endeavours to treat it—whereas the American casts aside all but the pay streak until he sees the way clear before him. By the time he has made his profit out of the pay streak, the local conditions of the mine may be changed by the erection of a smelter, or the advent

of a railway which will enable him to procure machinery, and get his ores treated cheaply.

Though much may be said in favour of the initial working of British Columbian mines upon the American plan, some stress must be laid upon the fact that it is only in the early stage that such a wasteful, cheap, and careless method can be tolerated. There are mines which have been slowly and steadily proving themselves, and whose value has been tested by capable and trustworthy men. These properties are worthy of further outlay and the most thorough development in the best English style.

It is apt to be forgotten that gold has a price, and that the profit on it is over and above the cost of production. The great lesson of British Columbia to miners in general is to count the cost beforehand. Once again the Klondyke will emphasize this fact. In reading the reports of the dollars'-worth brought down from that country, not a word is said about the dollars which were "planked down" by some one before the man could get into the country.

The treatment of ores by smelting is one of the gravest and most interesting problems in British Columbia. Hitherto the cost has been so great that only high-grade ores could be mined to pay. The North Star Mine* has placed the cost of treatment \$17 the ton. The War Eagle and Le Roi paid until recently \$13 to the ton. The North Star Mine is now awaiting the completion of the railway, while the War Eagle, having sufficient capital in hand, is storing or banking its ore until the new arrangement is effected of a smelter at Nelson, on the Columbia River, supplied with coke through the Crow's Nest Pass. Then it is believed that the cost of output at the War Eagle will be as follows:—

	Dollars.			
Cost of smelting	5.00	per	ton.	
„ mining	2.00			
„ freight	0.50			
Total ...	7.50			

* A silver mine in East Kootenay, near Fort Steele.

The original charge of smelting, upon which the Trail smelter was built, in agreement with the Le Roi Mine, was as follows :—

				Dollars.
Cost of smelting	9 per ton,
„ freight	2 „
Total	11

The agreement was at this rate for 75,000 tons of ore. The charge made by the Trail smelter upon other mines was two per cent. of the assay value of gold, ninety-five per cent. on silver upon the New York quotation on day of shipment, and half the actual value of copper. Over and above these charges, the cost of freight was two dollars a ton upon the Trail railway.

Low-grade ores, averaging \$10 to \$15 a ton, have been severely handicapped by these rates. Such charges also increase the speculative element in mining, which is undesirable, as in many instances only the pay streak—a narrow and uncertain feature—could be made to pay; whereas, under cheaper management, large bodies of low-grade ore will be treated economically, and afford certain profits.

The Le Roi Mine has continued shipping ore to the Trail smelter, in discharge of its obligation to ship 75,000 tons; but the company is constructing a smelter at Northport, in America. There may, some day, be objections to the shipping of ore across the border, and difficulties may arise of a fiscal nature. The present owners of the Le Roi are Americans.

Besides the restrictions already stated, as agreed upon and arranged by the C.P.R. for freighting and smelting ores, there is a scheme on foot, initiated by a clever young Scottish engineer, for bringing electric power into the mines in Rossland. A cheap supply of electricity in the case of mining refractory ores would be of immense assistance. It is believed in some quarters that the cost of mining will be reduced as much as \$1 a ton by this introduction of electrical power.

Although smelting in itself is a profitable business, it would be very unwise for English syndicates to be formed for the purpose. The smelter at Nelson is backed by the mines belonging to the company, which are the richest in the country; but with a capacity for 250 tons per diem, and a large refinery plant, this well-equipped concern could treat more ore than it obtains at present. Smelting is a business which will probably never be worked singly, but in conjunction with mines, or railways, or other business, upon which it is more or less dependent.

In order to work a smelter cheaply, water-power is desirable, if not essential, for blast-furnaces and crushers, and also for electrical plant. Cheap fuel is indispensable—charcoal and coke being preferred to any other. The next essential is to be within easy reach of fluxes, the principal of which is limestone, though silica is used for iron and copper ores. There are, connected with smelting, some as yet unsolved problems relating to by-products, in themselves necessitating factories or refineries for further treatment.

It will be easily seen that smelting is just an instance of an intermediary business, which the main business—gold production—will always endeavour to cheapen. In fact, there will be a constant struggle to “cut rates.” Any invention or discovery likely to cheapen the cost of smelting will be eagerly welcomed, and certain to be taken advantage of promptly. Whatever is barely necessary for working blast-furnace or smelter, British Columbia amply provides, as though Nature predestined the country to its present fate. The one thing needful is communication which shall bring the several parts of the puzzle to a common centre, together with strict economy in methods.

It is a difficult task to convey an idea of the actual value of any business by mere figures. Yet it is impossible to close this chapter without some reference to the returns from the different mines. Hitherto silver has been most profitable; owing partly to the

comparative cheapness of the work, and partly to the peculiar richness of the best properties. It is said, with truth, that "silver pays from the grass roots"; by which is implied the fact that the mines are rich upon the very surface of the ground, and generally continue to be so as far as they have been exploited.

These successful mines are principally in American hands, and, with the exception of the Hall mines, the ore is shipped to America. The Hall smelter does not work in the wet ores of galena silver and lead common in the Sandon districts, but with the refractory ores containing a mixture of copper, iron, and gold, which are far more difficult to treat. This smelter is said to have made in one year £50,000; the Slocan Star (silver mine), £60,000; the Payne (silver mine), £50,000. The ore in the Le Roi (gold, copper, silver) is said to be worth, at its best, as much as £20 a ton.

Such statements, however, must be regarded with caution. These concerns are the prize-winners amongst many failures. Because there are some very rich properties in British Columbia, it does not follow that half the claims pegged out will ever be worth so much as the initial development necessary to prove their value. Caution in proceeding in the first instance is absolutely essential. It is regrettable that mining, especially where gold is concerned, kindles an enthusiasm which amounts almost to insanity. So long as gold is obtained, the cost of obtaining it is forgotten; more especially when the cost comes out of the pockets of people who are some distance off. The men actually in the business may not be as rich as they appear, for the money made in one mine is very often thrown away in another. It may reasonably be questioned whether gold-mining is not, after all, more valuable as a means of attracting men to new countries, of circulating money, and creating markets, than profitable as an industry to those most deeply concerned.

In conclusion, the last point to be dwelt upon is perhaps the most important of all. It is, that mining

is essentially a business for which a man requires special training and knowledge. Any attempt at amateur dabbling is to be deprecated. The best method by which money can be safely invested is by the advice of men whose character is well established, and whose experience has been tested, and who are known to be above the tricks of newspapers, promoters, or stock-jobbers. Such persons are unfortunately rare; but if the industry is to proceed at all, they must be produced.

Meanwhile, there are three sayings common in British Columbia. The first is, "*The gold is where you find it*"*—signifying the great uncertainty attaching to mining operations, the long search and hope deferred, and the hardships which have to be endured before the results are crowned with success. The second refers to a class of people who exist chiefly in the bucket-shops at home, and are spoken of as "*men who mine the public*"—which implies that the profits returned and the wealth made by some companies came out of the pockets of the British investors. The third saying refers to the danger of listening to corrupt persons who impose upon the ignorance of others, and especially upon the "tenderfoot" from home. It speaks for itself, requires no comment, and provides the last piece of warning I would give: "*There is a liar—a damned liar—and a mining expert.*"

* In Cornwall, the saying is, "Where it is—there it is."

CHAPTER III.

TRADE.

THE manner of trading in British Columbia cannot be treated independently of some reference to the system of banking, yet the business of banking is so complete a study in itself that it would be impossible to enter upon it in so small a space as the present volume affords. Certain facts more or less generally known it will, however, be necessary to state, on which to base a slight account of general trade.

The banking system of Canada is the admiration of America, and one of the best systems in the world. It has been built up by legislative enactment and commercial enterprise during the last eighty years, and its success should go to prove that Canadians possess a rare gift of finance than which no surer foundation can be desired for the future greatness of a people.

A remarkable feature in the system is its provision for the circulation of currency throughout Canada. And no better proof of its intelligent grasp upon commerce could be desired than the satisfactory results of its introduction in Nova Scotia, when that territory had brought itself to ruin; and the partial restoration effected by the introduction through branches of the established methods of the Canadian parent banks.

The leading bank in Canada is the Bank of Montreal, which stands fifth among the banks of the world. The following facts, drawn from the report for 1897, will be an indication of the strength of this bank's position:—

	Dollars.
Capital	12,000,000
Reserve	6,000,000
Undivided profits	88,690,998
Public deposits	40,900,000
Notes in circulation	456,333,600
Market price of stock	230

(wrong)

Dividend, ten per cent. per annum.

The Bank of Commerce is another large bank of very strong position. The Bank of Toronto and the Dominion Bank of Canada are also very large concerns, but it is sufficient for the present purpose to cite the Bank of Montreal.

So far as trade in general is concerned, the chief feature in Canadian banking is that the banks work by branches, and the credit of these branches is as good as the credit of the bank. In this way money can be borrowed at a cheap rate throughout the Dominion on good security. What this means in a semi-civilized country such as British Columbia, where money is frequently required in almost inaccessible places, can hardly be imagined by people who only know Europe. In the States the banks have no branches; banking is there carried on by a number of single banks and agencies. Small banks arise which people are almost compelled to make use of, though they are practically irresponsible. Not only do they charge exorbitant interest, but they fail, and vanish off the scene, with alarming frequency.

Possibly it is due to the high rate of interest charged by banks in the States that the savings of Canada go there for investment. In Kansas money is sometimes loaned by banks at three per cent. for the month. The *Monetary Times* for October, 1897, has this passage in an article on banking returns:—"The increased extent to which our banks are making advances in the United States is a feature of the return. Business is active over there, and they are using \$27,000,000 of our money, where a year ago they only employed \$15,000,000."

This is, nevertheless, an extraordinary fact, considering the many good investments in Canada, and the way in which British Columbia has been exploited by American capital. It may possibly be accounted for because the Americans are very quick in getting returns on money invested, and it is beginning to be commonly recognized that mines are often some years before they begin to make returns; and that money should not be invested in them which is likely to be wanted at short notice.

Still, the opportunities for investment in Canada are exceptional, not only in mines, but in highly lucrative and perfectly safe businesses such as the deep-sea fisheries, and in factories associated with by-products, and agricultural produce.

A very broad distinction is made in Canada at the present time between wholesale and retail trade. It is practically impossible for a wholesale merchant or shipper ever to become a retail tradesman. The business is worked by an army of commercial travellers, ten thousand of whom, it is said, are employed in Canada, besides those that come over from the States. So much importance is attached to travelling that it is not unusual for the head of a firm to travel himself. There are five distinct travellers' associations formed with the object of issuing qualification certificates, reducing railway fares, and providing insurance against loss by illness. The largest of these clubs is at Toronto, and is credited with having accumulated an enormous reserve fund. Sometimes the travellers are paid on commission, but a good percentage of the older men have independent salaries besides commissions.

There has been a very great increase of travelling during the last fifteen years, and the probability is that this increase will continue. Twenty years ago, the wholesale-grocer firms of Ontario would send their men over the ground once in three months, where now they send them once in two weeks. This increase is traceable to competition. Orders on wholesale houses are smaller and more frequent: the fluctuation of prices rendering the

retailers timid about giving large orders, lest they should be left with a large stock on their hands, purchased at too high a price to be sold at a profit on the sudden fall in retail prices. This change is not otherwise than beneficial, as it enables capital to be turned over more rapidly.

But there is a new element indicating itself which marks a change. The obvious trend of commerce in general is towards large general stores, and probably this is because large concerns possess the ability to throw off stocks on hand rapidly. The capital required for a large retail store, and the enormous business entailed in its management, offering as it does every possibility for selection, is certain eventually to render them independent concerns. Many, if not all of them, will treat with the manufacturers themselves through the medium of travellers; becoming thus shippers and wholesale merchants themselves.

What is of far more importance than is commonly supposed to trade managed on these principles is a good faculty for buying. The good buyer must know to a fraction where he can buy best and most cheaply. There may be one house in Ontario where he can get coffee of exactly the class required for his trade at ten cents a pound cheaper than elsewhere, and though this may appear at first sight an easy matter, it is less so in reality when the number of houses are considered. If we take the matter of canned salmon, it is a puzzle of no common difficulty to get a grasp of the working of even the best forty canneries. Then, business relations sometimes tie men's hands in respect of their dealings; and, lastly, there are the considerations of railways and their freights.

The retail tradesman is sometimes used as a medium for advertisement, but as a rule he is at the other end of the column. The producer of a new article or commodity usually starts by printed advertisements. Perhaps for the first week he merely pastes up the name of his article. *Samuel's Soap* becomes in this way familiar to the public at least in sound, and is credited with an

importance and usefulness which it may not really possess. Then he sends round a few samples with printed recommendations, till the whole town has seen something of it, and perhaps even handled it. The next point is to get the commercial travellers to take it with them on their rounds, and recommend it to country retailers along with their sardines, cocoas, and tobaccos. The commercial traveller is not averse to carrying something which is smartly got up, and easy to talk about. The retailer likes to have something fresh to put about in his shop to attract customers, so he orders a small stock. Having got it, he is anxious to sell it, and brings it out the first time Mrs. Smith or Mrs. Jones comes in with the timeworn weekly orders, and, just for the sake of novelty, the thing is sold. It is talked about, and others buy it out of curiosity, or because some one recommends it for the sake of something to talk about; and so the new product asserts its place and becomes a necessity. It is not until one has camped out where there are no shops, and transport difficult, that one learns how few things are really necessary.

The common mistakes in Canadian trade, and the cause of many failures and bad debts, is the incapability of retail dealers. Where, as in South Africa, the large wholesale houses put up their own retail stores, a certain insurance is effected against losses of the kind. Out in Canada, all sorts of people start store-keeping. Very young men—or very old men—men employed in other businesses, whose children wrap up the parcels, and whose wives “keep store;” all such persons, without any business qualification whatever, can be found credited by manufacturers and importers. Among the list of failures recorded in the newspapers, the life history of the bankrupt is sometimes given, and frequently it may be found that liabilities running into thousands of dollars have been incurred in a few months on which possibly 30 per cent. is offered, by men who started with nothing, out of an employment which had taught them no business methods.

But these losses are not always due solely to want of the business faculty. Retail trade is an easy one in which to get credit, and men plunge into it with no money of their own. But it may happen that some large wholesale business in the State backs another man who comes in and settles in a township, or a large trading concern from Kalispelle or Spokane puts in two or three smart young men in their "branch" to create a business. No one can sell single-handed, and without capital on which to turn round, against unlimited "backing."

Apart from business methods, each market requires special study, and even from a local point of view it is astonishing how much diversity there is in ordinary trade. In British Columbia alone, I found at least five different accounts given me of Indian trade, all which were, I believe, *bonâ fide* concerning each particular locality. While in one place I was told that Indians should on no account be given credit, elsewhere I found that they were not only trusted with large amounts, but that they met their obligations with greater readiness than most white men. In one place I found that they spent what money they had in mere luxuries: sugar, biscuits, and paint for their faces, which consisted of yellow ochre, bought in the lump, and a kind of red earth of some kind described as "vermilion." One trader I met had done a large business with them in cheap scents; but this, I suspect, was a surreptitious sale of spirits, for they probably drank the scent. In this belief I was confirmed by an old Hudson Bay trader, who told me that he had once sold a bottle of Florida-water to an Indian, and that the man came back and insisted on buying a bottle of Crosse and Blackwell's rennet. Though he dissuaded him from so useless a purchase, the Indian was determined to buy the bottle. He afterwards returned to the store, and could not say enough for the badness of the stuff, having evidently tried to drink it, and been disappointed with the mildness of the flavour. The trader then remembered the Florida-water, and

concluding that the Indians had drank it, made up his mind to sell them no more, lest he should incur the penalty for breaking the law with regard to spirits.

In several places I found that the Indians formed an excellent basis for a market. One trader was so good as to give me permission to look at his books, and there I found large accounts amounting to four or five hundred dollars, regularly settled at the end of the harvest. Along the shores of Lake Windermere, the Indians are self-supporting. Both Shuswaps and Kootenays are prosperous; they are stock and grain farmers. One order, which was as follows, was given by an Indian for his threshing outfit in East Kootenay:—

2 platters.	1 lb. T.B. tobacco.
2 tin peas.	2 tins of tomatoes.
1 bottle of chow-chow pickles.	4 lbs. raisins.
2 cans of corn.	2 cans St. Charles cream.
20 lbs. ham.	1 tin of plums.
5 lbs. beans.	5 tins of salmon.
2 cans of milk.	$\frac{1}{2}$ lb. pepper.
1 camp-kettle.	1 lb. candles.
1 tin of baking-powder.	10 lbs. rice.
10 lbs. breakfast bacon.	4 lbs. prunes.
13 lbs. dry salt bacon.	100 lbs. flour.

Such a list might have been the order of a Canadian or British farmer; and, though given of an Indian, may be taken as furnishing a sketch of requirements for a similar occasion among settlers, and as a suggestion of the style of goods required. The immense part played by tinned or preserved articles will be a feature noticed, especially the fact that though ordered for use on a farm, and in a farmer's district, preserved milk and cream are considerable items in the account. If this is the case at the present time, what a great increase in canned goods we must expect as the Klondyke, Lilloet, and Cassiar districts become explored and opened.

Indians of the industrious class will also look for quality in whatever they buy; and any attempt to palm

off inferior goods is very quickly detected and most deeply resented. Even cheapness is insufficient recommendation ; and one trader lost his entire trade in cotton through introducing cheap American prints. At first he had a ready sale, but when the Indians discovered that the patterns faded out in the wash, they would not buy the goods at even reduced prices ; and in addition to the loss of custom, the remainder of the stock was left on his hands.

There have been heavy losses in the retail trade of British Columbia through men going into the business without any idea of the requirements of the market. I heard of a man who ordered three hundred white shirts. In all probability, the whole district did not contain three men who wore white shirts twice a week. He had had these shirts on hand ten years, and was still keeping them. He never saw that it would be better to dispose of them at any price, and replace them with something which would sell.

There is undoubtedly a market for cheap goods in British Columbia, but not for cheap necessities. The miner and prospector like their beans and bacon, tea and coffee, sugar and canned milk *of the best* ; and while they have money, they pay for what they have solely with an eye to the quality. Canvas shirts, or dark-coloured strongly made cotton ones, with turn-down collars, which require no starch, woollen sweaters, mackintoshes, not made up to catch the eye, but strongly sewn and of stout material, to keep out the wind and wet. Boots are a subject often discussed in camp. Only those made of the strongest and toughest leather will stand the rocks. How it comes that some trail blazers I met had taken to mocassins I cannot say ; but when once the skin of the foot has become thoroughly hard inside them, they are preferred to the ordinary boots.

In the matter of foot-gear, women seem worse provided for than men. Their boots were generally smart in appearance, but they did not wear well nor fit well, neither did they keep the water out.

It struck me that men who come over as labourers to British Columbia would do well to consider the advisability of knowing shoe-making. During the winter, when outdoor labour is less in demand, there is often distress amongst labourers. Here, at least, in the repair of boots and shoes, if not in their make, is a trade which is independent of weather, and can be practised profitably anywhere in-doors, provided that they could obtain good leather. Nevertheless, whoever comes to British Columbia, should bring plenty of boots from England.

The cheap market in British Columbia is in women's dress. It was a constant marvel to me to see the quantity of shoddy goods worn by miners' wives or inn-keepers' wives and daughters. For the "socials" and dances in the backwoods townships, the style of the ladies' dress was astonishing. Brocades stamped with rough-hewn nondescript patterns, cheap cotton velveteens in the most vivid colours, trimmings of bead-work and cheap laces, velvet slippers with high heels; all the sweepings, apparently, of second-rate shops at home, were eagerly bought and worn with pride.

But there is another cheap market which is caused by the fluctuating incomes of the people in general. If people with money get accustomed to use certain things which are not necessary, when the day of poverty comes they look round to see if they can get the same things cheaper. Luxuries are hard to forego, and as in the matter of tobacco, so it is in other things; a man who cannot afford cigars will take to a pipe, and then go through all the gamut of cheap tobaccos before he relinquishes the luxury.

There is a very lucrative business done in packing goods into the mining camps. The miners give the storekeeper the order, and another man contracts to pack the goods to the camp. As much as \$100 a week is frequently made by packing alone. But the aspect of trade which we have to deal with in British Columbia is one of the border line, where the trader and the raw producer meet sometimes in one individual. In

products such as hops and tobacco this is very markedly the case. The man who grows them must himself dispose of them to the manufacturer. To do this on strict business terms, a farmer requires to be thoroughly informed concerning markets and prices. His knowledge must even go further in tobacco; he must be able to grade his produce according to the taste of the public, and know precisely what price they will give and he can afford to take. He may even have to study the matter of advertisement. There are a few general rules on this subject, but, unfortunately, farmers seldom understand them.

In a new country, where many things are tried, it sometimes ends in one being worked up into a speciality. When this happens in a manufactured article, such as Diamond Dyes, an absolute monopoly is created which cannot be taken away. The farmer is too apt to think that he can do the same, and may consequently charge what he pleases, whereas his object should constantly be the cheapening of his methods of production, and the careful search lest any imitation or close copy of his monopoly should get into the market at a cheaper rate than his management secures. He must remember that the imitation or the close copy will always come in cheaper in one respect, because it will be sure to benefit by his advertisement. If we take condensed milk, we shall see that the second company which started condensing milk profited by the expenditure of the company which first taught the public that condensed milk was an article fit for consumption. Sardines, canned salmon, smoked fish, and many other manufacturers, could illustrate the same fact.

In market-gardening, it occasionally happens that a new product comes to light, and some market-gardener makes a speciality of it. This may occur wherever a new invention comes in, but owing to the peculiarities of soil and climate it happens more frequently in "petit culture." It is of course possible with wine; also with tobacco, and occasionally with tea.

To trace what may happen, we will suppose that a gardener has succeeded in raising a peculiar mushroom. It is a distinct variety, and will only grow under rigid conditions. He finds that he can produce it to an extent altogether in excess of the consumption in the local market. He extends his sale without very great outlay in pushing it ; still he has more than he can dispose of, and the misfortune remains that the supply, owing to changes of seasons, varies. He invents a method of drying or preserving the delicacy, and the next thing is to attempt the capture of the market beyond the local one. He has now his gardens and a factory ; and his next investment will be in advertisement. It is a slow process to convince the big world that this special delicacy is of superior excellence to any other. Hotels, which are large consumers, but extremely difficult and expensive to capture, are accustomed to order through houses which do not find it worth while to lay in supplies of new fancy articles whose popularity with the public is not assured. A good deal is done by private patronage in fashionable circles. At length no one in polite society will dine without this special delicacy being placed before them ; and consequently there is a rush on the part of the common herd, who cannot at any price be left out of the fashion.

Now, one of two things may happen to the producer. The rush may come suddenly, and all his stock be cleared out before the demand can be satisfied ; thus he is left with the public only half captured, and his outlay upon advertisements only half repaid. In such a predicament it is very probable that some other man who has been watching the business closely will have managed to raise a mushroom, which, though not so good, can be doctored and improved and made very like it before it gets finally into the hands of the public. He comes in without investing a shilling in advertisements, and is therefore able to sell more cheaply. In time the public get to like his product, their taste gets vitiated, or they accept what they can get. Perhaps it is traceable

to some cause such as the above, that though the general excellence of commodities has improved, it is increasingly difficult to get a choice article—such as used to be described by the old-fashioned word “*recherché*.”

There is another way in which the difficulty of shortage works out which has sometimes proved very damaging to the producer. We will take it for granted that there is a good demand for his product. He accepts all the orders he can get; amongst them those of two or three large firms who have the credit of their reputation at stake. He finds that he has overrated his own powers, and cannot possibly fill up his contract to supply. Either he fails, and admits that he has not the means of satisfying their orders, which naturally gives them offence; or, if he is less honest, he buys in despair the nearest approach to his own articles, tinned or preserved, or grown and produced by some other man, and sells them, even at a loss, as his own. The goods turn out bad or inferior; and his reputation is ruined in the trade.

It can never be insisted upon too earnestly that absolute honesty in dealing is not merely the best policy, but the only policy which leads to success in trade. In the fruit trade, a business is quickly ruined by the dishonest packer who slips in small and inferior fruit underneath the best. So a man, in contracting to supply, should never accept contracts up to the fullest amount of his expected stock; but discount largely for a possible deficiency, and trust to be able to sell his surplus, which in all likelihood he will do easily enough if his name be a good one.

It may also happen that, finding himself possessed of a monopoly, the producer may believe that he can charge his own price for it. At first this may answer; and, provided he is not excessive, he will go on with his sales; but let him beware of overcharging. His article must be of exceptionally superior excellence to permit of his price giving him a very large profit. If another man can possibly creep in, and by any means

undersell him, his market is henceforward in a critical position. Even if he makes up his mind to avoid this danger by only reaping a modest interest on his investment, he must still be continually on the alert to take advantage of any cheapening method of production. The standard of value in goods occupies a totally different plane to that of gold or jewels. The demand for the former is always above the supply, and there is no need to create a sale; while in jewels an attempt may safely be made to keep up their price because their preciousness enhances their value, and makes them more desirable.

The only safeguard in commerce is to use every means by which production may be cheapened. It is untold how many fortunes are made solely by reduced expenditure, or, as it is sometimes called, "management." The whole tendency of trade is in this direction, and to grasp a wider market. "We can never stop in our business," said a manufacturer; "we have to look out everywhere in the Colonies—among blacks or any one—to try and secure another market." Then it must be obvious to the most ordinary mind that any railway company would gladly welcome an invention by which an engine could haul twice as many tons with half the expenditure of fuel. The company is able to reap the profit of cheaper methods; but still they must remember that too high fares will invite competition to come in, and possibly ruin them.

The cost of production is the subject which occupies the minds of ingenious men all over the civilized world, and leads to many inventions. The country which can encourage this inventive spirit, and train it scientifically, is the one which will be the strongest commercially, provided that at the same time close attention is paid to the subject of securing markets.

Farmers, in fact all who have anything to sell, should keep themselves thoroughly informed as to markets and their prices. The raw producer must ascertain what the market price is, and then see if he can produce sufficiently below it to secure a margin of clear profit.

The following extract from the *Times* for November 2nd, 1897, points to this matter of the prices in various markets :—

“How greatly the times have altered is shown by the circumstances that last week witnessed the inauguration of the export of fresh meat (frozen) from London to the Cape, the steamship *Nineveh* having taken on board 1600 quarters of Bowen (Queensland) beef, and 2000 carcasses of River Plate mutton, for conveyance to Cape Town. The most noteworthy feature of this transaction is that, as reported by the Colonial Consignment Company, the meat could be purchased in England at a much lower rate than in the countries of production. Beef at 2½d. per lb. and mutton at 2½d. per lb., free-on-board, could not be supplied in the colonies, but was procurable at home.”

Here we see that, had the Queensland people been sufficiently alive to the requirements of the Cape, they could have shipped their beef direct, obtaining a better price, and saving the cost of transport.

This subject is specially applicable to British Columbia. It may appear on the surface that the country is undeveloped, and that a long while must elapse before such conditions of advanced trade will arise; but this is not the case. It is pre-eminently a country of choice growths in small quantities. There are products, such as tobacco, which will probably before long become an industry. The same may be said of flax, some growths of which are extremely fine. Leather, and tanning by means of the fine hemlock-bark, will some day offer a large trade. Fruits and vegetables have unquestionably a future before them in this colony; and with the great market to the north, where demand for preserved and dessicated vegetables, as well as canned fruits, will be on the increase, all these remarks have distinct value in British Columbia. The impossibilities for railways in certain localities, and the enormous difficulty of transport, will cause more and more attention to be paid to packing and preserving products. The wealth of the country is not that of great wheat areas such as Manitoba, or huge cattle ranges

like the North-West, but of small or medium quantities of choice products in connection with which lies a good deal of trade.

Another aspect of the case which should not be lost sight of is the increasing recognition among commercial people of the value of raw products. The time has actually come when men are fruit-farming in companies—notably in the States. The tide would seem turning, for while at one time agriculture was despised by traders, they are now beginning to see a business in it. So much is this the case that on my remarking upon tobacco being grown in Kelowna, an American at once asked me the price of the land, and how much of it could be bought—with a view to starting a factory supplied to as great an extent as possible from the land farmed by the company. The effect of ranching, gardening, and farming by companies will be to combine trades such as butchering, canning, and manufacturing, with raw products. It will alter the nature of markets without increasing prices. It will create an antagonism between the men who are unable to start trading on their own account and the large concerns who will try to squeeze them down by buying their produce at the lowest possible rate. Trading centres such as Vancouver and Victoria are largely busied with the manufacture of canned salmon, and, were fruits more largely grown, there would probably be also factories for the preservation of fruits.

Apart from the tinning industry, there is a large business in transit goods from the Orient of silk, tea, and similar products which pass through to warehouses in the States, or to Winnipeg, Toronto, and Montreal. Of late there has been a forwarding trade done in wheat for China from the North-West territories; and some grain is taken back as ballast round Cape Horn to Great Britain, as return cargo upon salt, tin-plate, pig-tin, and pig-lead, machinery, and hardware. As many as 100,000 boxes of tin plate were imported direct to Vancouver in one year, and worked up into cans for the salmon industry in the factories.

It is evident that there are distinct points in the trade to be considered as follows:—

1. Import trade of goods consumed in British Columbia from the Orient and Australia, tea, silk manufactures, sheep, tropical fruits.

2. Import from Canada of Canadian products from Winnipeg, Montreal, and from Great Britain.

3. The export of lumber, fish, coal, silver, gold, copper, etc., to other countries, and fruit and cattle to North-West territories, also finished woodwork to Australia, and a little to Japan.

In a word, British Columbia is a highway or port of entry and departure, and this fact opens a distinct branch of commerce over and above that of trade for its own consumption, or in its own products.

As the country fills up, it is certain that import trade for the consumption of the inhabitants of British Columbia itself will increase very rapidly.

Hitherto the main endeavour has been to foster the "all through trade" from the Orient. Vancouver city has not increased in size or in importance during the last ten years at the rate predicted for it. The only assignable reason is the slowness with which British Columbia has filled up. The principal towns have been in the Kootenays; and their food supplies have been drawn from Seattle, Tacoma, San Francisco, and Spokane.

In clothing and soft goods, a good deal of trade has come in from Montreal, because that city is nearer British factories, and its merchants are an energetic and pushing race.

The following extracts from the Returns of the Board of Trade will give an idea of the advance of trade, and also of its stationary condition for the last six years.

**IMPORTS INTO THE PROVINCE OF BRITISH COLUMBIA
FOR 17 YEARS ENDING 30TH JUNE, 1896.**

	Value of Total Imports.	GOODS ENTERED FOR HOME CONSUMPTION.			
		Dutiable Goods.	Free Goods.	Total.	Duty collected.
	\$	\$	\$	\$	\$ cts.
From Canada...	184,951	—	184,951	184,951	—
To 30th June, 1880	1,689,394	1,614,165	122,451	2,457,116	450,175 43
From Canada...	208,072	—	208,072	208,072	—
To 30th June, 1881	2,489,643	2,214,153	242,963	1,736,616	589,403 62
From Canada...	387,111	—	387,111	387,111	—
To 30th June, 1882	2,899,223	2,472,174	404,287	2,875,461	678,104 53
From Canada...	449,768	—	449,768	449,768	—
To 30th June, 1883	3,937,536	3,331,023	550,833	3,666,856	907,655 54
From Canada...	624,207	—	624,207	624,207	—
To 30th June, 1884	4,142,486	3,337,642	702,693	4,040,335	884,076 21
From Canada...	789,287	—	789,287	789,287	—
To 30th June, 1885	4,089,492	3,458,529	564,928	4,023,452	966,143 64
From Canada...	927,054	—	927,054	927,054	—
To 30th June, 1886	3,953,299	2,851,379	1,060,347	4,011,726	880,226 65
To 30th June, 1887	3,547,852	3,065,791	560,348	3,626,139	883,421 53
To 30th June, 1888	3,509,951	2,674,941	729,266	3,401,207	861,465 14
To 30th June, 1889	3,763,127	2,002,646	807,140	3,809,786	974,675 69
To 30th June, 1890	4,379,272	3,357,111	1,030,375	4,287,486	1,075,215 20
To 30th June, 1891	5,478,883	4,261,207	1,074,883	5,336,190	1,346,059 42
To 30th June, 1892	6,496,689	4,423,414	1,803,006	6,226,419	1,412,878 00
To 30th June, 1893	3,934,066	3,662,673	1,255,495	4,918,168	1,367,250 32
To 30th June, 1894	5,320,615	3,582,333	1,738,282	5,326,961	1,308,631 23
To 30th June, 1895	4,403,976	3,131,490	1,236,935	4,368,425	1,137,727 49
To 30th June, 1896	5,563,095	3,993,650	1,532,840	5,526,490	1,406,931 91

CUSTOMS STATISTICS.

IMPORTS INTO THE PROVINCE OF BRITISH COLUMBIA FOR THE FISCAL YEAR ENDING 30TH JUNE, 1896.

Port of	TOTAL IMPORTS.				Duty received.	Chinese.		Minor Revenue.	Total 1896.	Total 1895.
	Dutiable.	Free Goods.	Leaf Tobacco.	Coin and Bullion.		\$	cts.			
Victoria ...	\$ 1,839,004	\$ 879,946	\$ 14,724	\$ 604	\$ 654,991	39,347	00	\$ 4,731	699,069	\$ 644,116
Nanaimo ...	149,360	29,973	3,931	—	54,366	—	—	2,482	56,849	71,001
Vancouver ...	990,040	335,848	1,114	—	801,627	47,400	00	3,351	352,378	274,638
New Westminster	366,875	137,267	15,470	—	109,882	3	00	1,182	111,068	147,971
*Nelson ...	648,371	149,806	762	—	185,736	50	50	1,779	187,566	—
Total 1896 ...	3,993,650	1,532,840	36,001	604	1,306,604	86,800	50	13,527	1,406,931	—
Total 1895 ...	3,181,490	1,286,985	85,551	—	1,053,601	69,575	00	14,551	—	1,187,727

* Eleven months only. One month included with New Westminster returns.

This Board is indebted to the kindness and courtesy of the Collectors of Customs at the ports mentioned, for the above information.

CUSTOMS STATISTICS.
EXPORTS FROM THE PROVINCE OF BRITISH COLUMBIA FOR THE FISCAL YEAR ENDING 30TH JUNE, 1896.

Port of	The Mine.	The Fisheries.	The Forest.	Animals and their Produce.	Agricultural Produce.	Manufactures.	Miscellaneous.	Coin and Bullion.	Total 1896.	Total 1895.
Victoria ...	\$ 309,862	\$ 1,559,942	\$ 21,402	\$ 353,306	\$ 7,965	\$ 83,158	\$ 58,035	\$ 96,721	\$ 2,490,391	\$ 3,183,277
Nanaimo ...	2,486,172	—	40,291	2,476	—	1,415	180	—	2,530,534	2,907,195
Vancouver ...	84,806	256,035	528,250	60,836	49,835	55,090	13,550	—	1,048,402	839,769
New Westminster	1,007,735	1,472,799	95,288	13,066	3,614	7,527	—	10,000	2,610,029	2,233,817
*Nelson ...	1,874,678	—	515	9,180	—	12,795	—	—	1,897,168	—
Total 1896	5,763,253	3,288,776	685,746	438,864	61,414	159,985	71,765	106,721	10,576,524	—
Total 1895	4,615,432	3,264,501	500,080	457,373	21,774	—	207,085	54,833	—	9,121,098

* Eleven months only. One month included with New Westminster returns.

This Board is indebted to the kindness and courtesy of the Collectors of Customs at the ports mentioned, for the above information.

IMPORTS INTO BRITISH COLUMBIA

FROM OTHER COUNTRIES OF SOME PRODUCTS OF AGRICULTURE AND ITS
BRANCHES AS CAN BE PRODUCED IN THE PROVINCE, FOR THE YEAR
ENDING JUNE 30TH, 1895.

	Quantity.	Value.	Duty.
LIVE STOCK.			
Horned Cattle No.	115	\$ 1,825	\$ 865.00
Horses... .. "	730	20,347	4,069.40
Sheep "	35,881	53,141	10,628.20
Hogs lbs.	26,038	1,150	390.72
All other "	—	4,741	948.20
MEATS, ETC.			
Bacon and hams "	571,761	64,700	11,435.25
Lard "	135,160	10,330	2,714.01
Beef, salted "	29,578	2,048	591.56
Mutton and lamb "	56,178	2,931	1,025.85
Pork "	31,375	2,379	627.50
Poultry "	—	3,468	693.60
Meats, dried or smoked, n.e.s. "	39,618	3,567	792.50
Other meats, fresh "	106,655	6,626	3,199.55
" salted, n.e.s. "	25,166	2,210	503.33
Canned meats, poultry and game "	316,101	28,297	7,077.87
Meat extracts "	—	1,279	319.75
BREADSTUFFS, GRAIN, ETC.			
Biscuits lbs.	129,177	6,054	1,523.25
Barley... .. bush.	10,028	3,029	908.70
Beans "	5,769	8,344	865.65
Buckwheat "	155	105	15.63
Indian corn "	7,763	5,191	582.28
Oats "	215,243	66,834	21,524.41
Peas "	2,605	1,939	260.55
Rye "	606	314	60.65
Wheat "	147,285	57,945	22,103.37
Bran, mill feed "	—	66,623	13,325.60
Indian or corn meal bbls.	1,161	3,601	464.49
Oatmeal lbs.	33,879	953	190.30
Rye flour bbls.	162	581	81.25
Wheat flour "	29,490	67,377	22,118.34
Total carried forward ...		497,929	129,406.76

IMPORTS INTO BRITISH COLUMBIA—continued.

	Quantity.	Value.	Duty.
VEGETABLES AND FRUITS.			
Brought forward		\$497,929	\$129,406.76
Potatoes bush.	47,300	13,937	7,095.10
Tomatoes "	1,025	1,423	347.17
Tomatoes and other	—	20,454	5,339.68
Apples, dried lbs.	47,853	3,507	876.75
Apples, green bbls.	7,994	26,861	3,197.81
Currants lbs.	185,787	4,187	1,857.87
Small fruits "	83,045	3,910	1,660.89
Cherries "	89,062	5,975	1,781.28
Cranberries bush.	372	651	162.75
Peaches lbs.	220,268	6,092	2,202.68
Plums bush.	5,681	5,361	1,346.05
Fruits, canned lbs.	163,589	7,150	3,369.96
Jams and jellies "	40,782	3,310	1,234.43
Almonds, shelled "	6,686	1,167	334.30
" not shelled "	23,781	1,801	713.43
Brazil nuts "	3,562	206	106.86
Walnuts "	27,304	2,213	819.12
Other nuts, not shelled "	54,881	2,324	1,087.63
DAIRY PRODUCTS.			
Butter lbs.	263,278	42,585	10,531.04
Cheese "	61,496	7,015	1,844.93
Condensed milk "	93,756	9,166	2,333.18
MISCELLANEOUS.			
Chicory lbs.	10,852	500	434.08
Cider gals.	1,145	822	105.90
Hay tons	1,758	12,861	3,517.06
Hops lbs.	17,336	2,303	1,040.16
Malt bush.	49,355	33,157	7,403.25
Honey lbs.	8,800	988	263.99
Mustard "	11,750	3,059	764.75
Eggs doz.	102,251	13,502	5,112.58
Pickles gals.	7,069	5,980	2,093
Total		739,896	197,884.54

The value of similar products received from Eastern Canada during the same period will probably amount to \$1,500,000.

in the animal world, there is in reasoning man the actual knowledge of the glut of population at home, and the glut of land in the Colonies. Yet the initial difficulty is actually becoming harder to solve—of fitting our people to be successful emigrants.

Every part of the Empire offers opportunities for a certain class of emigrants. The surplus coolie has found his place tending tea and coffee in Africa, and offers an object-lesson to all interested in emigration. But although British Columbia offers exceptional advantages for fishermen or farm-labourers, miners, and especially for farmers, it does not at all follow that even tolerably successful men at home will succeed there.

Those who come out to British Columbia, frequently waste their best years, and all their capital, in trying to learn what they should have been taught before leaving home. Considering how little is done to prepare our emigrants, it is remarkable that they should succeed so well—although that success is purchased with enormous waste, and by dint of many failures.

At the present time there are few openings for townspeople. An acquaintance with agriculture, and familiarity with country pursuits, are advantageous to every emigrant. Ordinary farm-labourers should acquire a knowledge of smith's work for shoeing horses, of rough carpentry, or of masonry. The most useful trade is the blacksmith's, if practised in addition to some other business—especially if the man possesses sufficient knowledge of machinery to enable him to repair agricultural implements. Artisans pure and simple, mechanics who know only one trade, and clerks, are not in request, and would find life very hard in British Columbia.

The first fact which the emigrant must grasp is that life in the colony is much harder than at home. The eight hours' day is never heard of there; the theory is that every man must do his best to advance the country, for by helping his neighbour, he is helping

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himself. It is therefore a common sight on river steamers, where there is sometimes a shortage of hands, to see the passengers come forward and assist in getting the cargo on or off the boat. They expect no payment. No one dreams of inquiring who they may be; but volunteering is part of the life of the country. Hard work is the keynote. It is hard for both man and beast. Mechanical assistance, even that which trains and steamers provide, has not gained possession of the country. It is still the machinery of human muscles and nerves which drives civilization. There are yet rivers which men navigate in crafts made by themselves, in which they row or pole freight into camps. Canoes are still in use; and the miner starts for the hills as often as not on foot, with his blankets, "grub," pick, and rifle strapped to his own back.

In so primitive a life, it will readily be seen that though a man should be master of one business, such as stock raising, or market-gardening, it is extremely useful to have a knowledge of trades, such as, with our modern technical classes, every boy ought to acquire easily.

Many middle-class families with small incomes, if they made up their minds to live simply, and take their pleasure in the country, with its wonderful nature and its opportunities for riding and fishing and boating, would find their small incomes easier to live upon in Canada than at home. There is no false pride about economy, and there are opportunities for investment of small sums which do not offer themselves very frequently in Great Britain. If a man with an income of £500 a year went out to British Columbia, and purchased an improved mixed farm of 165 acres near Vernon, he could live out of the proceeds. His expenses in purchasing and stocking such a farm and furnishing his house ought to be covered by £1000. In order to live comfortably, he would require one Chinaman as cook and another one as gardener. Their wages would amount to about £60 for the pair per annum. It would

also be advisable to take out a governess from England who should also help in the house. The education at the free Government schools would answer very well for the boys, but the girls would require a more careful home training, and a knowledge of good French and English literature. The mother of the family would find it a great comfort, as well as convenience, to have some reliable person to help her care for the children and share her work in the house. Chinamen very rarely undertake any domestic work except cooking. Therefore a good deal of the housework falls upon the ladies themselves. The greatest difficulty is usually the washing, but this is a branch of industry which Chinamen will always undertake, and carry out with very fair efficiency. The wood-chopping and water-carrying and window-cleaning would be the work of the gardener.

If the business of farming in British Columbia is wholly novel and untried, it would be well to get the services of a good manager for a couple of years. The wages would be an expensive item, probably amounting to \$45 a month, with board and lodging; but if a really good man, and one conversant with the country, were secured, the outlay would be found to be a profitable investment.

It is a good plan for the wife's sister to go out, and add her quota to the little settlement; but she should be prepared to help in such work as cleaning lamps, washing pocket-handkerchiefs, laces, collars, and cuffs, and also in cooking of simple food.

Some arrangement should also be made with a leading bookseller at home for the periodical despatch of good new books, reviews, and newspapers. There is no reason why the country houses in British Columbia should not have as good libraries as the old country houses at home.

The chief gain in the life would be to the children. Brought up thus upon a farm, they would learn many things, which even if they were sent home to finish their education in England, would not be lost, and

would fit them to start in the Colonies. The money saved out of the income would be ready to give a start to the boys in business, or help the girls in setting up homes of their own should they marry. At the end of the time, after the family is started, there would remain the value of the farm, which, if it is further improved, as it should have been by slow degrees, should fetch more than it cost to purchase; so that if the parents desired to return to the old country and live there quietly upon their income, they would be able to do so without any sacrifice.

The one thing that a man in such circumstances should beware of is speculating in gold mines.

When one considers the uphill struggle that it is to many families to live as gentlefolks on small incomes, the free life in the beautiful climate of British Columbia, and the chances offered by a new country to boys with small capital, ought to be made more of than they are. The old custom which has obtained hitherto of sending boys out to the Colonies to make their fortunes, or go to the bad, cannot be too much condemned.

For older men, with some knowledge of the world, there are opportunities in British Columbia as mining-brokers. If they have a small capital to start with, and are prudent in investing at the outset, they may be able to turn their capital over with no small profit.

There are chances connected with mining, for men who can manage mules or pack-horses, of packing goods up to the mines. The best way to start in this business is to bring out £200 or £300 capital, and go into partnership with a man who understands the business. The profits are often as high as \$100 a week to each share.

For electrical engineers there does not appear to be much demand. It is, however, one of those professions the name of which is given to—or assumed by—a very large class, many of whom appear to know the business very slightly.

In most districts it is common to hear complaints of the scarcity, and sometimes of the inefficiency, of doctors.

Though the climate is healthy, there are feverish localities; and typhoid and kindred complaints are by no means uncommon at certain seasons in new townships. Unfortunately, the medical man is a political appointment, a fact which is certain to degrade the profession.

The private tutor, so common in South Africa, seems quite unknown in British Columbia. Probably this is to be accounted for by the remarkably high standard of the Free Government Schools. Certainly there is no demand for them.

As compared with the North-West, British Columbia is a far more agreeable country to live in. The climate is not so severe, the scenery is beautiful, fuel is always abundant, and domestic help in the shape of a Chinaman or Japanese always obtainable.

Ranchers in the North-West make more money by their business than those in British Columbia, for reasons presently to be stated. It is no uncommon thing for a farmer in Manitoba to cover all his expenses of purchasing land and settling by his first year's crop. But the life on these plains is very hard, and for the women and children positively cruel. There is no assistance to be had, except occasionally a Swede or German; who too often proves a broken reed. The farms are isolated. Where all the housework and the care of a young family falls on the shoulders of one woman, who has no one to sympathize with her or advise her during the long hours that her husband is at work, life becomes hard enough to break the health and spirit of an English girl.

As regards domestic servants, there are situations to be had for girls of good character who have been trained as general servants; but, for the most part, Canadians do not offer sufficiently high wages to induce first-class servants to emigrate. This is the case especially in Montreal, where I have known \$11 a month offered for a good cook, who was also to undertake light washing, the dairy, milk the cow, and sew.

Except in cattle ranching, British Columbia is a very

new country for farmers. In ranching, its best districts are older than the North-West; but owing partly to the nature of the grass, and partly to the fact that it has been overstocked, it can no longer be recommended in the same terms with the North-West. In the Chilcooten district, on the North Fraser, in Cariboo, there is good ranching country not yet appropriated; and with the mining development likely to take place, settlers with small capital and no families would do well to secure farms there.

The farmer would find it advantageous to bank his capital, whatever the sum may be, saying nothing about it to any one, and come into the country to work for wages, and look about him for at least a few months. He should be able to reckon upon having not less than £1000 to buy an improved farm, and stock it. Before coming out, he would do well to learn something of fruit culture, especially how to graft and prune fruit trees.

For a farmer who can farm at all in England, British Columbia would not be a hard country. But it would be a waste of his time and ability to pre-empt land at \$1 an acre, and undertake the severe labour of clearing it of timber. Owing to reasons to be hereafter explained, excellent farms are likely to find their way into the market at reasonable prices for men who know how to select them.

Another class to be considered is that of farm labourers, who come out without any capital. They will find that during the summer they can earn \$2* a day if they board themselves, or \$1.50 if their employer boards them. The meals are excellent, meat and potatoes being given three times a day. At the same time, it should be borne in mind that though \$1 at the rate of exchange represents a little over four shillings, it is spent more easily in British Columbia than half the sum would be in England. The wages at railway laying, which are generally considered the lowest,

* About eight shillings a day. This applies to Yale and the Kootenays.

are \$2 per diem. The employment is fairly continuous, but the cost of \$1 a day for board continues, and must be met by the men during the "stops" and on Sundays. If a man can save \$1 a day, he will do well; but at railway work they can seldom save above the rate of 50 cents per diem. Miners are paid \$8 a day in the mines, but it is very seldom that a miner saves. They are not a thrifty race, and plenty of temptation is provided for them.

If a man emigrates from Great Britain in April to a farmer who will require his services through the summer, he should have saved enough by the autumn to pre-empt a piece of land of not less than 15 acres.* He will be able to get help to put up a log hut stopped with clay, warmed with a stove, and well provisioned before winter settles down; and he can employ himself until the spring in lumbering—that is, felling trees, and clearing land by burning the stumps and brushwood. In the spring, after the frost has broken up, he will be able to plant some potatoes and sow alsike and timothy grass between the charred stumps which he has not had time to remove, and to work it into the ground with a hoe. In July there will be a rough crop of very fair hay, which he can cut with a scythe in a few days and stack it, dragging it up to the stack on a contrivance used by primitive settlers, and copied from the Indians of the plains, called a travois, which consists of two poles fastened on either side of a horse like shafts, and connected with one another near the ground by short boards or staves. This hay can generally be sold, and for the first year it will be better to sell it.

The settler will have been able to plant enough potatoes for his own use during the coming winter, and the sale of his lumber, and such wages as he will be able to earn during the summer, ought to place him in a better position before the next winter. If he is able to

* Unfortunately it is impossible to pre-empt very small sections in British Columbia. The amount varies in different localities; in Lilloet not less than 160 or 320 acres.

clear another piece of ground in the same way before the following spring, he should have quite two acres of ground cleared. He should then review his position, and make up his mind what he intends to do. There are few parts of British Columbia which will pay entirely without irrigation, and the amount of ground he is able to irrigate will influence him largely in his decision. It will also be well to consider his neighbours, and whether they keep stock, and are likely to buy his hay. If he has any bench land suitable for fruit it will be worth his while to plant and fence a few trees; and he should first obtain information from the experimental farm at Agassiz as to what kinds are likely to thrive. A small orchard always enhances the value of land. On the other hand, hay is an easy crop to handle and to dispose of.*

The attempt to launch out into too large a style of farming from the commencement has been the ruin of many farmers. Like kings, they have gone to war without counting the cost. It is not good business to make an expensive start. If a man intends to create a large millinery business, he does not buy miles of laces, cambrics, and silks, and open an enormous house; but he puts his money into a small shop and develops it bit by bit, as he sees trade coming. On no account should a man borrow money or take a mortgage on his property. He should remember that *his capital is his own labour*, and that it will pay him to sink in his land the surplus which he cannot invest for a higher rate elsewhere. With matters trending as they are at present in British Columbia, an improved farm—or even a good clearing—is certain to be worth money some day. The main difficulty is for labourers to obtain work in the winter-time; but a man who has his ranch to fall back upon can put in his time in felling trees, burning stumps, or putting up fences. There is little doubt that in the course of the next ten years he will be able to sell his

* The price of hay varies in localities as well as seasons, from \$10 to \$30 a ton.

farm for three times what he gave for it, and this money will provide him with capital in starting elsewhere.

When two brothers are together, a good deal of hardship will be lessened, and the suffering of loneliness be avoided altogether. Only hard-working men need contemplate settling in this manner in British Columbia.

Before concluding this chapter something must be said about the profits of agriculture. This is an extremely difficult subject to treat. If we compare the industry with that of gold, it does not make a bad figure.

The provincial mineralogist records the total production of gold in British Columbia for all years from its discovery to the present time as less than £12,000,000. The wheat crop of Manitoba for the single year (1897) is estimated at 21,000,000 bushels, valued at the lowest estimate at £3,200,000. The price of land is much cheaper there than in British Columbia, where no free grants are offered; but the productiveness of the soil is much greater in British Columbia, and the quality of the wheat superior to Ontario, and second only to Manitoba A1. Cattle are not raised as cheaply in British Columbia as on the Alberta ranges, but the following figures were given me by a man in Okanagan. In that district men have from 500 to 1000 head of cattle at a time. They run loose for three years, costing \$3.50 a head per annum. By the end of three years, when they are fat upon the summer grass, they weigh 650 lbs. They are sold at \$27.50 a head, which, after deducting all expenses, and an extra dollar for the expense of bringing them off the ranche, leaves a clear profit of \$15 per head. Another man, who had a small ranch of 300 acres, principally in fruit, told me that he expected—when the railway freights were lowered and the business better organized—to reckon on an income of not less than £500 per annum clear profit.

But it is the exorbitant price of labour which handicaps agriculture at the present time, and helps to render competition by the United States successful.

CHAPTER V.

THE CHINESE.

THE heading to this chapter might have been "Labour"—for the Chinaman is the cheap labourer of British Columbia. But certain features render the Chinese problem a different question to any which could come under the head of labour.

It would be impossible to say when the Chinese first came to British Columbia. They have been known to wash gold in the mouth of the Fraser and in Vancouver Island for years past, and their patience and care in this pursuit renders the work profitable where the white man and all his machinery prove an utter failure.*

The same may be said with regard to market gardening. A Chinaman rents a piece of waste ground for which no one else has any use, and under his careful hands it becomes a veritable Eden. I never watched his methods, nor did I meet any one who had done so; but I always saw them at work from sunrise to sunset—Sundays included—and they used both irrigation and manure.

I knew a man who once washed gold near some Chinese on the sandbars of the Fraser. He found that the Orientals made a clear profit, while he himself worked in vain—the gold being so fine as to escape. The Chinese method was to wash the sand in their pan, pouring off the silt by degrees, leaving the heavier gold to sink to the bottom as more and more water was added.

* *Vide* placer mining in Vancouver Island.

The last dregs of sand containing the flower of gold was brushed out with a tooth-brush (picked out of some dust-heap) on to his old blanket, which John had calculated he could spare, it being summer-time. The blanket was carefully folded up after the sand and gold had been brushed well into it; then at the end of the season it was made up into a tight small bundle, a fire was lighted underneath, which slowly consumed it, and the gold being amalgamated was recovered in the ashes.

The Chinaman's power is this patient industry and immense economy; and yet, although these are two distinct features which are needed in British Columbia, it cannot be said that the Chinese form a part of the State, or have any interest in the country. As things are regulated at present, it is difficult to believe that even their labour is an advantage; but though it may seem a paradox, it would be hardly possible to live in British Columbia without them. The truth of the matter is, that regarded in the light of a labour problem, it is not the Chinese who are wholly right, but it is the British workman who is partly wrong.

The colony belongs to Great Britain—not to China. Climate and all other circumstances prove it to be eminently suited to British emigrants. China itself is hardly more in need of an outlet for its surplus population than is Great Britain. There are countless hundreds of men and women in these islands who are subsisting by the assistance of charity, or the aid of crime—because of over-competition in the labour market. Behind these there is an immense crowd who receive charity in the form of hospital beneficence, or the partial care of lunatic asylums supported by the State, whose cases, if investigated, would go to prove that their disablement was due to over-work, over-worry, and insufficient food.

In God's Name—let nothing be said to diminish the aid given to the poor of our own race and blood; but it does seem an inscrutable mystery that neither British men nor women emigrants are desired in British

Columbia—*of the working class*. "As for your servant-girls," said one Victorian lady, "I would not employ them if they would work for nothing!" "Thank you," said another, "if I could not keep a Chinaman, I would rather be without servants." Finally, I am bound to add my own conclusion, arrived at most reluctantly, that the only way to be waited on efficiently, or to live in peace and comfort, was by getting rid of white servants and employing only Chinamen.

Let it be distinctly understood that it is not only a case of cheapness, but also one of efficiency. It is true that white servants can demand, and do obtain, better wages; but their employment is so rare that they cannot be reckoned as a class in the country, and yet wherever they are found to have any merit they are certain to secure situations. The tendency, however, is for the servant class to become Chinese, because, as people say, "They are less troublesome."

I have sometimes thought that the wages offered to English servants are not sufficiently high to attract a good class, which I know to be the case in Montreal. Yet the class of Chinese who emigrate to British Columbia are only the lowest dregs of their own people. How comes it, then, that after centuries of duration vile in the Celestial Empire, these creatures emerge to fill at once—and fill very ably—domestic offices under Europeans? It is impossible not to grant the Chinaman a measure of respect, if not of sympathy. His patience and industry, cleverness and dexterity, are often allied with a fidelity to his white master practised by few Europeans. I have known them become virtually steward of the household, and looking after the master's interest with laborious care. Moreover, they are capable of attachment to their master's children, and, I believe, may be trusted with them more readily than any other coloured man.

Occasionally a morose or sulky Chinaman may be found, but the instances are rare. There is usually a civility about the Celestial which makes him pleasanter

to deal with than the Western barbarian. He is not truthful. In common with all Oriental people, he romances rather than lies. Out of sheer desire to make things pleasant for himself, and also for others—if possible, he either adds or subtracts a little. He is obliged to be honest towards the white men, whatever he may be towards his own people, or his own people would execute judgment upon him of a nature far more to be feared than any white man's. They are capable of learning cleanliness, and their memory is astonishing. I never heard of a Chinaman who forgot anything. Once show John Chinaman how you wish anything to be done, and it will always be so in future. Once read a recipe to him, and it is posted under his shaven skull for the rest of his days.

That they are often cruel—especially to one another—is unfortunately true. What crimes they may commit amongst themselves is never known; inquiry would be practically useless, for to Europeans one Chinaman is so like another that identification is impossible. But the small regret with which they hear of wholesale deaths by shipwreck, fire, or sword, of their own countrymen, is sufficient proof of the cheapness with which they regard one another. A friend of mine in Victoria told her Chinaman of a catastrophe which had cost the lives of a number of his countrymen. It seemed probable that the creature's own uncle was among the number killed; but he received the news with glee. "Chinamen die! Very good, very good! Too many Chinamen!" was his unfeeling remark. Yet this same Oriental sobbed as if his heart were broken over the death of his master's little son.

I never found one who had learnt to tell the time by the clock; but, as cooks, they seemed to know the hour by what was going on around them, and get ready accordingly. Not that they will admit their inability to read the clock. They avoid it by saying something pleasant. "Tell me the time, John," I cried as I ran to catch a tramcar. "He teatime," replied John,

cheerfully, and vanished. He knew I liked tea ; but it was about eleven o'clock in the morning. There is a point in the Chinese character which is always anti-pathetic to the British—and that is the love of dramatic effect. No one can be quite sure when John is not acting a play ; and though at proper times and seasons we most of us like good acting, the place we do not want to find it is in our own kitchens and gardens ; nor do we care to be drawn into the business, and made to take a part whether we like it or not, and that at any hour.

Probably the chief reason for this theatrical display is the humdrum creature's aspiration after a grandeur and distinction he will certainly never realize. But he visits his own theatres, and studies effective recitations, till his method of relating even the commonest incident is highly dramatic, notwithstanding his pigeon English.

A kind old lady wanted some soup made to take to an Englishman who was ill, and told John to make it nicely. John grunted. "He sick!" he exclaimed, shaking his head with a deplorable air of despondency ; then he briefly remarked, with a graceful wave of his hand, "Too little rice—too much whisky!"

There is one point in which they are apt to become incorrigible, and that is their extraordinary superstition. I believe that many of their inexplicable ways are traceable to this cause ; as, for instance, the making of presents, which appears to be an invincible mania. A Chinaman who may be one's cook, or on whom one has no claim whatever, suddenly presents one with a China bowl, or a silk scarf—just as an old and affectionate friend of many years' standing might give one some trifling memento or keepsake. These gifts are apt to embarrass the Englishman. The action is not prompted by affection, nor by the spirit of friendship. I believe it to be a mere matter of business. It is done to offer propitiation—just as libations of cold tea are poured out before the shrine of some dead ancestor. There is something strangely material even in a Chinaman's superstition. Some tangible gift or offering has to be made. On the

outer table of the joss-house in Victoria there were bundles tied up in red silk handkerchiefs, and Canon Beanlands, who went with me, said that he believed them to represent offerings or gifts.

Absolution for sin cannot be given without the sins themselves being caught and destroyed, and the best means to do this is to print them on pieces of paper, place them in paper boats, and consume them in a furnace built in the joss-house for the purpose. The fact that two large joss-houses are supported in Victoria, mainly—it is surmised—by the fees paid for the consultation of omens, is sufficient to indicate the immense superstition of the Chinese. Canon Beanlands, with whom I visited the joss-house, described to me the proceedings usual on these occasions, with such circumstance that, though he had never consulted the oracle, I believe he had been a close witness of the ceremony. He attributed much of the evident respect he enjoyed amongst the Chinese to his name, assuring me that "Can-beelan" had a distinctly Chinese sound about it. The first part of the consultation, according to Canon Beanlands, consisted in prostrations in the outer court of the joss-house and libations of water poured upon a carved stone, or altar, brought from the Celestial Empire itself. The next thing was to take from the altar of sacrifice—on which stood vases of paper flowers, the red silk bundles already described, and innumerable candlesticks—two small pieces of wood, each about the size and shape of a kidney. These are held in either hand before the altar of libation, and thrown suddenly upon the floor. Much depends upon the positions they assume, which are either encouraging or the reverse. Then a small vase is brought, and revolved rapidly between both hands, until a certain number of spills contained in it are thrown out. After this a visit is paid to a small office at the back of the high altar, where a ticket is purchased, very similar in appearance to an ordinary railway ticket, and on it is printed the answer to the inquiry.

Their notions of a divinity seem extremely vague. The joss-house contained one image—that of a benevolent, good-looking old Chinaman; but whether he was “the old man of the sky,” or Confucius himself, Canon Beanlands had never been able to find out. They object very strongly to being told that they will “no go sky.” And whenever a Chinaman did anything very troublesome, such as bringing back my linen from the wash only half clean, and very highly scented with the same atrocious perfume he used on his own person, I found the most effectual rebuke was to tell him that he would “no go sky” if it happened again.

After all, fear of the devil is their strongest belief; and here comes in the incorrigible element of which I have already spoken. It is mixed up in some manner with the worship of the dead. At all events the Chinese prize their dead very highly, and it is commonly said that a dead Chinaman is worth more than a living one. This being the case, it is not surprising that the devil should be particularly active and on the alert in the hour of death and at funerals; or that he should frequent graveyards and cemeteries.

In the public burial-ground outside Victoria where Chinamen are buried, there is a brick oven for the roasting of their pigs, which is a favourite offering to the dead. The place is often rendered untidy by the scraps of paper, with remarks printed upon them concerning the evil spirit, which the Chinese cast behind them to distract the devil’s attention as they walk in procession. The offerings to the dead are less bountiful than they were at one time, because the noble Red Man became cognizant of what went on, and chose to picnic by moonlight among the tombs—which fact became known to the Celestial.

There is a bitter animosity between the two races, who can never be made to understand one another. The Indian is a sportsman—a gentleman of leisure—to whom work, especially menial work, is extremely uncongenial. No Chinaman I ever met had a single

sporting instinct; penurious, mean, commercial, and industrious, he despises, hates, and, I believe, fears the Red Man. Yet such strange things happen that once a Chinaman actually married a squaw. They had been married about three years before I arrived in Victoria, and during my visit there was a tough divorce case proceeding between them. It caused plenty of commotion down at the docks, where the Chinamen are all taken stock of, and held in some kind of check by the interpreter Li Mun Kow. Both parties had nothing but the worst to say of each other, and the Bishop became drawn into the squabble; for either side, or else the children, had been mixed up with some missionary society. Finally the Chinaman threw up all his goods and all his children to get rid of his squaw wife, and departed beggared, and it is said embittered, to the Celestial Empire.

Such an incident would be sure to be known amongst the Chinese, and increase their aversion towards the Indians. My friend Mrs. Dupont told me a characteristic story of the two races, which shows how at variance are their feelings and ideas. It happened that the Duponts were camping out, and at that time and in that neighbourhood the Indians were permitted to bury in their own manner, which consisted in setting their dead brave up in a tree wrapped in his blanket and with his gun by his side. A funeral of this description was going on all one day, and the Chinaman whom the Duponts had brought with them took care to keep close to the camp-fire while the Indians were howling in the forest. In the evening it was cold, and the moon rose clear and bright. The howling had ceased, John took courage and became his old self. Before bedtime it struck Mrs. Dupont that they ought to have some more wood handy for the morning, and John—according to her instructions—took the axe to go and cut some. Suddenly hideous yells rent the air, and John, with his pig-tail flying, came tearing into camp mad with terror. Quieting him as well as they could,

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the Duponts at length elicited that he had seen the devil himself sitting in a tree. The following morning John departed, taking French leave.

The difficult point with the Chinaman is that no one can foresee the hour when his service may terminate. The utmost that can be done is to secure that his place shall be immediately filled by one of his countrymen. But in cases of the ill-timed interference of the devil being the cause of John's disappearance, it is by no means easy to secure another Chinaman in his place. If a death is about to take place in the house, John is pretty certain to withdraw discreetly. Some time before I came to Victoria a case of the kind occurred. The mistress of the house was known to be dying, and a lady friend, who knew the Chinaman as an old servant of her own, spoke to him, and warned him not to leave his master. John promised to be brave, and probably his intentions were good. The lady died, and John did not run away. She was buried, but John remained busy in his laundry ironing clothes all day. The next morning, however, he was nowhere to be found. "So after all, John, you ran away," said his old mistress, meeting him subsequently. "Missi, I see devil." "Oh no, John." "Missi, me see devil!" "What did he look like, John?" "Missi, she bury. I iron clo' in laundry. My little lamp he burn. Devil, he come; and—puff—he blow out my lamp. I run away." "But what did the devil look like, John?" "All same's Englishman—black coat, white collar—all same Englishman. And puff—he blow out my lamp!"

This fear as to the power exercised by the devil does not deter the Chinaman from exhuming his own dead and taking them back to China. For the most part, their bones are packed into barrels, nailed down, and shipped as ordinary freight. I could not understand how they could force themselves to perform this work, till it was explained to me that the Chinaman's fear of the devil is no greater than his fear of the departed. I

came at last to the conclusion that the Chinaman has no courage; and I believe that they are only made to fight by the fear of what will happen to them if they do not fight.

They are acknowledged to be very difficult people to understand. I tried to ascertain what kind of class emigrated to Canada, and I was told that there were three—the merchant, the labourer, and the student. I asked the nature of the studies pursued by the student, and I was told that he was trying to take his degree. This degree often occupied him his whole life, as he had to maintain himself at the same time; so that one's laundryman, or gardener, or cook might be burning the night oil in pursuit of the degree. I asked what advantages it bestowed, and I was told "Nothing: only the pleasure of having it." But the nature of the study surprised me most of all. It consisted of Chinese history. "And Chinese history," said my informant, "is everlasting; and no one knows quite the whole of it, because it is so old." The wisdom of our own degrees and their classic studies has been questioned, but I felt speechless before this pathetic waste of toil—the heroically endured privations to obtain a barren honour—which this account of the Chinese student laid bare before me.

The Chinaman is permitted to exercise no political rights in British Columbia; and this is a wise measure, seeing how ignorant he is of Western civilization, and how alien he always remains. He is furthermore taxed upon entering the country for the privilege of coming there to do work which no one else will do as well, and for wages no one else will accept. This poll-tax is \$50 entrance fee, and in addition he pays taxes annually to the amount of \$3 a head, besides \$2 for the maintenance of schools which he may never use. In some quarters these sums are considered quite inadequate, and it is suggested to raise them at once to \$50 per annum. In the case of students and merchants who bring letters of identification, the capitation fee is

remitted, the intention being to place a restriction upon cheap labour in favour of the European as against the Asiatic.

Both the object and the origin of this movement is perfectly obvious. It is the working class who are afraid of Chinese competition. They maintain, in self-defence, that the Chinaman is injurious to trade by purchasing little or nothing in the country, and by shipping his savings back to China. With regard to the charge of draining money to China, it does not seem probable that more than \$1,000,000 are sent to that country annually. If a class of maid-servants were introduced, more money would be spent upon millinery and clothing, but the difficulty would be to provide servants which people in British Columbia would accept at the wages they offer. Really good servants of high character are not likely to emigrate, unless very great inducement is offered them. Besides, the Chinaman is amenable to the emigration agent at Victoria, and if he behaves in a way to bring himself into disgrace with his own people, his fate is practically sealed. He is sent back to China, and never heard of again. There is no society capable of dealing out discipline of this kind to white emigrants; and until those who argue against the Chinaman are prepared to pay for something better, and provide not merely suitable servants and labourers, but likewise the machinery for enforcing discipline, it is useless to talk of getting rid of the Chinaman.

During the summer of 1897, farmers in the Lower Fraser, who had ripe crops spoiling and contracts to fulfil, were offering \$3.50 per diem for white labour, and did so in vain. The white man complains of want of work at certain seasons, but he says nothing about the high wages at other seasons. Because \$3 a day are paid in mines, he expects the same rate of pay elsewhere always. The usual complaint is want of work in winter-time, and on farms the rate of wages in summer-time varies from \$25 a month, with board, to \$30. What would a labourer say in England to £1 5s. a week, with

sleeping accommodation, besides "three meals a day, and all of them dinners," as one of them once admitted? One morning in mid-winter a man called at the ranche of a friend of mine, and asked for work. "I can put you on to some fencing, at \$1.50 a day," said my friend; but the offer was rejected on the score of the lowness of the wages, and the man went away.

What the labourers do not see is that the sum to be spent in wages depends upon the success of the industry, and is at all times a variable quantity, according to profits. They maintain that winter wages ought to be at the same rate as summer wages: that a farmer should put by in the summer a sufficient sum to pay the same rate of wages in winter. This is absurd—for the farmer offers the high rate in summer-time to attract labour and to obtain skilled labour of the kind he requires. It is another example of the aversion displayed by the working class to having a premium put upon excellence, and emphasizes the desire which they openly express for levelling the good workmen down to the same rate as the second-class hand. The very reverse should be the object of the Unions. They should endeavour to render workmen more skilled and more capable of holding their own against cheaper and more industrious and more dexterous workmen elsewhere. The attempt to debase labour is so unnatural that the results may be totally different to those expected by the Unions. It is already sufficiently difficult to obtain good workmen in many trades, and consequently greater encouragement will be given to inventions of machinery or processes which shall diminish the necessity for manual dexterity. The indifferent workman must always be little better than useless. The fact of ladies in British Columbia preferring to do their own house-work, rather than employ bad servants, indicates that it is not by levelling down work that more employment is made or better wages obtained.

That the Chinaman forms no basis for a market is

not exactly true. He lives principally on rice, which is imported, and so far the shipping industry benefits; and it is on his account that the mills for dressing raw rice were erected at Victoria, and are able to do a good business. His clothes—though cut after the orthodox Chinese pattern—are made of materials bought in the country.

While we are considering the subject of the Chinese, it is useful to examine the actual working of the strange embargo laid upon them by the Legislature. The \$50 entrance fee is refunded if the Chinaman leaves the country before he has been there six months. This naturally obliges the Chinaman to stay when he has once forfeited \$50, until he has accumulated a considerable sum. It is at least probable that the \$50 are borrowed from a rich man of his own race, and that he pays a pretty high rate of interest out of his weekly wages. This acts very adversely on the labour market, for if there is one thing absolutely necessary to save working men heavy losses, it is any system which renders it difficult for them to reduce competition in the labour market at the shortest possible notice. Again, nothing is so disastrous to capital as not being able to secure all the labour it wants immediately occasion for it arises. The taxes simply act so as to prevent any relaxation of immigration when competition is highest, and yet provides a deterrent against the Chinaman's coming in as a relief when wages rise to an injurious figure.

Nor is this all: for the misfortune of money being drained out of the country is actually called for and rendered necessary; for these taxes prevent a Chinaman from bringing his wife into the country. Any inquiry as to how bad this may be for his morals in this Christian land, is not necessary to our purpose. But the effect upon our finance is, that he sends his wages back to China, which is a very profitable business for him, considering the rate of exchange—as, speaking generally, forty cents of Canadian money is worth a

hundred in China. Thus, a man who earns fifty cents in Canada, can send fifty away and yet have fifty to live upon. This of course supposes that they transfer their savings in gold. Yet another inducement to drain money out of the country is offered them by our legislation. Most of the Chinese in British Columbia are agricultural labourers. Here comes in another important element. All these men have a hankering to possess a little piece of ground of their own. But the Columbian law prohibits them from acquiring it. A few take up land under long leases, and at heavy rents; but others find it better to transfer their savings, and purchase land in China.

The better-class Chinaman must perforce live in Chinatown. "I cannot live in the country," said one of them to me. "I could save \$5 a month if I did, and have a pretty little garden for my children besides" (and how a Chinaman loves a garden!); "but if I did there are rough boys who would annoy my children and break my windows." Yet this man was actually a British subject. His children were born such; he himself naturalized. His children attended the English school; he was himself in a position of trust and universally respected in the city. He spoke the truth; for the brutal ruffianism of the idle whites to the Chinese is well known in Victoria. It can only be hoped for the credit of this loyal colony that these scoundrels are from the States, for it is hard to believe that the British ideal of fair-play could be violated by British subjects.

The present alternative to the Chinaman is white labour from the States. It is impossible to avoid comparison, however odious, and, touching this subject, the Chinaman has one distinct point in his favour, that already alluded to as the system of discipline exercised over him by his own people. They are supplied to whoever requires them by labour contractors, who can furnish them on remarkably short notice to perform any kind of work. In a new country, such as Canada, these agencies are extremely convenient.

But it is neither with public convenience nor with justice that the white working man concerns himself. Not many years ago an experiment was tried of introducing Chinese into the coal-mines of Vancouver Island. This caused an uproar, and the masters gave in. Then this astonishing result followed, that some of the miners employed Chinamen to go underground for them, paying them half their wages and engaging themselves in other pursuits.

The Chinaman is, of course, a substitute in a British colony, and once more I insist that he is only there so long as the British decline to qualify themselves to take his place. Unlike the Japanese, he has nothing in common with ourselves, and he does not rise to a higher level than the gratification of his animal nature. Chinatown is an offence to at least two senses—sight and smell. It reeks of opium, and is suggestive of low gambling-hells. There sit the fat "merchants," who are probably deep in usurious practices of the most blood-sucking description. It is impossible not to suspect that the hard toil of many a poor John goes to increase the paunch of some of these fat tyrants who sit lurking like spiders in their dark and silent dens, concocting in their minds webs for the unwary. Yet be it remembered that many of these men have invested large sums in the country, and are deeply interested pushing trades which are shipped in English bottoms, and which but for them would not be existing to-day.

It is said that the middle-man trade of Victoria is passing into the hands of the Chinese. If so, the condition of Victoria will be similar to that of Capetown under the Malays. With the bonus on their savings offered by the rate of exchange, it would be dangerous for individual European settlers to compete against them. It is said, with truth, that the Chinaman is honourable and fair as a business man, and no thief. It is quite as true that he practices these virtues as part of his rules of business, and that he is all this as long as his interests lie that way. It is an utter

mistake to extol him as a tradesman for merely showing himself at the best as good a man of business as another. It is a policy of danger which permits the exploitation of a market by an alien and less civilized race—only out of timidity and from want of proper business perspective.

CHAPTER VI.

THE RED INDIANS.

ALTHOUGH the North American Indian does not play the same rôle as the Kaffir in South Africa or the Fellaheen in Egypt, he abounds in Canada in sufficient numbers to offer a clearly visible entity. It would be impossible to consider the country without him, especially as he represents the race which once owned it all. The most that I learnt about the Indians was from Government officials, though I also met some missionaries and others who took a private and philanthropic view of them.

Government agents—for one purpose or another—abound everywhere in Canada. They are courteous people, but I found them overwhelmed with anxiety concerning their duties, which they invariably informed me consisted of writing reports, etc. Somehow they recalled the story of the *débutante* who believed herself so much admired that she spent all her leisure time in composing refusals. One of them inquired, in a tone of deep despondency, whether I thought any one would read my book on British Columbia. I replied, with becoming modesty, that his literary experience was greater than my own, that the British public was not a thing that any one could speculate upon. But that considering the way "On Veldt and Farm" had been received, I ventured to hope that "British Columbia" would prove acceptable.

Thanks to these gentlemen's efforts, it is impossible to move far in Canada without having a "Report" presented

to one; and many of their works are very interesting reading. By far the most entertaining is that on "Indian Affairs." There are portions of it which suggest that the authors are qualifying to become novelists. At all events many of the little touches here and there might point a tract for the S.P.C.K.

It is continually asserted that the Red Indian is dying out. Of this there is no actual proof. Owing to various causes, diseases have decimated some tribes or bands more than others. They certainly die more frequently when their conditions of life are changed suddenly, or if civilization is forced upon them. There seems an idea gaining ground that it is chiefly in the transition state that the Indians die. Neither those who live the old wild life in the north (and very few are left who lead even approximately the life they once led); nor those who have learnt how to manage three-storied houses—ventilate them properly, and keep them clean—and to nurse their children through civilized ailments such as measles, are dying out. But with those in the intermediary stage it is otherwise. They send their children to sit for hours in stifling schools, and sleep with them under the old wigwam at night; they dress neither in the old way nor the new—but half and half. They gorge themselves with tinned provisions because the deer are scarce, the buffalo all gone, and they are too lazy to keep cattle or poultry. These people die in great numbers. Consumption is the most prevalent disease, but scrofula is also common. It has been conclusively proved that consumption is contagious, and not hereditary, and every effort is made to keep down the ravages of the disease. Small-pox has been virtually extirpated by unremitting vigilance with respect to vaccination. So that from all accounts it would seem as though the rapid decrease of the Indians has been checked if not finally arrested.

The Indian population in Canada generally has been estimated as 100,027, but from reading the reports I conclude it must be very difficult to get accurate figures.

Speaking as a traveller of such things as came under my notice, I could not but be struck with the immense trouble and the great expenditure which the Canadians lavish upon the Indians. They have been left tolerably free agents in the matter. Perhaps all their measures have not been wise, and some have proved disappointing in their results. All their agents may not be equally well qualified for the difficult and often dangerous work of administration. The broad fact, however, remains, that the Canadians have never spared themselves in their endeavour to do the best in their power for the Red man, and if possible do something more than merely compensate him for the loss of his country and his old way of living. I do not believe—whatever defects there may be—that Imperial Government itself could have done better than the colony has done; and I suppose not even a German or an American will question Imperial Britain's success in dealing with dark races, as compared with themselves, or, indeed, any nation. I am told that Canada was left to her own devices on this point. If so, the natural impulse she has followed must endear her more than anything else (her natural wealth, her great geographical position, her commercial importance not excepted) to one who is the Mother of Nations.

I never heard a Canadian say a single unkind thing of an Indian; but, on the contrary, they were anxious to befriend and protect them. And all this they have done in spite of the example set them in the Republic over the border—acting, it would seem, out of the sturdy independence of their character, which I found a most lovable feature in their disposition, and which proves their close kinship with my own people.

The Indian has been a difficult problem even of its kind. He is courageous—not merely by nature, but also by education, or rather training; armed almost equally with the white man; at one time incomparably more numerous than the whites; extremely skilful in the warfare best suited to the country; quick of

apprehension, and treacherous to friend and foe; incredibly cruel, and a slave to the most debased superstitions. Such was the noble Red Man by nature.

The case has been further complicated by the pseudo-civilization of the half-breeds, who united the vices of both races without assimilating a single virtue. Nor must the effect of drink be omitted, and the utter ruin of mind and body which followed in its wake.

So long as the buffalo existed, the Indians lived by the chase. A cruel, wasteful hunt it was, by no means deserving the name of sport. The creatures were destroyed anyhow, merely for their hides, sometimes only for their tongues. The superstition of the Indians was partly to blame for the senseless massacre. They believed that if one animal—no matter how young—escaped from a herd, that he would tell of the Indian's method of hunting, and warn all other herds. Thus, to save themselves trouble, a whole herd would be harassed and driven over a precipice; where they were skinned, and their tongues cut out, while some of them were still alive.

At this rate the herds were soon wiped out, and the support and amusement of the Indian was gone. Then he began to grumble at the white man, and grumbling led to fighting. The white man had taken his country, and he could not live.

The problem for the white man was how to fit these wild creatures into some rank in the new constitution of things. How were men who looked upon the mere suggestion of any kind of work as a gross personal insult, to be fitted into a modern industrial community? How were the roving hunters of the boundless prairies to be converted into farmers? How were the banditti of the mountains to become law-abiding citizens?

A suggestion has been offered that they would have provided a first-class cavalry regiment—and so far as horsemanship and dash would go, there can be no doubt of their qualifications—but who could possibly discipline

them? The slightest acquaintance with the Red men impresses one directly with the impulsiveness of their character. Neither were their services as soldiers required in Canada. It is, moreover, tolerably certain that, without a strong military force in the country to control them, they would have been puffed up with their own importance, and a source of perpetual danger and unrest.

The part of native policy which has received most liberal censure is that which was probably started with the most generous intentions. It is that of the payment of subsidies towards the support of those bands who came into treaty with the Canadian Government. Various objections are raised against the system, and few of them are without foundation. The payment does not reimburse the Indian for the losses inflicted on him by the white man; it offers him no encouragement to improve his condition; and it tends to make him a spendthrift—in fact, it has the usual bad effect of pauperizing charity.

Where the Indians are thrown upon their own resources—but at the same time receive encouragement and instruction—they have made wonderful progress towards supporting themselves. The first necessity was to cut off all supplies of intoxicants. This is still extremely difficult along the American border; but the exertions of the North-West Police have entirely prevented the running in of alcoholic liquors by traders to the Indians of the North-West. Alongside with the prohibition of intoxicants is the work of education in schools, which receive every assistance and support from Government, independent of the religious body which controls them. The country is divided into districts, with agents and superintendents who watch over and promote the welfare of the Indians, and are responsible to Government for their good behaviour. It is not too much to say that these agents take the greatest pride in advancing the improvement of the bands or tribes; and wherever I went I was struck

with the pathetic confidence which the Indians reposed in the discretion and wisdom of the agents.

The work of reclaiming the Indian and establishing him as a self-supporting factor, and, if possible, drawing upon him for at least a portion of the labour so greatly needed in the colony, is a very slow business, requiring inexhaustible patience.

"The Indian in his natural state," says Mr. Hayter Reed, "would undergo wonderful privations and fatigue in the chase; but when he had returned to discharge the fruits of the hunt at the door of his lodge, he considered his labours as ended and that he had earned a well-deserved rest, while the remainder of the work, however hard, was to be done by his squaw; so he is now unwilling to exert himself for a lengthened period, particularly if the results cannot readily be seen. Without much difficulty an Indian can be induced to cut hay or cut firewood, where he knows they are readily sold for cash; but to get him to make hay in the early stages of rearing small herds, when he is not allowed to sell, becomes a much harder task."

This gives a picture of the watchful patience in the slow work of instructing the wild Indian to farm—and surely never was a harder task taken in hand! Here is a passage taken from the Report for 1896:—

"Through a great deal of watching and patience, the loan system, as applied to cattle in the North-West Territories, has been brought to work admirably among the Indians. This system, in a few words, is the lending to the Indians of one or two animals, upon condition that, at the expiration of a certain time, he will return to the department an equal number—these in turn being loaned to others. So successful has this system proved, that many individuals have managed to collect about them herds of sufficient size to permit sales to be made, bringing in ready cash; thus the Indian, who for a long time remained sceptical, has become aware of the value of stock."

Throughout Canada there are lands reserved for the exclusive property of the Indians. And these tracts are

some of the richest and best in the country—notably the Shuswap Reserve in West Kootenay. These lands are frequently a trouble to the settler, who is nevertheless compelled to defer in this matter to the Indian. They are usually unfenced, and it pleases the Indians to keep running loose upon them herds of utterly useless wild cayuses, sometimes called ponies.

“I may point out,” says the Report, speaking of one of these reserves, “that if the magnificent grazing areas which this reserve possesses could be turned to account for the growing of cattle and sheep, and the irrigation area utilized each year for the growth of a certain fodder crop for these cattle . . . the future of the Indians comprising this land would be very bright. On the Blackfoot Reserve it at once suggests itself to the visitor, that if the large band of ponies which the Indians have, and which are practically useless, could be exchanged for cattle, the position of the Indians would be greatly improved.”

Cattle raising is eminently an industry suited to the Indian; and since it has been started amongst them they have taken to it with astonishing zest. They not only prefer the work of looking after stock to any other employment; but they realize the necessity of taking good care of their cattle in winter-time, erecting shelters for them, and putting up hay. Many of them have gone even further than stock-raising, and raised crops of turnips, potatoes, and other vegetables.

The women have their share in the improvement. In place of the original hut or wigwam there are now houses, well constructed, with shingle roofs, and divided into apartments. Some of them have staircases, and bedrooms upstairs. These houses contain cooking-stoves, tables, chairs, and bedsteads; and many of them are enclosed in neat fences with gates. A feature in these homes is the woman's sewing-machine of the latest style; and instead of curing hides, the making of butter, and bread with yeast, and the raising of poultry, are the tasks assigned to the squaw.

Their bread, I was told, was very good. Their butter is at all events marketable.

Still it must not be supposed that the task of civilizing the Indian is by any means accomplished. It is still a question how far the noble savage may survive the infliction of civilization. There are hundreds who cannot endure the white man for any time. It amuses them to visit his store and sell a few furs; with the proceeds of which they smoke, and lounge about gossiping, and showing off their latest beaded finery. They will bet and gamble and drink—if they can. But two days is the utmost limit of their endurance. "They are tired of the white man and his ways"—in truth they despise and dislike him; and so they gallop away again to their squaw and their wigwam—for they are innate Home-rulers, and care nothing for the Empire.

In this state, with his wild trappings, feathers, and beads, he forms the most romantic feature in Canadian life. His actual origin is lost in obscurity; but the type of the pure-blood Indian of the plains is Aryan, and if they come from the Orient, it should be from India rather than China or Japan. He has a tall, lithe, majestic figure, holding himself with a haughty air. He walks, moves, and rides with dignity and grace. His voice is very musical, and particularly soft and low—unlike any other human voice I ever heard. There is as much caste among Indians as any other race of men, and they deeply resent a liberty.

In religion he is a mystic, and it is difficult to believe that this mysticism, which spreads itself out over all nature, can be effaced by Christianity. Without knowing it, the Indian is a poet. Will he be silenced, when his forests are felled and his rivers harnessed to mill-wheels? That God dwells all round him is the belief of the Indian of the North-West; but He is chiefly in the mountains; and when the clouds descend upon the mountains, it is God coming down to talk with men. There is, besides, the hidden life of a spirit in every stream or strange rock, and the forest

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is inhabited by many spirits. Now it is a wicked man whose evil deeds God arrested by turning him into a mountain; or it is an angry father who, in the form of a river, pursues and drowns his daughter and her lover. Lakes are very frequently the abode of evil spirits, who are compelled to remain there. They are harmless unless any one ventures to catch the fish or to row or swim in the water. Those who are drowned in these lakes are lost for ever, because the devils seize them. Thus there are trails it is better to avoid, since they pass close to lakes which must never be fished; and mountains it would be impious to ascend.

Before the advent of the white man in British Columbia, when the Indians followed their "own sweet will," they had many practices and customs which have now become almost obsolete. There was a great love of mythical narrative, mixed with tradition, sometimes taking the form of complete chronicles, and probably the stories came from the Orient. The well-known allegory about the man, the water-rat, and the beaver, who were saved from the flood, bears a striking analogy to the history of Noah. While others, such as the story of the crab and the crow, indicate a trial of strength between two heroes, who learnt thereby to respect each other. This is especially suggested by the invariable use of totems, and the ancestor-worship practised among these coast tribes. The story is as follows:—

"For many years the crab and the crow were at enmity with each other; but they are now fast friends, and this is the reason. One day the crab was on the seashore, and the crow, happening to come that way, jeered at the crab because he could not fly. The crab waited patiently till the crow came close to him, and then he shot out his long arm and caught the crow by the wing. To this he held fast. Meantime the tide began to come in nearer and nearer, and the crow became more and more afraid lest he should be drowned. He begged and implored the crab to let him go; but the crab said, 'No; now is the time for us to see which is the

better fellow.' So he held him fast. Then the water washed all round them; and the crow became quite wet and was terribly afraid. So the crab had pity upon him and let him go. Therefore this is the reason why these two, who were once enemies, are now good friends."

Legends as fine as this are sure to inspire artistic feeling; and the coast tribes to-day still carve very beautifully in stone as well as wood. They also work their own designs in gold and silver—in fact, the power of design is very marked in these people. In their ingenious devices for fishing-hooks and tackle, made by utilizing thorns or the teeth of marine monsters sharpened on the rocks and bound with ligaments or gut, and in many similar adaptations the dexterity of the coast Indian is abundantly proved.

These tribes appear never to have lived in wigwams, like the Indians of the mountain and the plain; but in long wooden houses, in which whole clans lived together. Supporting the gable in front of the house, but towering high above it, was a gigantic totem-pole—probably a tree with the top cut off. From top to bottom this totem-pole was carved with devices, supposed to be the heraldic bearings of the chief's ancestors. One above the other can be seen the familiar Indian signs of the owl, the eye, the beaver, the frog, the raven, the stag, and so on. At the bottom of the totem-pole was a large hole, through which entrance was effected into the house. There was, in the old savage days, a sanctuary offered by the totem-pole. If any fugitive—even the chief's bitterest enemy—should contrive to pass through the totem-pole into the house, he was safe.

Among these coast Indians, cannibalism of a peculiarly gruesome description existed until comparatively recent times; and in some of the remoter parts of Vancouver Island it seems highly probable that, if left to themselves, the natives would revert to these odious practices. The custom evidently referred to an occult mysticism of a character no trace of which appears on the plains.

The disgusting proceedings usually commenced with a dance. The Indians were assembled by a herald in the shape of a hideous old crone, known as "the dance tempter." Moved by innate malignity, this old wretch would appear with her frightful "properties" of old bones and horns clattering round her decrepid and often deformed person, and a wand of office in her hand. Seating herself among the young braves, who, if left alone, would probably have been harmless, she would commence a droning noise through her closed teeth. After a time this song and the periodical waving of the old witch's wand would so act on the young men's nerves that they would get up and dance, throwing themselves about and becoming wilder and wilder till a blind frenzy of devilment overmastered them. The end was the death of some poor slave-girl, whose destruction was probably the old witch's chief object. This unfortunate creature would be pursued simultaneously, set upon, and torn limb from limb, while her murderers fastened their teeth in the living flesh.

Cannibalism of this kind no longer obtains, being forbidden by British law; but it is by no means certain that on some of the islands the temptation offered by dead bodies washed ashore is always resisted; and there are people living who witnessed the winding up of a native dance by the eating of a live six-weeks-old puppy. The Indian who seized it, began at the nose and gnawed right through it to the tail.

A certain allowance must be made for these Indians on the score of their raw fish eating habits. The teeth of every one of them are ground down evenly, it is said, through eating clams, which they dig out of the sand of the shore.

The subject of their dances is an interesting one; but owing to the discouragement shown by the British, these ceremonies are dying out. There was an attempt made to hold a "sun dance" last year, but it was practically a failure.

At some of these dances polytheism was traceable. There was, for instance, the frequent use of masks carved to represent the heads of birds or beasts of prey—the eagle, the wolf, and the dog being special favourites. The jaws or beaks were ingeniously made to move and clap, while the jaws of the wolf were furnished with rows of iron fangs. There was a dance called the “wolf dance,” in which they dressed entirely in wolf skins and wore wolf masks. This was an especially savage affair, and invariably concluded with the hunting and tearing to pieces of some wretched human being.

No doubt the inventive genius and artistic taste of these Indians has assisted the authorities in the task of civilizing them. From weaving and dyeing it was easy to pass on to needle-work, and from carving to carpentry. It was found more profitable to dig potatoes than clams, and the succulent vegetable was preferred to the gritty clam.

To ascertain what development has taken place among coast Indians, we will take some figures from the Report for 1886 of the Cowichans agent (Vancouver Island):—

“**TRIBE OR NATION.**—The Cowichans are a branch of what has been termed the Salish nation, which formerly occupied a large extent of land in Washington State as well as in British Columbia.

“**VITAL STATISTICS.**—There are nine hundred and ninety-two males, and one thousand and thirty-seven females, of whom five hundred and seventy-two are children. There have been sixty-two births, and thirty deaths. No cases of immigration or emigration. Increase in population, compared with previous year, is thirty-two. Deaths were confined to the old people and very young. Bronchial and pulmonary affections were the principal cause.

“**OCCUPATION.**—Employment is found in the following occupations—mixed farming, including the cultivation of fruit, these Indians having planted over a hundred fruit trees this year; fishing; hunting; working at canneries and saw-mills; making fishing-boats and canoes, fishing-nets; acting

as guides, packers, and boatmen for sportsmen, etc. The women make mats, baskets, dress deer skins, make moccasins, knit socks, and are clever at needle-work.

"**EDUCATION.**—There are three hundred and fifty school children of school age, and six schools, one industrial and the rest day schools.

"**CHARACTERISTICS AND PROGRESS.**—These Indians are industrious and intelligent, good farmers, shrewd traders, expert fishermen, and are apt at learning trades. They are fairly temperate and moral.

" STATISTICS. —Value of personal property	...	\$73,050
Acres under cultivation	...	2496
Acres of new land broken	...	114
Total value of real and personal property	\$810,608"

As may be gathered, these coast tribes are not horsemen. They fish and trap, and their legs are cramped and bent with sitting in the bottom of their canoes.

So far as furnishing a working class for the white man is concerned, the Indian cannot at present be reckoned upon. A good deal depends upon the individual white man's power of handling the Redskin. The chief point is to hold steadily to whatever agreement is made, and whilst leaving kindness entirely alone, to be patient with their Indian peculiarities. *Chenook*—the language used by the Hudson Bay Company—is easily acquired, and will be found very useful in making arrangements with Indians for fishing, hunting, hop-picking, herding, or fruit-gathering.

The Indians in British Columbia give no trouble, and their government is a purely civil affair. The use of force is quite unnecessary. But it must not be supposed that this is the case in the North-West. The outbreaks which occur from time to time there, are sometimes attributed to superstition or similar causes; but the fact is that there still remains a great deal of bitterness against the white man; and unfortunately the half-breeds increase this feeling.

The matter of the half-breeds is a disagreeable topic.

It is said that it was once the policy of the Hudson's Bay Company to encourage the marriage of their factors with Siwash women as tending to identify the Company with the country. This was many years ago, when the results of such alliances were not as manifest as they are to-day. Certain it is that there is nothing to suggest that marriages formed in this manner at that date were of the low and revolting character which occasionally obtains to-day. In this, as in a good many other things, there is a great deal in the way the thing is done. It is quite impossible to condone the conduct of Englishmen who have lived with Siwash women, begetting by them families of children, which they afterwards deserted, when they found it possible to marry a white woman. The strangest part of the case is that men are usually far more devoted to the Siwash woman than to the white wife. It is the hankering after respectability which leads them to forsake the one for the other, and the desire to have white children.

It is most pitiful to think of the half-breed children, and the bitter struggle of the two natures fighting within the one individual with no helping hand stretched out to aid. It is not to their discredit that they do not forsake their mother's people—even though the bitterness against their sires may result in such an outbreak as the Riel rebellion.

Much may be said to palliate the offence of these relationships in the early days, which cannot be advanced now. Still this discreditable conduct is not so uncommon as could be wished. It exists especially on the frontiers of civilization, prior to the introduction of public opinion, before which men quail. "*Do the squaws still rule the roast?*" was the question I heard asked respecting the Klondyke.

CHAPTER VII.

COMMENCEMENT OF ITINERARY.

IN compiling my notes on British Columbia, I was struck with the fact that they were of two kinds—the one consisted of the categorical rehearsal of my travels; the other, added to independently, gave a general or bird's-eye view of the country. I saw no real assimilation of the two, and therefore I decided to classify them as well as possible, giving first some chapters on special subjects, and afterwards the history of my travels—such travels as any one else might make who did not go as a tourist, but to spy out the land.

This plan is somewhat on the same lines as my book on South Africa; and though the arrangement has been criticized, I think it has its advantages, for in spite of some things said against it, I heard on the whole more in its favour. With my reader's permission, I will now start upon a rapid sketch of the travels I undertook during the four months I spent in British Columbia last year.

It was late in the afternoon of the 3rd of June that the s.s. *Parisian*, of the Allan Line, bound for Quebec, left Liverpool with about forty-five first-class besides intermediate and steerage passengers.

I was glad to sail by this line—the old pioneer line to the loyal Dominion of Canada. Although many emigrants still travel *viâ* New York on the White Star and Cunard Lines, they probably do so through ignorance. Even for the smart tourist, it is well worth while sacrificing

New York for the pleasure and privilege of the trip up the St. Lawrence river and the approach by water of the grand old city of Quebec. For those who intend making Canada their future home, there can be no reason for going round by New York. To begin with, it is a waste of money, and secondly, there are admirable arrangements made by Government for assisting the emigrants who land at Quebec, and for furnishing reliable advice.

Our party on board was a quiet one. There was a Governor and his lady who were going out with their young family to represent her Majesty in a distant part of the Empire; a general, his wife, and his aide, who were bound for Halifax; Dr. Robertson, the Presbyterian superintendent, returning from a missionary tour in Scotland; and the rest were made up of Canadians who had often made the trip before—some of them as many as forty times—travellers like myself, and the inevitable naval officer going to join his ship at the other side of the world.

The first part of the voyage was neither cold nor stormy. Merville, where we put in for mails, looked lovely after the soft rain of a June night, with the yellow gorse all ablaze upon its green hillsides, and the sea-birds skimming over the still grey waters.

I soon became at home, and found my way all over the ship, having made the acquaintance of the ship's steward, Mr. Hardman, who took me through the emigrants' quarters, as well as into his own special departments of the cook's galley and the storeroom. The accommodation for the emigrants is especially good on this line. I took occasion to ask several of the passengers as to the treatment they received; and they one and all spoke with entire satisfaction. There was, of course, a great mixture—Russians, Finns, Swedes, Norwegians, Poles, as well as Scots and the irrepressible Irish. It was remarkable how, in the close compass of a ship, each nationality kept apart. The company endeavoured to arrange for the comfort of them all

individually. I found that the Russians brought their own bread in their boxes in sufficient quantity to last the voyage.

In the first-class many of the ladies brought their own tea, and a supply of cream, which was kept for them in the cold storage. It was customary for the saloon of an afternoon to be divided into small tea-parties of "private teas." But the "private teas" began very early, for, as I went to my bath at seven o'clock, I found Miss Adams, the Scottish stewardess, who is a familiar character on the *Parisian*—indeed, I doubt if the ship could go to sea without her—busy over the "private teas." Miss Adams had all the loyalty of a Scot, and the whole of it was given to the company. Whatever was "the Allan's" was perfect, whatever was not "the Allan's" was despised if not derided. The "private teas" came in for a large share of contempt; and one morning I was asked to be judge, and offered a cup of each. But two large bowls of tea at that early hour were too much for my courage; besides, I must admit that I should never have dared to give the case against "the Allan's."

"We've got very great people on board with us this time, Miss Adams," said one of the lady passengers, referring to the Governor and his suite.

"But naething to what we had coming oot," responded Miss Adams with alacrity.

"But who may they have been?" exclaimed the lady, who, being a loyal Canadian, could not raise her ideas above a representative of the Queen.

"A-weel," replied Miss Adams, lingering over the triumph of the moment, "it was jist the Allans theirsels."

There is a little too much of the tendency to place the line above criticism, at all events on the part of the line itself; and the inevitable result has been the calling into the field of fresh competition. So far as the emigrants of the intermediate and steerage were concerned the line compared most favourably with others

by which I have travelled ; but the first-class was in-commodious and badly ventilated—in fact, left with the clumsy, old-fashioned ideas of twenty years ago. The thing which helped to smooth one's lot, and enabled one to forget the imperfections, was the extraordinary civility and readiness to oblige of the whole ship's company.

On Sunday we had service in the saloon, which was taken by the emigrant chaplain. The ships on this line always carry a clergyman of the Church of England free, if there are a certain number of emigrants. He takes care of them, so far as he is able, during the voyage, and hands them over to the chaplain of the Emigration Bureau in Quebec. This is a most excellent plan. It affords a curate from the slums of our great cities the opportunity for a thorough change such as he might not otherwise secure. It also gives a clergyman of our Church a chance of visiting one of our colonies, seeing something of our emigrants, and gaining an insight into the thoughts and feelings of our settlers.

The voyage was uneventful. There were the usual icebergs, fogs, and whales ; but eventually we got safely into the great river which is Canada's principal waterway. It is scarcely possible to convey any idea of the magnificent effect of the St. Lawrence. Other rivers may be larger, but few possess such a stirring history ; moreover, it is in future the direct highway over British territory to the ancient splendour of the Orient. Of Canada it may be said that the Canadians themselves appear unaware of the riches and grandeur of their own country. The beauty and magnificence of the scenery is certainly more appreciated by the emigrant than the native.

Meantime we were running full speed up the great waterway, and the transcendent greatness of the country gradually unfolded itself before us. The shore was high, and covered to the sky-line with dense pine woods. At length we came to a part which had evidently been cleared long ago. There were spires of churches, which glittered in the sun, being made of plates of copper, and

little white villages, with red roofs, and herds of small cattle grazing on the flats. There was a line of little white wooden houses, each with its strip of land running down to the river. The population was French, for it was the province of Quebec.

Then, on the morning of the 12th, we passed the falls of Montmorency, the island of St. Charles, where Wolfe first landed, and lastly we came to the ancient citadel of Quebec.

It is not my intention to describe this town, though I stayed there on my return, and enjoyed my visit extremely; suffice it saying that the place is brimful of historic interests, besides occupying a site of uncommon natural beauty. There is a very fine hotel there, the Frontenac; and few holidays could be better spent than in exploring the Edinburgh of Canada and its environs.

I landed for an hour or two to make the acquaintance of Mrs. Corneille, who, with the chaplain and Mr. Le Bel, was waiting to meet the emigrants. I had messages to deliver from Mrs. Joyce and Miss Lefroy, and I was most kindly received and shown the excellent arrangements made for sheltering emigrants and assisting them to find occupation. The characters of all emigrants are closely scrutinized, and those with faults likely to render them a burden rather than an assistance are returned by the next ship. I soon had a proof of the vigilance exercised, in the close investigations persisted in with regard to the character of a poor girl, whom I would gladly have helped to a fresh start in the new world. It seemed a little hard, but I think on the whole they are right. "The Colonies," said Mrs. Corneille, "are no place for the feeble, either mentally, physically, or morally. If they cannot keep their feet under the close supervision of the old country, they will assuredly fall where there will be greater temptations, and infinitely greater hardships at the commencement of their careers."

As usual, a good many passengers left the ship at

Quebec. I believe this is frequently due to ignorance. They fancy that they have reached Canada; and some among the emigrants left the ship there to go on by rail to Montreal. This was much more expensive than if they had gone on by boat; and I do not think that they saved enough time to justify the expenditure.

A word of advice may be offered to people about to take this voyage, and that is to make up their minds before starting at which port they mean to disembark, and have their baggage addressed accordingly. The Allan Company have an elaborate system by which all the passenger baggage is classified and described; but it is extraordinary how many packages come on board without either name, address, or distinguishing mark of any kind. What with passengers landing at Rimousky, Quebec, and Montreal, it is greatly to the company's credit that there are not several losses every voyage. In addition to this difficulty, passengers change their minds as to their port of landing during the voyage, and expect to have their luggage brought up and put ashore for them quite correctly, from any compartment, shelf, or locker to which it has been consigned. The company supply labels for passengers, which need only be filled in and affixed; but it is a distinct advantage to have the full name or some device painted upon the baggage. When it is remembered what hundreds of brown portmanteaus and cabin trunks are turned out annually by the same makers, it must be obvious how difficult it is for the company's servants to avoid confusing Mrs. Brown's non-addressed luggage with Mrs. Jones's ditto.*

It was four o'clock on the following day, Sunday, when we reached Montreal, and having made my peace with the customs officers, I presently found myself driving through the streets of a clean, well-ordered city. The names over many of the doors were French, as were

* It is no uncommon thing for the company to find as many as sixty unaddressed and unclaimed packages left on their hands at the end of a single voyage.

those on the corners of the streets; and public notices were written in French and English side by side.

My destination was the Windsor Hotel, and here I met with my first experience of the worst item in Canadian travel—to wit, the Transfer Company. I had been quite willing to leave my heavy baggage to the care of these people, but I had taken a fly from the docks with the express intention of carrying my cabin trunk, hold-all, and hat-box with me. But I was unprepared for the arts and devices of the Transfer Company, who, while my back was turned, ran off with my belongings, handing the brass checks, of which they kept the tallies, to one of the ship's stewards, who chanced to be standing there. The steward gave me the checks, and told me that I should find the baggage at the hotel as soon as I got there myself.

This was far from being the case. I had neither sponge, nor brush and comb, and no means of tidying myself, and no book to read. There I was kept for two mortal hours awaiting the arrival of my baggage, for the transfer of which I was charged a dollar. I had a good mind not to pay this imposition, and should certainly refuse to if it happened again. But these transfer companies play with the C.P.R., as well as the shipping companies, as a cat plays with a mouse; while the unlucky passenger fares the worst. At one place in my travels I went up to bed with two smart hats, and nothing else in the world. I had clung to my hat-box, and kept it; but my other effects did not reach me till the next morning, and only after I had rung the bell and demanded them several times.

The hotels, or at any rate the porters, play into the hands of the Transfer Company. It is unavailing for the wretched traveller to exercise forethought. No matter how early he rises, or how soon his baggage is addressed and sent down to the hall, the Transfer Company takes it upon their van, and proceeds on a round of calls, arriving at the station with a vast truck load of odds and ends, at the very bottom of which the first baggage

taken up is buried. Perhaps they arrive only three minutes before the train is due. In the heat, crush, and confusion, the probability is that the baggage never gets checked at all.

The city of Montreal struck me as the finest colonial town I had seen. The sun was shining brightly below a mass of deep black clouds, which hung above the pine-covered mountains to the back of the town. The maple trees all round the square fluttered their bright green leaves—they stood there on the edge of the smooth turf, unfenced and unenclosed, and threw a light shade on the grass or pavement. Gaily dressed people and children, in Sunday clothes, were passing to and fro. Behind rose the great mass of the Roman Catholic Cathedral, and I could see a stream of nuns in black attire passing out of the sunlight through a side door in the wall. Stopping an electric tramcar, I jumped on it, and away it went downhill at a tremendous rate.

As we flew past I saw a great block of grey granite, built in Norman style. This was the railway station and chief office of the C.P.R. From this point all the affairs, down to the minutest details, of the great highway to India, China, and Japan were directed and controlled. I tried to picture the distance the line covered, and the obstacles it overcame; and this, with the great river up which I had passed, gave me a sense of immensity such as I had never experienced in all my travels. I seemed to have planted my foot on the first step of an undertaking which went, with the winds of heaven and the currents of ocean, as part itself of the force of Nature.

Then down into the city we rushed, swinging past the red-brick pile of the Great Trunk railway station, and past the bank of Montreal. But here I left the car, being anxious to see a little of these usually busy thoroughfares in the quiet of Sunday afternoon.

The city was founded by an expedition of fifty-seven persons under Maisonneuve. Amongst these adventurers

was a Mademoiselle Mance, who brought with her a donation of a quarter of a million francs. This was the great time of French colonial enterprise, a spirit which the growth of Republican sentiment appears to have extinguished. The fur trade, and subsequently the lumber and grain, have rendered the city so prosperous that the bank of Montreal is reckoned the richest bank on the continent. There is a touch of dramatic interest in the situation of this bank's chief office. It stands immediately opposite the cathedral of Notre Dame—the oldest cathedral in Canada—and the space lying between them, now bright with flowers, and planted with young maple trees, is the old burial-ground of the pioneers.

I stood for a moment before the statue of the spirited Maisonneuve, in the graceful fantastic dress of his age; his small wiry figure full of life and energy, as he advances, holding a flag. It was thus he landed and founded the city of Mont Royal, on the island on which the English in 1535 had found an Iroquois village called Hochelaga.

I had not much time to spend in Montreal, and the following day I devoted to discussing my plans with the officials of the C.P.R. and to making final arrangements for my journey.

I was deeply interested by my visit to Sir William van Horne. It was like listening to a fairy tale to hear him talk of the great enterprise of the C.P.R.—how it grew out of the idea of the federation of the provinces, and how as it went on through an empty and almost unknown country, kindred commercial enterprises sprang up alongside of it; first lumber mills, then grain elevators, then warehouses for the people's food; then the cattle trade with the States and Europe, and the growth of cities on the prairies, with hotels and private residences. We talked of traffic which came over the line, and the boundless possibilities opened for the shippers on the coast of the Far West, and of the inland enterprise in the gold, silver, copper, and other minerals. Together we saw the bright future of

centuries to come, unrolling before our eyes, when we ourselves should be no more.

I saw in Sir William van Horne one of those rare men who are the genius of their age—who can dream dreams, and work out their realization. This man worked like the artists of old, laying on each touch with care and precision—knowing what had to be done, and doing it perfectly. Over his face, as I watched him speak, I saw a thousand expressions follow one another. It was like watching a rock—always the same, and yet the light brought out new meanings and interests—only the light in this human countenance shone from within, for it was a great intellect which illumined it. At last, when we had talked some time, Sir William sat silent for a few seconds, and then he said, “And now it is finished—so far, at any rate—so far——”

The sentence remained incomplete. His hand rose and fell on the writing-desk beside which he sat, and by the smile on his face—wistful, regretful, triumphant—I concluded to myself that he saw his own term of usefulness was finished, and that his work no longer needed him.

“And you?” he said, suddenly turning to me again. “Go through to the coast—go through to the coast” (how often must those words have rung in his mind!), “and when you get back here, come and see me again.”

“What did you think of Sir William van Horne?” some one asked me afterwards.

I replied, “I should enjoy seeing some one try to sell him a gold brick.”

The chief agricultural market of Montreal is the Bon Secours. It opens soon after daybreak, and I determined to pay this market a visit.

Accordingly, the next morning a little breakfast was brought to my room at a quarter to five. This meal over, I went down dressed in a grey ulster and sailor-hat, walked a little way towards the city, and then engaged a cab. The vehicle was a victoria, and I found the old driver so interesting that I stood up inside and

held on to the box talking to him, as we went along down to the city. He gave me much information.

The market of the Bon Secours is a large building situated on the quay, but some distance from the main railways or the residential part of Montreal. All round, in the streets outside, the country people station their carts—for which privilege they pay twenty-five cents each time, or take out a licence for the year. These carts bring in local market-garden produce, such as poultry, flowers, eggs, and vegetables. There is no auction, but the stall-keepers inside the market, and shop-keepers from the town, come to the carts and bargain with the country people for whatever supplies they require.

Inside the building the lowest floor is occupied by fish salesmen and ice stores; the floor above is entirely devoted to meat and fresh pork; while on the third floor the stalls provide poultry, eggs, etc.

This old market was built long prior to the railways, but is well situated for supplies coming across the water by boat from the prairie. A good deal of produce comes in by small carts from a distance of forty miles. Many of the country people arrive over-night, and sleep at little old-fashioned inns near the market, with odd French names on their signs. A few—the aristocracy—own stalls within the market; but for the most part the stalls are branches of the shops in the town itself.

In winter-time the country people drive over the ice in their own sleighs, bringing in onions, potatoes, turnips, and hard fruits. The spring trade is the most paying, consisting principally of salads, rhubarb, and anything which can be raised quickly in frames or under glass. There is another market in winter, near the railway station, where fruit and vegetables are sold which come in from the States.

The meat market interested me particularly. It is supplied from Ontario and the ranches of the North-West. The beasts are sold alive, by weight, at the

market belonging to the corporation, and slaughtered in the *abattoires* belonging to the corporation. These *abattoires* are rented by the butchers, sometimes two or three tradesmen joining together to rent one *abattoir*.

The price of the best cattle (from the North-West) is 4 cents per lb., live weight.* Those from Lower Canada are inferior, and are paid for at a lower rate. It appears that this inferiority is not only a matter of breeding, but also of condition. They are very often young immature beasts, or stale cows.

The best cattle in Canada, and always the largest and heaviest, go across the sea to England. The reason of this is that the regular freight is £2 per head for the crossing. They are sold by weight the other side, and thus it answers better to send a heavy beast for £2 rather than a light one.

The quality of the meat, as I found it in the hotels, was by no means first class. This may have been due to the cooking, which appears to be a medley of French and American. You are given a *menu* for breakfast, beginning with varieties of corn dressed as porridge; and "*fried frogs' legs*," sure to be an item when in season, is boldly announced in plain English. I always sighed over the beef steaks, feeling that somehow a respectable beef steak could not be cooked in the same kitchen with corn porridge and frogs' legs.

Many of the stall-holders in the market of the Bon Séours cannot speak a word of English, but they were very friendly to me, especially one little old man who had a very large butcher's business near the centre of the market. He saw that I was English, and forthwith befriended me. Believing that I intended opening a stall, he offered to walk round with me and point out to me the features of the market and the way business was done.

"Shall I tell you why I like the English?" he asked, taking my arm confidentially as we walked downstairs

* Since writing this, I have heard that all cattle are sold at private sales at an average price of 3½ cents per lb., live weight.

to visit the fishmongers. "It is because I have made a good bit of money by them."

This was intended as a high compliment, for presently he added reflectively, "Yes; there is always money where the English are. They make a stir up, and they stir till the money comes."

"It surprise you very much—no?" he continued, "to hear me speak English so perfect. But I did not marry a Canadense! No—not I! I did marry from the States—and her father was Irish. So I made a good mix! Then I who am little have sons that are big!"

He had a taste for horse-racing, which was another link between himself and the English. He kept his own race-horse, and had ridden it himself very successfully. His business was evidently a large and prosperous one; and he showed me his clean, well-filled refrigerator and cool chamber with the same pride that he spoke of his "good mix" and his race-horse. He gave me yet another proof of his prudence, and the far-sightedness which had doubtless been a feature in his career. "I have a daughter," he said, straightening himself as he spoke, probably because he was "little," "who is a professed nun, and a son who is a member of Parliament."

He was puzzled and perplexed to find I had kept a cab waiting outside; but as I was getting into it he stopped me to ask what business I meant to open in the market.

Meanwhile my old driver was in great distress, and not disposed to let me stay there another minute. "If you put your money into a business in this country on your own account you will lose it," he said. "There are too many rogues here. But I will give you a safe piece of advice, which was given me when I came to this place by a man whose name was Samuel, who was in the fur trade, and came from Liverpool. 'Look on all men as rogues,' said he, 'and yourself as the biggest rogue, then, perhaps, you won't lose your money.'"

He began to look upon me as a rogue in good earnest when I told him to drive me to the Windsor Hotel, so thoroughly had he taken me for a future market-gardener of some description. And when I paid him the fare he asked for without abatement, I left him staring at it; but on looking back I found he was watching to see if I really went up the steps into the Windsor.

I did so, but turned round and waved my hand to him before I disappeared.

Among the people whose acquaintance gave me special pleasure I cannot omit mentioning Mr. Hosmer. The whole time I spent in Canada I felt more or less under Mr. Hosmer's watchful eye—or I should say within the hearing of his ear—and on my return to Montreal his office was so full of interest that I was there nearly every day. Mr. Hosmer is the incarnation of telegraphy, and conveys the idea that he carries a battery inside himself. To be in his office is to sit in the centre of the world, with messages of all descriptions flashing round one, and coming down on the telephone from the ends of the earth. He is so enthusiastic in his work that he contrives to make one feel as though one were working the concern with him; and must perforce succeed, however novel the occupation may be. But his interests are wide—as well as the system over which he presides. For instance, we settle down to discuss his pet subject, to wit the extension of the cable to Australia. Somehow I am made to feel as if I were already at the bottom of the sea with a coil of copper wire in my hand, awaiting instructions. The difficulties with the Home Government, and the raising of fresh capital, have all been settled with a characteristic wave of the hand—when suddenly a violent ringing on the telephone causes Mr. Hosmer to apply his ear to the machine, and instantly his face is suffused with smiles. It is a Mary whose beloved has just proposed to her; but the mamma objects, and Mr. Hosmer is implored to come to the rescue. The next moment we are in the middle of a discussion on the mines of Kootenay, interspersed with

an account of a difference between Tommy — and his papa, which Mr. Hosmer is making up by wiring messages on his own account of dutiful apology on the part of Tommy, and fraternal forgiveness on the part of papa. "But where are we?" "We are in the No. 2 vertical shaft of the War Eagle." "No, we are not! We are in the Monte Christo! Look at the map, I say!" But the next moment we are careering round the room hunting for Lake Okanagan, which is hanging up on the walls somewhere, to find the Kelowna valley, when suddenly, in awe-stricken tones of heartfelt regret, I am told that Dick has had "a row with his wife," and that both parties are equally to blame. In company such as this, Canada really becomes a small place, but its interest is vastly increased.

CHAPTER VIII.

FROM OTTAWA TO WINNIPEG.

IN the evening I proceeded to Ottawa, which I reached about midnight.

This town, the seat of Government, is small and sleepy. The Government buildings and House of Parliament, and the river choked with timber below the great saw-mills, are the chief features.

The House of Parliament is not an impressive edifice. It is a graceful building in pseudo-gothic. Inside, the rooms and chambers are mean and small. There is a stall for refreshments of a very common description in the vestibule.

Although the House was in session, I had no opportunity of hearing a debate or making the acquaintance of the legislators.

The next day I went to the Experimental Farm, about three miles outside Ottawa, and spent a very interesting morning with Professor Saunders. I returned in time to start by the afternoon train for Winnipeg.

The scenery was a mixture of dense wood, intersected with farms which were strangely English in appearance. Now and again one appeared to have been only recently hewn out of the forest. I saw snake fences, for the first time, stretching their zigzag lengths beside the railway. There were charred stumps still standing even in pastures which appeared to have been laid down some years ; and I was pained and distressed again and again at the cruel waste of burning such valuable timber. The crops of corn were green, and very flourishing, and remarkably

free from weeds; and there was a comfortable, safe, happy appearance, which made one forget how little developed—in fact, how nearly savage this country really was.

The whole history of the settler's life was rehearsed. There were new-comers squatting in log cabins, with the trees burnt and slashed. Then some draining of swampy hollows—a thing which is very necessary in Ontario, where the wheat often suffers, owing to the damp coupled with late frosts. Then came the two-storied wooden house with gables, and strongly built log sheds for the cattle, surrounded with fenced fields of many kinds of crops, pulse, roots, cereals. Occasionally I saw a tastefully built homestead, smart with fresh white paint, with red-tiled roof, and a veranda, standing in a trim flower-garden, with a flourishing orchard behind it, and the long ridge roofs of comfortable buildings showing over the tops of the apple trees.

The train was travelling up hill, and the air became fresher as we ascended. Soon we left the plain entirely, and entered the forest. Great out crops of rock showed themselves between the pine, larch, and silver birch. Dense masses of bracken, and clumps of other ferns overhung the quiet pools and brown mountain torrents. Still we swept on through scenery measured by mile-long lakes, and mountains whose hoary summits cut the sky-line high above the forest. The wood became denser, and I revelled in its vigorous growth—the rich brown greens of the spruce, and the tender feminine grace of the silver birch and aspen. Soon we came to foaming rapids, swirling through dark chasms, and at last the setting sun showed amber and crimson—turning the trees a rich madder against the clear sky.

Then the moon came out, and shone white and clear over a scene of silence—a weird land, smitten with death and blighted with disaster. For a whole mountain-side, which had once been clothed with a beautiful pine forest, was naked and bare. The trees stood in death, white and spectral, for a forest fire had swept through

them. It was a scene for Sintram and his companions; and I looked out, fancying I could see the white horse, and the curious black evil thing crawling along beside the knight.

It was Thursday afternoon when I left Ottawa, and I reached Winnipeg* on Saturday afternoon at about four o'clock.

I was tired of the train, and of scenery which was becoming monotonous, and it was with a feeling of exultation that I stepped out once more into a city. It was marvellous to find broad thoroughfares, handsome buildings, and shops which compared favourably with those at Montreal. I consigned my baggage to the inevitable Transfer Company, and walked out to take a tramcar down the main thoroughfare to the Manitoba and North-Western Hotel.

I noticed with delight that the streets were spanned by gigantic triumphal arches, covered with spruce fir. Men were busy hanging up flags and adding the last finishing strokes of scrolls, shields, and wreaths. Private houses and shops vied with one another in bunting and gay streamers. Every kind of loyal sentiment found expression in good wishes to the whole royal family, but the legend which was most frequent was the old familiar one, "GOD SAVE THE QUEEN!" It was the preparation for the Jubilee.

As soon as possible I left the hotel to go in search of Dr. Robertson, who received me very kindly. We started off together to visit the new park across the river. He showed me the ruined arch which is all that is left of old Fort Garry, and we went to the Hudson Bay Company's stores and had tea. Dr. Robertson is a most interesting companion, and his knowledge of the country is so thorough that the whole time I spent with him I was laying in stores of information.

The next morning, soon after breakfast, I went to call on Mr. Baker, of the Manitoba and North-Western Railway Company, and went to church with him and his

* Winnipeg is 1424 miles by rail from Montreal.

family to a most impressive service held in celebration of the Jubilee.

The old 90th Canadian Regiment, which was cut to pieces in Riel's rebellion, turned out and marched to church, headed by the band. A great effort had been made to collect as many as possible of the veterans who survived the campaign. There were about thirty of them, headed by their old colonel, Mr. Hugh Macdonald.* It was impossible not to feel struck with this muster of brave men, whose countenances show to this day the effects of the hardships they endured in the service of their Queen and country. They marched past into the church followed by the men who serve in the regiment to-day, whose mothers, sisters, and sweethearts were waiting to see them pass.

The church was packed to overflowing, as indeed I heard were all the churches in Winnipeg that morning. The service commenced with the whole congregation rising and singing, "God save the Queen." There is a fine organ and a good choir, but the strong voices of the soldiers took up the singing of the anthem which is peculiarly their own, and I could hear nothing but the deep bass voices. I looked round me once, and was struck with their earnest countenances. The idea of loyalty was no suddenly caught impression. It was a conviction which these people felt—the desire to ally themselves with all the greatness and pureness of the glorious example of sixty years' devotion to duty. The halo which surrounds the idea of monarchy made these sons of a vast dominion turn their eyes to the little island in the North Sea, as a light by which to steer and shape the history of their own country, by deeds worthy to rank with those of British history in the past.

Subsequent to the service appointed for the occasion, Archdeacon Fortune—himself a pioneer—preached a sermon, taking for his text the line, "A mother in Israel."

After luncheon I drove with Mr. Baker to visit the

* Son of the late Sir John Macdonald.

old cathedral—a small building outside Winnipeg, where the old “trail-blazers” and first factors of the Hudson’s Bay and North-West Companies were buried. The cathedral itself is a very simple edifice, and recalls a village church in some country parish in the home counties. The spot has long been a favourite burial-ground, and there are many beautiful tombs in marble and granite—some bearing coats-of-arms and well-known names. There is a small enclosure and a handsome marble shrine, hung with many laurel wreaths and kept with scrupulous care. This is Winnipeg’s memorial to the gallant men of her own regiment who went out to quell the rebellion under Riel.

Many of the men were buried where they fell on remote battle-fields; but those whose names are recorded here came back to die of their wounds and privations. But among the many graves, eloquent of hopes and fears, joys and sorrows—telling of the lives of brave men, little children, gentle women, who have helped to make the city of Winnipeg—none are so worthy of love and honour as those which lie by the gateway in what was only unlevelled prairie. Some of them are east and west, others north and south, as might have been convenient in these early days. Each is covered with a plain slab of limestone, blackened with age, so that all lettering is hopelessly defaced. A record of burials preserved in the church gives the list of their names, which are almost without exception Scottish. It is, however, absolutely certain that these graves are those of the first factors of the company who founded Fort Garry.

Little could they have dreamt of the future lying before the land. How the buffalo and the Indian would decrease and vanish; and over the prairies a race of peaceful farmers spread round a modern city. Could the old pioneers come back again, Winnipeg could offer them nothing; for they have nothing in common with the city of to-day—its smart suburbs and industrial mills. There they lie under the old grey slabs, while scarcely a hundred yards away the electric cars go

whizzing past, and the hum of the city is drowned by the roll of the C.P.R.

Very little is known of their individual histories, but they appear to have enjoyed the life they had adopted as men of their stamp would do. They were accustomed, in their Highland fastnesses, to isolation and to the rigours of a tolerably severe climate. So far as material wants were concerned the company treated them liberally, and they were probably quite as well off at Fort Garry as they would have been in the Highlands.

Then there were chances of adventure, and a certain amount of fighting, which was congenial to men of their origin and temperament. The forest and its game, the lake and its fish, and beyond the vast extent of unexplored territory; travel by canoe and portages, following the course of rivers through terrific mountain ranges;—gave them plenty of topics for conversation, and suggested problems and mysteries which they, alas! would never solve in their day. Besides all these royal pleasures, at intervals there were passing strangers, to entertain whom was a duty which gratified their hereditary instincts. They were practically their own masters, and were free to feast and dance, to play golf or hockey, or to curl, as suited the season. The one duty incumbent upon them being the collection of furs from the Indians and the forwarding of the same in due safety to head-quarters.

From these graves we went back once more to look at the ruined archway, which is all that is left of Fort Garry. It is situated near the fork where the two rivers—the Assiniboine and the Red river—converge and join in one. These rivers were the highways in those days, but the archway of old Fort Garry is that of the gate which opened towards the prairie and the North-West. And above it were mounted two guns. In this fort Lord Strathcona was imprisoned for some months by Riel, and under sentence to be shot at any convenient moment. He has lately presented this archway to Winnipeg.

On my return from British Columbia I stayed a day or two at Winnipeg, out of affection for the city of so many memories; and walked by myself to the meeting of the rivers. Near this spot, when the railway of the Manitoba and North-Western Company was being cut, there were found close to the river the remains of a man which had been buried by the Indians with unusual care. The skeleton was perfect, and measured seven feet. It was wrapped in a winding-sheet which was evidently a plaid, but the precise name of the tartan could not be decided, owing to its being too far gone in decay. Upon the breast was a small box containing an amber mouth-piece, and a small coin. The whole was encased in bark. From the winding-sheet being a plaid, and also from the great stature of the man, the presumption is that he was one of the Scottish pioneers; but no record of any such interment can be found either in the books of the company or among the Indians. The belief is general that the man reached the two rivers before Fort Garry became a station; but how he fell—whether by treachery or malice of the King's enemies, or by the hand of God—there is nothing to show. All we know is that the Indians honoured him in his burial, and that his winding-sheet was the same kind that has served many a brave man on many a battle-field.

But important as the fur-trading element had been in the establishment of Fort Garry, Winnipeg really owes its important position to a settlement of agricultural emigrants upon a scheme known as Lord Selkirk's. This part of the history forms an important addition to emigration literature, and in some respects offers a parallel with the Government scheme for the settlements in what are now known as the Eastern Provinces of Cape Colony. In both cases the first settlers endured losses and privations, while the present generation has cause to bless the intelligence which inaugurated the scheme.

Another great reason of the fascination which Winnipeg exercised over my mind, was the fact that it was the meeting-point for most of the "trail-blazers"

and pioneers who went on to British Columbia. I felt that here—where many of them lay buried—the first news of the country and the plans for its exploration must often have been discussed. Scarcely any of the “old timers” survive, and of these the memory is failing fast. They talk of the old days—changing from Chenook into French or Gaelic, as the mind in its weakness wanders back to the past. They can tell tales of hardship and bravery out-vying any record of the Klondyke or the Far North. In the present day we are fired by the ideal of the Empire and the lust for gold; but the old “trail-blazers” of Canada required no other stimulant than their own brave natures could afford.

As I walked by the river in the sunset, thinking of all these things, the bells of St. Boniface's Priory began their silvery chime for vespers. I bethought me that the spot was sacred with traditional history, and that Winnipeg had its poets. Nor could I marvel that Whittier should have been inspired to follow that musical sound in verses which ring like the Angelus itself—

“Is it the clang of the wild geese,
Is it the Indian's yell,
That lends to the voice of the north wind
The tones of a far-off bell?

“The voyageur smiles as he listens
To the sound that grows apace;
Well he knows the vesper ringing
Of the bells of St. Boniface;

“The bells of the Roman Mission,
That call from their turrets twain
To the boatman on the river,
To the hunter on the plain.

“Even so in our mortal journey,
The bitter north winds blow;
And thus upon life's Red river
Our hearts as the oarsmen row.

"And when the Angel of Shadow
Rests his feet on wave and shore,
And our eyes grow dim with watching,
And our hearts fail at the oar,

"Happy is he who heareth
The signal of his release
From the bells of the Holy City,
The chimes of Eternal peace."

CHAPTER IX.

FROM WINNIPEG TO CALGARY.

ON Sunday evening I went on again by the train, this time bound for Banff, in the Rockie mountains.

The scenery was very monotonous as we went on hour after hour over the prairies, which reminded me of the high veldt in Africa—only that it was ploughed and sown with wheat as far as the eye could see on either side of the line. At intervals there were small railway stations, with large grain elevators or stores; and here and there what seemed to be a mill.

At one little place where we stopped late in the evening there was a small church; and the people were coming out, for the service was over. It was still Jubilee Sunday, and they had come from far and wide, on spiders or on horseback, and whole parties in waggons.

It was like a country scene in England; such as might have been long ago on the thanksgiving for some great victory. It was a delightful sight to see so many sturdy agriculturists—men, some of whom were elderly, with their good motherly wives; young couples making a start in life; lads still under their father's eye; girls dressed simply and sensibly, with clear complexions and bright eyes; and little children chubby and well fed. They came to look at the train, and waited—perhaps for their mails—until we had gone on; and we went on following the long black rope which stretches across the continent.

The next day the wheat disappeared, and its place was taken by the grass of the cattle ranches of Alberta. The heat became very great, owing to a hot wind. Some people told me that this wind blew over from the great American desert; but it appeared to me that we were facing it, and that it blew from the Rockies.

So much has been written and said about the advantages offered to the farmers in the North-West, that I feel obliged to offer my quota of information; more especially as much that I hear is said by way of disparaging British Columbia.

There is no doubt that land can be had very reasonably, a grant of 160 acres is made by Government to any settler who will take them up. Besides the Government land, the C.P.R. has an enormous acreage still on its hands for sale, at prices ranging from \$2.50 to \$5 per acre. There are homesteads in the outskirts of present settlements, which, with the present improved communication and increasing local markets, offer exceptional opportunities for farmers who come in with a little capital.

The following notes I took down from a man who was a successful rancher, and by subsequent inquiry I have good cause to believe that they give an accurate picture of the case.

"Free land in Manitoba (that is, Government grants) are good things in a way; but they are sure to be a long distance from market or railway, and 160 acres does not leave much margin for grazing. A quarter section of first-class land near the railway would cost £300. 320 acres would be a good-sized farm; but it would cost £600. A man farming 300 to 400 acres, starting with £1000 capital, ought to make £300 to £400 a year; in fact, a man may reckon on getting 10 to 12 per cent. But then he must start quite clear, with no interest to pay on borrowed capital. Money rates are easier than they were. Bank interest has gone down, and money can be borrowed at 7 per cent. If a man comes out with deficient capital, he must borrow

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in the North-West; for machinery, waggons, and horses are essential, and he has to pay a rent, as it were, in interest. He probably owes half the price of his land as well, and has to pay 8 per cent. on it.

"I think the restrictions about landing live cattle at Liverpool benefit the Canadian farmer. I find it does; because now I only ship full-grown large beasts, fat and ready for slaughter, and for the same freight I get a higher price than I did for the young things and lean cattle. Just think! A farmer in Manitoba in winter has nothing to do but to feed his beasts. He grows plenty of coarse grains, such as oats and barley. Roots also grow well there, with irrigation—thirty to fifty tons to the acre. He can sell his cattle fat in winter-time. Farmers are getting tired of the old way of leaving cattle to chance in winter-time. They see it pays better to put up food for them instead of letting them die. The Durham is the favourite breed. They feed better and weigh more for the butcher; Polled Angus are also good. For the North-West, Highland cattle have been found to answer; but their long horns are against them in the trains and ships.

"There is a good deal of alkali in some parts, both in the soil and the water. The first thing a man should do is to look and see that he has *plenty of water*. That is the most important thing of all, and the next is to see if any of the soil is alkali. A little alkali does not matter, and it can generally be worked out, for a time at any rate, by deep ploughing and manuring with long manure, so as to keep the soil open.

"I don't think there is any good land near Winnipeg. They have very cutting winds there and late frosts.

"As to profits, there have been cases in which men have paid all their expenses out of the first year's crop. But of course that was a favourable year. Still, we have not on record any year which was a complete loss. The returns are quicker upon wheat than cattle, and mixed farms pay more quickly than ranches; but I think the most money is made in cattle.

"There are many men who come out who know nothing of farming; and a great many who won't work. There are plenty who come out and live on a ranch, getting an occasional five-pound note from home. They are called remittance men, and they are a great nuisance. Canadians

say of them that they are supported by red leggings, remittances, and cheek.

"Manitoba wheat is always A1 in the market. We have no grasshoppers or plagues of that kind, but golphers—a sort of half-rat, half-squirrel, which lives in the ground—are very destructive."

A more favourable picture of farming could hardly be given than the above. The drawbacks were not felt by the young man who gave me the information. He lived with his brother near a settlement. They were strong and hardy, and felt that they were prosperous.

The English farmer must take into consideration the bitter cold of Manitoba in winter, and though fuel may be obtainable in some districts, in others it is both scarce and dear. The matter of education for children upon isolated ranches is a difficulty. With the thermometer 30° below zero it is difficult to send them to school. When the blizzards begin it is impossible to go out-doors at all; and the confinement for women and children in one small house is extremely trying. In case of illness, neither nurses nor doctors are to be had. Children are born in these circumstances. Then there is the difficulty of obtaining assistance in the house. Servant-girls are at a premium, Chinamen out of the question; and so the whole of the house-work falls upon the wife and mother. Cooking, washing, and house-cleaning for a family has been the lot to which some men in their selfishness have brought out young English gentlewomen, who married their husbands for love, and were perfectly ignorant and wholly unprepared for the hardship and suffering of the life into which they were plunged. The North-West is a man's country; but hardly one for family life.

As the train passed along over the wide expanse of absolutely treeless country, I saw herds of cattle of various breeds. The water was nearly dry in pools which we passed, and round the edges there was a white crust of alkali, which the wind blew up in clouds like very fine snow.

The best ranching country commences after Medicine Hat. It is even better for horses than cattle. There is a portion of the country which it would answer to irrigate, and the Government have started some large schemes near Calgary. Late frost and the shortness of the summer season are against wheat-growing, so that ranching answers better than mixed farming. Horses thrive turned out all through the winter, and several fine thoroughbred sires are running on the ranches at Calgary.

Meantime the train was approaching Calgary. It was four o'clock in the afternoon, and the heat in the sleeping-car was almost intolerable. Owing to the dust, it was difficult to have the windows open. Our dining-car had been taken off at Medicine Hat to be sent back by freight to meet the next West-bound train; and we began to be aware that something unusual had happened. Other trains met us going down East, and our conductors were astonished to see their fellow-conductors standing on the back of the cars who should have been on their way West.

At length we stopped at a small wayside hamlet, and were advised that a meal could be had at the inn. The innkeeper explained the makeshift nature of the meal on the score of another trainful of people having come in unexpectedly and eaten up the dinner.

That evening I stood outside on the platform, waiting to see the first glimpse of the Rockies. We seemed to have been travelling towards them an interminable time. The next day was the great day of the Queen's Jubilee, and as I lay down in my berth, my thoughts went homeward with the earnest hope that all might pass off well.

The train reached Calgary very early the next morning, and when I got up it struck me that we were staying a long while at the station. I performed my ablutions in the little lavatory, and jumping off the car was surprised to find that an engine was not attached. I was also struck by seeing another train

drawn up in the station. Then one of the gentlemen who was travelling in our car and the conductor came towards me and explained matters. It appeared that a cloud had burst in the Rockies a few days previously, and that this, together with the sudden melting of the snows, caused by exceptional heat, had flooded the Bow river, which had broken down several bridges and washed out some miles of the line. The trains had been stopped at Calgary during the last four days, and the passengers were being put up at the expense of the company. The case was aggravated by the fact of Calgary being the junction where the lines to Edmonton in the north, and Macleod in the south, met the main line.

This day was the great day of the Jubilee, and the hotels were besieged by people who came in from the ranches round to join in the celebration. Hearing that people were sleeping on the floors, and two or three in a bed, I joined my petition to that of two gentlemen that the company would allow us to retain our sleeper; and this being arranged, I walked off to see the town of Calgary, and to buy some Jubilee stamps—a special issue—wherewith to decorate my letters home on this great day.

The town of Calgary is interesting in many ways. It owes its existence to the railway in the first instance, and now, whatever may be the effect of the divergence of traffic through the Crow's Nest pass, it will always remain a centre of the cattle trade. The Government offices there for the registration of property, grants of land, and for the promotion of irrigation, are sufficient in themselves to render Calgary important. There are also the barracks of the mounted police, and the town is the market where the ranchers and the police congregate, and where the women-folk shop and foregather.

It is handsomely built of grey stone. There are none of the miserable wooden shacks common in the towns of the West. The bank of Montreal, the Hudson's Bay

Company, the post-office, and Government buildings form a fine wide street. The hotels are very poor for so good a township, and considering the class which frequents them; but they are built of stone, which renders them more secure, and one can go to bed without the fear of being roasted to death before morning.

All round the town, and down to the river, where again wooden houses assert themselves, the country is destitute of trees. The short summer is bright, dry, and warm; but the winter is certain to have ten days of extreme cold. There is little or no snow, as the blizzards blow it away. This is an advantage to the ranchers, as it enables the cattle to get at the grass; but it destroys tree-life, and is distinctly a drawback to human pleasure.

At breakfast, which I had in the dining-car of the other train, I found several of my fellow-passengers in the *Parisian*, who had been delayed at Calgary, although they had left Montreal at once, in their anxiety to get to the West. Theirs was the first train stopped, and they began to despair at the delay. After breakfast I walked round the town with the conductor of the dining-car, who knew the place well, and took me to see the ruin effected by the flood where the Bow river had changed its course. Months afterwards, on my return, I visited the spot and found the water-mark of the flood still left. Nor had the river gone back to its old course. Settlers' houses had been swept away and floated down the river and tossed up bodily on the banks, where they lay stranded on their sides. The whole shore was covered with wreckage of homesteads and dwelling-houses. Up-country several cowboys were missing, who were supposed to have been drowned swimming the river to rescue cattle.

The celebration of the Jubilee was bruited abroad, and the Indians, who dearly love the excitement of any kind of fête, were arriving by hundreds in all the glory of their finest feathers. Only one person at a time

was allowed to cross the tottering bridge over the Bow; but some of the Indians, in their eagerness, plunged into the river and swam their horses across. The courage of these fellows beggars description, as also does their vanity and love of display. The squaws were also there—for there were to be races in the afternoon, and of course the squaws must race; in fact, they rode as fearlessly and as well as the men, and at a little distance it was extremely difficult to tell a squaw from a brave. Some of them had come in to do shopping, and as all braves do not consider it necessary to supply horses for squaws, good-natured squaws took up their friends. On one occasion I saw three squaws on one horse. The old cayuse might buck or shy, but the squaws, sitting in a row one behind the other, held on to each other and stuck to their mount like men.

I do not think the Indians understood the cause of the holiday. But they knew the white men were to have a jollification; and the sight of the bunting, ribbons, and pine branches with which the main street was decorated, excited them immensely. They galloped backwards and forwards with their long hair streaming, and showed off their feathers and finery with childish delight. The Jubilee at Calgary would have been rather tame without them.

Some of the squaws wandered about the town, either to beg or find work. One of them, whom I met when the conductor was with me, had her papoose on her back, and produced a paper on which was written that this was Crowsfoot's wife, and that she could do washing and was industrious. She was wearing a broad leather belt garnished with brass nails and a big knife; and this belt I bought in memory of the day.

In the Hudson's Bay stores, which were open during the morning, many Indians came to make purchases. Mr. Irvine, one of the store-keepers, knew most of the Indians very well, having traded goods amongst them at the time of the treaty payments.

I was struck with the fact of there being distinct classes of Indians, and during the time I spent in the store I tried to classify them. It was not merely the distinction of bands or tribes. I soon began to see the difference between the Cree and the Blackfoot, and to judge which were the full-blooded braves or chiefs as distinct from low-class specimens of the same tribe. But there were the tatter-de-malion, evil-looking Indians, and others more self-respecting but less haughty, more industrious and simpler. There were amongst them some who were far too proud to beg, and others who lived by begging. I believe there were some who would neither lie nor steal; but others, again, were absolutely without a vestige of respectability of any kind. Their quickness was astonishing, and their stealthy movements reminded one of reptiles. Many of them were suffering physically, several had bad coughs, and the children invariably heavy colds, though it was summer-time.

How I pitied the poor little papooses ! and how patient they were ! There was one Indian dressed more like a European, though he had feathers stuck in an old felt wide-a-wake. He had come in to the town to shop, and brought his squaw to carry the parcels. She had her papoose on her back. He did all the bargaining, and watched Mr. Irvine weigh out the sugar with the closest care. Every time a parcel was made up he handed it to the squaw to carry, and the poor thing received the additional burdens with an expression on her worn face of patient acquiescence. I asked Mr. Irvine about them, and he said they were good people, and were very industrious on their little piece of land. Seeing me ask about them, the Indian turned and eyed me curiously. I held out my hand, and he took it at once and shook it. I held it out to the squaw, and this seemed to surprise him; but the papoose on her back began waving its skinny little arm, looking at me through its mane of unkempt black hair, so I shook hands with the papoose. This caused the Indian the greatest delight, and he

rushed at me, and seizing my hand, shook it till I was almost off my feet. I saw round the neck of the papoose a piece of an old leather boot-lace, and moving it gently I found hanging to it a tuft of white horsehair on a piece of hard leather, and underneath a little worn ebony cross bound with silver. The figure of our Saviour which had once hung upon it was missing, all but the feet and part of one hand. It was evidently considered a charm, and hung there together with the pagan ornament. I asked Mr. Irvine whether these people were Christians, and he said, "Not very Christian; but they are considered Roman Catholic."

Meantime there was a bargain going on about some flour. In every possible way the Indian had been trying to get the better of Mr. Irvine over the sugar and tobacco which he purchased in two-ounce packets. At least half a dozen times Mr. Irvine weighed out different sized packets of flour, till I marvelled at his exemplary patience. At length, after more than half an hour spent in trying to get it cheaper than the stated price, the Indian bought the whole bag at Mr. Irvine's price, and the squaw had half a bushel of flour added to her load.

Whilst the flour was being weighed, I became conscious of a shadow on the floor, and turning round found a tall Blackfoot wrapped in a striped blanket standing close behind me. He was so motionless that he hardly seemed to breathe, but his dark eyes shot piercing glances all over the store. How long he had been standing there I do not know; but the bargain over the flour being settled, he advanced, and began to question Mr. Irvine about me, speaking in Chenook. Presently he turned round and took a piece of paper from under his blanket and handed it to me to read. It was from a missionary, and was to certify that the bearer of this note was called "Frank, or Tried-to-fly-but-couldn't;" that he was a pretty fair carpenter, and could dig, and if he asked for work it might be given him, but that if he begged he was to be given nothing.

He watched me narrowly while I read it, and afterwards, when I went into another shop to buy some newspaper, I turned round again, and found my too ambitious friend with the name of a moral story-book again watching me like a statue with his sharp eyes and his tightly compressed, cruel, thin lips.

The physical condition of the people was most distressing. Many of them seemed to like wearing old felt hats, though they dispensed with all but the brims. They cut the crowns into strips like fringe, stuck eagles' feathers in the band; but the shade of the brim was grateful to their diseased eyes. A good number were hopelessly blind, but whether the cause was ophthalmia or some other complaint, I do not know. There is under heaven no sadder sight than the blind Red Indian with his long stride unduly hesitating, led by his patient squaw, his blind eyes upturned in total darkness to the skies.

Whether their present sufferings are a judgment upon them for their atrocious cruelty to each other in past times, and to the dumb creatures on whom they showed no mercy, it is scarcely for us to say. All we know is that the white man has deprived them of their country, their pastime, their position, and in too many instances all he has given them in exchange are his vices and his most hideous diseases.

But the fun of the day was yet to come, and hearing bells ringing and firing of musketry, I set off in the direction from which the sounds came. Outside, on the parade ground, the Mounted Police were manœuvring with the big guns, while a crowd of about three hundred people stood in three sides of a square.

Then the great guns were let off at the word of the officer in command. I saw some of the Indians who were present on horseback change countenance, but they endeavoured to appear stolidly indifferent.

After the firing the officer in command took off his hat and called for three cheers for the Queen.

We all did our best, but an excited rancher close

behind me was far from satisfied at the first cheer, and throwing his cap into the air he roared, "Shout, you brutes!" which startled me so that my voice was not forthcoming again till the third hurrah.

After luncheon the races were to take place on the race-course; and all Calgary was to be there—the Indians included.

The race-course was some three miles from the town, and driving down on a small break we passed the camp of the Indians who had come to the races. For the first time I saw a te-pee, or wigwam, with the smoke curling out at the top, and made up my mind that a te-pee is the only kind of tent worth having.

There were over a thousand Indians, nearly all of whom were mounted—Blackfeet, Sarcee, and Cree. In their midst was a medicine-man, with a head-dress made of horns and ermine. They were riding about in a frantic manner, and looking round the ring from my seat in the grand-stand, I wondered if the half-dozen red-coated police could have held them if the passion for blood were once kindled.

But on these occasions they are too keen on racing to care for anything else. They bet with each other, and, to our shame, with the white man, in a wild, random manner. Poor things! It is the only kind of diversion or sport which they have left them now that the buffalo are gone; and it is a wise policy which permits them to have this safety-valve for their utter recklessness.

The ranchers were assembling, and I was astonished and delighted at the quality of the horses entered for the races.

Yet up to the present horse-ranching at Calgary offers an instance of an industry which has been highly developed to no purpose. It was about fourteen years ago when the natural facilities of the country for this purpose first attracted attention. The water and grazing is of the very best, and the climate eminently favourable; what has been all along wanting is a good market. Enormous sums were sunk in the business. Young

men came out from England, and the greatest interest was taken by them in having everything of the best. At one of the largest ranches, called the Quorn, some very valuable sires were introduced. They were bought in England for prices ranging from one thousand to ten thousand guineas.

Some of the ranches were started on too large a scale. They were owned by companies formed in England. On one of them two hundred valuable Irish mares were turned loose, besides thoroughbreds of known pedigrees. The plan was at that time to leave the colts running till they were three or four years old, and then get them up and break them in. This was done by force, and by putting heavy weights behind them, and similar harsh measures, by which means the creatures' spirits were broken rather than tamed, and they became stubborn, tricky, and vicious.

The ranching is now carried on on smaller ranches, with more direct supervision, and the colts are handled from the very commencement. The chief breed now is that of first-class hackneys; but some Clydesdales have bred a stout working horse, which sometimes finds its way into the London omnibus, and is fairly popular. The thoroughbreds have turned out some good race-horses, which have made their mark in the United States, amongst whom are the well-known Grey Eagle and Plumeray.

The great want is a better market. Some years ago it was suggested to the Imperial Government that these ranches could provide excellent re-mounts for the army. For reasons which I have never heard stated, Imperial Government did not act on the suggestion; but since then both Belgium and Germany have imported horses from Calgary as re-mounts to their entire satisfaction.

The sports consisted of flat races, as well as hurdle and water jumps. There were also trotting matches and a bicycle race. Then the Indians were allowed to come in, and they raced about forty at a time, in all their wild habiliments, on their piebald, striped, and odd-shaped cayuses. In one of the races they all fell in a

lump together; but such is the Indian nature that none of them appeared to be even so much as bruised or strained, though to the spectators it seemed probable that at least a dozen would be killed outright and all the rest injured. However, it was only an incident in the race, which was continued as though nothing had happened.

As I walked back from the race-course to dine at the Alberta, I passed the laundry of a Chinaman. He had written up over the doorway "Joe George," which I felt was done by the wily Celestial to encourage his trade with the English. "Joe George" is a name easily pronounced and not easily forgotten, which cannot be said of Chinese appellations in general. To my last hour in British Columbia I never could remember if my washerman was called *Wo Chang* or *Wang Lo*.

Not even for the Jubilee would the Chinese give up working. As I passed Joe George's humble tenement I heard a sound like six cats spitting in chorus, and I looked all round, for the domestic cat is rare in Western Canada. I could see nothing, but again I heard the sound; and this time I felt sure that Joe George must have a wealth of cats in his laundry, and that they were in high dispute. I crossed the road to see; and, looking in through the doorway, I saw Joe George himself and one of his satellites, who were standing over their ironing-boards, fill their capacious mouths with water out of a small basin, and emit it again in a fine spray all over the shirts stretched out for ironing.

So engrossed were these Chinamen that at first I remained unnoticed, till Joe George, looking up, smiled at me encouragingly, and bending over his iron to press a crease, he said—

"Yo learn? Yo savey wash clo'?"

I nodded my head, feeling fairly bereft of the power of speech; and Joe George smiled indulgently at me.

In the evening there were fire-works and illuminations, but before they began I returned to the train to go to bed, feeling very tired after a long day and many fresh experiences.

CHAPTER X.

CALGARY TO THE ROCKIES.

THE enforced "stop off" at Calgary was unfortunate, but its irksomeness was relieved by the evident anxiety on the part of the company's officials to do all in their power for our comfort. It was a heavier loss and a greater inconvenience to the C.P.R. than to any one else, and yet it was scarcely to be wondered at if some of the business men with important engagements to fulfil became fairly exasperated at the delay.

Situated where we were, it was impossible for us to see the extent of the disaster, or we might have been more resigned to our fate. All we saw was the batches of men hurrying past us to the scene of havoc caused by a flood which was unprecedented at that season, and consequently wholly unexpected. Freight trains started from Calgary loaded with materials for reconstruction; and we were warned not to leave the station for too many hours at a time, as there was no telling how soon or at what hour we might move on.

This uncertainty prevented me from going to see the large irrigation works undertaken by the Dominion Government. I should especially have liked seeing them just then, because I heard that the flood had wrecked them; and this would have been instructive.

It was at Calgary that I first touched the mining fever, and met people carrying rock in their pockets. One old gentleman, who had been in the business since his boyhood, interested me extremely. He was on his way East, and only spent a few hours in Calgary to see some

friends. He had come up from Lethbridge, having crossed the Rockies by the Crow's Nest pass, which was already in the hands of the railway surveyors and engineers. From my conversations with various people, I could not doubt the existence of very valuable properties in British Columbia. The feature which seemed of paramount interest was the raising of capital, and on this point I heard a good deal.

One man assured me that insufficient capital had been the only deterrent to success hitherto. He said—

"A man has a property, but no capital. What is he to do? He forms a company with a *nominal* capital of, say, \$1,000,000. This is divided into promoter's shares and treasury shares. The promoter's shares are three to one. The par value is \$1, and they are sold at from 10 cents apiece to 25 cents. This is an easy way of raising capital. Sometimes only a limited number of shares are sold at 10 cents, and the rest held back. Now, you will see that this system has its evils; for it means that the mine is under-capitalized from the beginning, and never has a chance. Yet it is the easiest way of raising capital."

Nevertheless, I could not but believe that there was capital forthcoming, even in Canada itself, for sincere exploitation of mining properties. A man from the States told me that he had been engaged in the "selection of properties," and was fully satisfied with his prospects. He said—

"I know they are not *all* certainties, but even the worst will pay me. I and my friends will take up the claims which are proved, and keep them. The others we shall dispose of on the London market, so soon as we shall be able to declare a good dividend on our own properties."

I asked if he was prepared to part with any of his properties? and he answered, "Not at present; but eventually we shall sell those for which we have no use." I asked him if the mines he intended to develop were actually in the market, and he said, "No; they

are held privately. We have no occasion to go to the public; but if we want more capital later on, we can get it by the sale of the claims for which we have no use."

This struck me as being remarkably similar to a method I had heard described as "Unloading rubbish on the London market."

Meantime the subject of the ranching at Calgary and Alberta generally appeared to me less and less satisfactory. I saw a great many young Englishmen who were evidently engaged in ranching; but they struck me as being an idle, card-playing, and drinking set of young fellows, and I could not wonder at the stories of failure I heard. Another, steadier class of men had since come into the country, who were not the sons of gentleman, and were not backed by capital or assisted by remittances. As for the other poor boys, I ascribed their ruin to their being sent out young and inexperienced to "learn ranching" with men who took every advantage of them. As one lady said to me who had watched the careers of many of them, "They are fools, poor boys! when they come out, and they become knaves."

The tricks which they play upon their parents or guardians at home to get money, when the usual supply is falling short, would form a chapter in itself. One young fellow whose debts pressed upon him, wrote home and asked for £500. This was refused; so he wrote again, and said it was a pity that he should not have the money, for his ranch was just beginning to pay. He had five hundred fat golpers* running on it; and in a month or two he expected to reap a handsome return for his trouble. The £500 was sent to him.

Many similar tales did I hear, of the quickness shown by these boys in taking advantage of the ignorance of their parents; but the chief blame I attribute to the elder men, with some of whom the sole object in life is to bleed these boys till, ruined and heart-broken, they

* The golper is the pest of the prairie. It is a creature between a rat and a guinea-pig, and extremely destructive in its habits.

are neither welcomed at hotels, nor the Rancher's Club, nor fit to return to their homes.

Things are improving at Calgary, owing to the death or removal of some of the worst characters; but still parents would do well to exercise caution in sending boys to this neighbourhood for the next few years.

That evening, as I stood gazing at the Rockies with longing eyes—for they are visible from Calgary—a little Canadense came up to me. She was from the East, and had come up on my train.

"You are going to write a book on Canada, I hear?" she began interrogatively; and without waiting for a reply continued, "Well, *mind* you say everything that is very *very* nice about Canada. And if you come across anything that is not *quite* nice, don't you let on—don't you let on!"

Her earnestness and patriotism delighted me; but I felt it was just another instance of the flinching from adverse criticism of any kind, which is the characteristic that all colonists share in common; and a thing to be wondered at, considering their British origin.

Presently I became aware that our sleeping-car—which had been wheeled backwards and placed on other lines during the day—was filling up. It required an effort to go to bed with so many of one's fellow-creatures huddled together; but luckily I had a lower berth to myself, and the cowboy and his "chum" who came in late and took the berth above me at the last moment, were very quiet and considerate.

One lady came to me in distress to say that a mother and two children were put over her; and presently another came, to tell me that a German couple on their honey-moon were in the berth above her, and that the lady threatened to become hysterical if the train moved on, for fear of an accident.

At length the babel subsided, and content to have got my window open, I fell asleep.

The dawn was beginning to creep over the prairie when I woke to find the train in motion. For some

time I lay still, in a happy frame of mind, to think that we were making progress, however slow. Presently it occurred to me that it would be interesting to go outside and see the effects of the disaster from the platform in front of the car.

I washed and dressed myself, and went outside. My move was anticipated by the German couple, who stood clasping each other's hands. I noticed that the lady's dress was not hooked, and presently I saw her stays under her cloak. They were in a theatrical pose, and as I contemplated them I came to the conclusion that they were the very people to begin a panic if a smash occurred.

Nor was I far wrong, for presently the poor girl who had to spend the night below them came and clutched my arm. "Do you think there's any danger?" she asked. "Those people keep saying we shall be killed."

"I put faith in the company," I replied. "Our deaths would be a costly business for them; so I am sure they will preserve us alive if possible."

I was astonished at the rapidity with which the line had been repaired. There were miles upon miles of rails which had been washed away and twisted out of shape. We went very cautiously over hastily extemporized bridges, and men were stationed at intervals to watch us passing, at a rate which must have been about seven miles an hour.

I saw sheep ranches and horse ranches among round green hills, and at last we broke into a country of rock and scrub, and came to a standstill before a wooden house.

Here we were to have breakfast. The dining-car was on in front, with the car containing my old friends of the *Parisian*; but, to my surprise, on getting out of the train I found it was of immense length. There was a colonist car, containing emigrants; our own car; another full of Presbyterian divines, who had been summoned to a convention at Winnipeg by Dr. Robertson, and given free passes by the company on their way

home to British Columbia; and last of all there was a car of Chinese, who were all on their way back to China, having realized fortunes in Canada. The Chinese cooked their own food, and ate it in their own car; but the rest of the passengers who could not squeeze into the dining-car were supplied with a meal at the Section-house by some Norwegian peasants. There we sat on wooden settles, eating rashers of grilled ham, and drinking hot water flavoured with milk and sugar, which these excellent people called "English breakfast tea."

After breakfast was over I spent a delightful hour delivering letters of introduction, which Dr. Robertson had given me, to the Presbyterian divines. If they were surprised they concealed their feelings; but I felt that they were taken slightly off their guard, and that their wit was less ready than usual. Needless to say, I found them very able men, with a remarkably thorough knowledge of the country and its inhabitants.

Another hour of cautious travelling (during which it was a great pleasure to walk through the train from end to end, inspecting the different species of humanity with which it was packed), and then we came to a final standstill, having reached the bridge across the Bow, which had been completely wrecked.

Here we had to get out with our luggage, walk over the temporarily repaired bridge, and get in a freight train on the other side.

It was a scene which I shall never forget. The long passenger train, containing so many human beings, and all their baggage, together with the mails for the West Coast, Yokohama, and the Orient. On either side of us were the wilds of the Rockies. Now and then an excited Indian had galloped up to look at us, and raced his horse against our train, vanishing at length with a howl of triumph; but we, as we pressed on, represented the march of civilization, the triumph of human genius over the forces of Nature—for surely never was there a more difficult feat of engineering than this railway through the Kicking Horse pass!

The train stopped—baffled, as it were, by the uproar of the river; but though the bridge was down, and some of the arches carried completely away, the space between the two portions—which lay wrecked in mid stream—was spanned by iron rails—to which boards were lashed. In order to connect the two ends of the bridge, which were down in the water, these rails were on the level of the water in the middle. It was a novel sensation thus to walk in batches of half a dozen at a time downhill into the middle of the river, and up again on the other side, with nothing but an elastic board between one's feet and the evil-minded flood below.

The freight train consisted of open trucks and guards' break-vans. Many people preferred to sit on the open trucks; but finding that Mr. Henry, the Presbyterian divine from Brandon, and his wife were going in a guard's van in front of the trucks, I accompanied them. Mrs. Henry remained inside, having a nice seat close to the window. I found the view wider, and more interesting outside; so I got through the window, and sat on the top.

Before this arrangement was arrived at, I went back to see what was being done about the baggage. I found that it was all being turned out of the van, and that one of the company's officials was sitting on a box giving instructions. I sat by his side for a time, watching the various pieces of personal effects tumbling out of the van.

Presently out came a large wooden box which required three men to move it. "Really," I exclaimed, "I should have thought a thing like that might have waited for another day."

The official smiled. "That," said he, "is a dead Chinaman, and his friends are taking him back to China. He couldn't wait." I looked again, and saw that the deal box was really shaped like a coffin. "He is embalmed. His own doctor embalmed him, and he is going to catch the *Empress of Japan*, who has been kept waiting for the mails at Vancouver."

I remembered that my friends from the *Parisian* were "going to catch the *Empress of Japan*," and promised myself that I would introduce them to their travelling companion.

The stream of passengers went past us towards the bridge, and presently the Chinese began to file by. There were two huge navvies carrying between them the emaciated form of a Chinaman. "He is being taken back to die in China," said my friend.

"Poor thing!" I exclaimed, "why don't they let him die in peace here?"

A low laugh was the immediate answer; and then the words came slowly—

"He costs only half to transport while he's alive; but after he's dead the price goes up double, and there's the embalming too. Many Chinamen die on board. All our ships carry a few spare coffins *in case*. He'll probably die on the way, but they'll get him as far as they can alive."

"But he may recover when he gets to China."

"That's not likely. His friends *arn't likely to wish him to*. There are plenty of them there. He would be cheaper to bury than to doctor and nurse; and when he's dead he can't use up the money he is taking home with him."

Soon after I left my friend to try and find out the name of the embalmed Chinaman. I felt sure he must be a person of consequence to be travelling thus.

I found Mr. Stuart giving directions, and as he was an official of standing, and in a position to know, I asked him who the dead Chinaman was in the coffin consigned to the *Empress of Japan*.

Mr. Stuart laughed. "He's no one in particular," he said; "we have scores and scores go by like that. A Chinaman, if he dies, must go back to China; and probably this man washed clothes, or was a general servant while he lived."

He stopped to order "two men—good ones, mind," to go to the rear with a chair. I went back, partly to

see what had become of my luggage, and sat down for a few minutes' more conversation with my friend at the luggage van.

As I sat there the "two men—good ones" went by, and presently returned with a poor old lady, very sickly and infirm, who looked ready to die with fright, but resigned to the care of the navvies. And what tender care it was! Had they been her own sons they could not have been more gentle or consoling. And so were the two who carried the dying Chinaman. John trusted them implicitly; his only anxiety appeared to be not to lose his shoes, and his poor feet were too thin to keep them on. First one came off, and a navvy picked it up and put it on again; then a few steps, and the other fell off. Whereupon John begged them to give him both his shoes, and he held them in his hands.

I had sat down on a box—when suddenly I leaped to my feet; for I discovered that I was sitting on the Chinaman's coffin. Such contempt does familiarity breed! I went back to look at it once more; and there, in the centre, I saw beautiful Chinese lettering in green paint—doubtless the coffin-plate of the dead man. It looked very artistic beside the company's pink printed label affixed a little lower down.

After this I went back to the freight train, and, climbing on to the roof of my van, I told Mrs. Henry all I had seen. She would not believe me at first, but happened shortly afterwards to put her head out of the window at the critical moment, and saw the coffin being lifted. On the roof of the van immediately in front of us the Presbyterian divines were grouped. They spread out their coat-tails, and looked for all the world like a company of rooks. I wanted a little time to myself to understand the Rockies, or I should have liked to penetrate amongst them, for I felt sure they were saying things which were "pawky and keen," and taking slices off each other with crisp sayings that they brought with them bottled up for the occasion. Certainly no men enjoyed a piece of travelling more thoroughly than

they did. Amongst us was a bride-elect, who was to be married immediately on her arrival the other side of the Rockies; and was consequently dressed in her best, as became her wedding day.

It had been a disappointment to us that the Rockies were obscured by mist; but while we waited the mists cleared away as the sun strengthened. The great mass of the mountains stood out boldly and defiantly, yet with countless tender little lines—the footprints of events which passed over them in the childhood of the world. I went away for a little while by myself, and, sitting down, I tried to formulate the impression that these mountains would make on people who came to them as I did for the first time from the enclosed fields and pastoral scenes of home. I contrasted them with the little rounded hills of Essex, and the wide valleys where slow rivers meandered in green pastures. I knew that these mountains represented the kind of scenery with which I should soon become familiar.

They were but the first range of miles and miles of mountains. Still, I scarcely understood the power this scenery had to compel attention; or the influence it undoubtedly exercises on human character. All other mountain scenery I had seen was smaller, and missed altogether the wild ferocity, the sharpness of outline and definition of the Rockies. They were terrible in their vastness, though over some minds mountains exercise a peculiar fascination. These mountains were more rugged—fresher, as it were, from the workshop of Nature—than any others I had seen. Their outlines were almost ferocious in their strength and freshness, and recalled the old poetical simile of strong contrast, “How say ye, then, to my soul that she should flee as a bird unto the hill?” All that was powerful and defensive in material Nature seemed expressed by these Rockie heights.

Yet it was impossible not to be struck with a terrible sense of past conflict; the traces of a stupendous death-

struggle made themselves felt above everything else—some terrific battle in the long past, when the world was moulded or educated piece by piece; and tremendous forces now laid to rest, of whose existence we gain but a dim idea of, were once upon this scene.

Once, when there was chaos, God said, "Let there be light!" and forthwith the breath dispersed the mists. The light fell across the wild confusion of land and water and tangled shapes of flying clouds. Strange forms drew together, binding atoms into the strength of the hills, and locking waters into the depths of the sea. Above the heights arose, towering in majesty, which now are softened and smoothed by the hands of Time. Then they were garrisoned by fierce forces. Deep within we cannot tell what took place in their secret caverns, or how the powers worked, and like drew towards like, and there was burning and grinding and the thunder of awful struggle, as one power clashed with and overcame other powers, and there were rents and divisions and upheavals; till the glaciers formed without, covering the fierce fires, freezing what had been molten rock, smoothing and concealing the marks of strife, and where they passed leaving a trail for an eternal memory. Then the suns of many centuries beat upon the rocks and scorched them. So by degrees the old battle spirit wore out, and now they are patiently yielding themselves for the good of the world. Ages have passed over them, and they stand, yielding food to the life of the oceans, fertilizers for the prairie and the field, gold for the cities of men; still they point upwards, teaching patient, steady self-surrender. Silver peaks, dazzling limestone with rich purple shadows! The gloom of caverns and dark ravines! The brightness, the aspiration, the purity of beauty untouched by the hand of man; sublime in simplicity and the length of days! At their feet one forgets one's self in a contemplation too deep for words. To retire from the city and the poor little "dreams in stone," to be alone with the majestic masterpiece of the first rough sketch of this

world's life, is good for the soul; and to feel how frail and transitory a thing is man—"who hath but a short time to live; who cometh up as a flower, and is cut down; who fleeth as it were a shadow, and never continueth long in one stay."

CHAPTER XI.

THE ROCKIES TO VICTORIA.

SEVERAL hours elapsed before our freight train began to move, and I was compelled to remain on the roof. Whilst there, it was impossible to avoid being irritable, for the scenery was of a kind one desired to be alone with, and anywhere on the train people came and interrupted one's thoughts with mere talk.

The outlines of these rocks are very uncouth, and no adequate idea can be gained of them from the inside of a train. I felt that I should like to ride through the Rockies on horseback; taking my own tepee and pitching it where I liked.

At Canmore we met a passenger train, which was waiting for us. We were the first people to come through after the "wash out," and the passengers were all outside the train waiting for us, and received us with a hearty cheer.

Then began another great removal of ourselves, our baggage, the dead, the dying, and the mails; and once again we found ourselves in a passenger train, while those who had come up from Banff took our place in the freight cars.

The rest of the way to Banff I could think of nothing but the desire for food. Calgary had been a time of meagre meals, snatched in the overcrowded inns, where the food, at the best of times, is never good. What happened at Banff was described by a lady, who was staying in the hotel, in a letter which, some time afterwards, was read out in my presence in Victoria.

"Three hundred passengers have suddenly arrived by the train and eaten up everything, so that we can get nothing."

In this I was not to blame; for, so far as eating up the supplies went, I came in for as little as any one, being employed at the time that others were dining in trying a sulphur spring bath. The water was delicious, and should be highly medicinal, but the accommodation was very poor.

The hotel at Banff is a good one. There is a fine natural park, containing Lord Strathcona's herd of buffalo. There are good roads; and a day or two may well be spent there. It is an excellent starting-point for sportsmen. The scenery reminded me of Norway, and I found myself following a small stream and gathering the wild strawberries which grew in the rough grass.

At length it became dark and chilly, and I climbed into the train, put on a wrap, and went to sit in the observation car. Here people were collected in knots, talking, for it was too dark to read. There were one or two miners and an old "trail-blazer;" these were talking to my cowboy friend and his chum. Presently they began singing; and wonderfully well they sang. We had the old songs of home—"The Last Rose of Summer," "Annie Laurie," "The Land o' the Leal," and "Home, Sweet Home." This last surprised me, for in South Africa it was tabooed. No one, I believe, had the heart to sing this song in that strange land.

The old songs finished, the performers started some songs of their own. These were the compositions of the cowboys or miners by their camp-fires.

I listened with delight, for some of them were intensely quaint. Where these fellows learnt to sing I cannot tell, but they had the intonation of cultivated Englishmen, and very good voices too. The art of cowboy songs was a quick exchange of sentiment for fun, of pathos into bathos; with a curious scanning of their own invention. One I remember, so far as the first verse

goes. It began in a slow, pathetic strain, to which the tenor lent itself perfectly—

“We fell in l—o—v—e—one night . . .

Arter tea!

When she was riding—riding—ri—iding—

Home in her father's cart old . . .

Meikie Magee!”

After Banff our troubles were passed, and certainly the disaster had been wonderfully met. Sometimes I heard it proposed—and the idea is so amusing that it is worth recording—that the C.P.R. should be placed under Government management; that then, and not till then, would the line be a success and cease to be “the curse of the country.”

I thoroughly enjoyed “the curse,” and appreciated to the fullest extent the management of the Government, but I must say that it would be quite as good business to propose that the railway should run the Government, as that the Government should manage the railway. In Colonial affairs an immense weight attaches to business capacity, and when I weighed the capacity of the one against the other, I found that the qualifications for rendering the C.P.R. even as partially successful as its worst detractors may admit it to be, were fully equal to anything I found in Government offices.

But there may be other motives underlying the superficial criticisms, upon which the following extract from a leading Canadian journal may possibly throw a little light. In the States it is unfortunately common to treat politics as a handle or tool with which to obtain commercial or financial advantages. It is this degradation that Canada must guard herself against. It is, at least, satisfactory to find that the danger is openly acknowledged. The management of business concerns may not always be above suspicion; but the opportunities for speculation are unquestionably increased when politics are mixed up with trading concerns of whatever character; and Government railways offer special opportunities.

"It is undeniable that a belief exists widely amongst us that Governments and municipalities are fair game for overcharges by contractors or servants. Many a man or firm, otherwise honest, will charge on a Government job a higher price than he would if working or tendering for an individual, and will contend that he is justified in so doing. In fact, people do not recognize that in working for the commonwealth any member of it ought to show exactly the same regard for honesty and economy as if the transaction were with his next-door neighbour."

It is in this way that Government works become milch kine to the people.

From Banff onward our journey lay through the magnificent scenery of the Selkirk mountains. We passed across valleys about a mile to two miles wide, where, with drainage of the swamps, crops of some kind might be grown. Then we came into the dry belt, where the principal necessity was irrigation; and from this we went into the district of the Lower Fraser, which I heard called the "gum boot country," where drainage is of paramount necessity. The vegetation here is tremendous, and I was filled with wonder and delight at the gigantic cedar trees and the luxuriant masses of ferns. We were approaching the American border, and before we reached Vancouver I could see the snow-capped peak of Mount Baker, in the State of Washington.

The journey had been an exhausting one, and I was very anxious to proceed as soon as possible to Victoria. The company were so good as to facilitate my doing so by allowing me to cross in their ocean liner *The Empress of Japan*, which stopped in the roadstead outside Victoria to take up mails and passengers for the Orient.

This voyage was most enjoyable. The ship was in itself a perfect specimen of a first-class liner, arranged expressly for the comfort of passengers; and at the time I would have given a good deal to have been going on in her to Japan.

Vancouver is a prosaic city, which will, in time,

become a bustling seaport of immense importance. The passage across to Victoria is a beautiful panorama, and I regretted to leave the deck even for the sake of breakfast and luncheon.

The servants who waited on us were Chinese, and wore lovely blue blouses, with black caps like the lids of cannisters. Forgetting that they might understand English, I remarked upon them to the ship's officer, by whose side I sat. "They are not so ugly, either," I said. "That young fellow by the side-board is almost handsome." To my astonishment, John's countenance changed immediately, and he pranced past me out of the saloon, as though he were escaping from a dangerous situation.

In the pamphlet entitled "*Vancouver Island as a Home for Settlers*," this passage occurs with regard to Victoria:—

"In addition to its inner land-locked harbour, extensive docks have been constructed at its entrance, capable of accommodating a large fleet of ocean steamers and sailing vessels."

I was repeating this eloquent passage to myself as I descended the stairs from the *Empress of Japan* to the deck of the little tender which had come out with the mails. I made up my mind to look out for the docks and the ocean steamers; but I never saw them. I saw the *Empress of Japan* sweep round and put out to sea like some beautiful strange bird or fish; but she had not availed herself of the harbour or docks, nor did I see any other "ocean steamer." But I own my eyes were blinded by the exquisite natural beauty of the bay as it lay before me in the evening sunlight. I could only repeat to myself, "What a heavenly spot to live in!" and look round from one site to another, each in turn seeming more beautiful than the last. But the tender drew into what I have no doubt was a land-locked harbour full of sealing crafts, while beyond them I saw the majestic pile of the Government buildings,

glistening white in the sunlight under an azure sky. Veritable palaces of ivory they seemed! I did not realize the crazy little wooden landing or the sparsity of the warehouses for the freighting of the "ocean steamers." I walked, as in a dream, to the carriage which Mrs. Dupont had kindly sent for me, and, leaving my baggage to follow, I shut myself in to rest and realize that I had travelled three thousand miles from Montreal to an island in the Pacific.

The following day was Sunday, and, beyond going to church, I did nothing except lounge in the garden at Stadacona, feast on the strawberries and cherries, and revel in the flowers. I saw a humming-bird, but I believe they are rare in Victoria.

As soon as possible, I went to call on Colonel Baker and Mr. Turner, by whom I was very kindly received at the Government buildings.

Colonel Baker, as the Minister for Immigration, had collected some very clear ideas on the subject with regard to British Columbia. The first point on which he placed the strongest insistance was that people who emigrated should be of a class suitable to the conditions of the country, and acceptable as an addition to the population. He did not appear to rate the British emigrant very highly; nor even to regard him as the man most wanted at that particular time. I had to listen to a great many tales of young Englishmen who had come out and failed—and failed, too, in spite of good chances which had been given them. He was averse to the idea of men coming out who were penniless; and also to young men being supplied with money from home. He told me of one young fellow who had lived on his remittances till the patience of his relations became exhausted and the money ceased. Upon this he took the expedient of cabling two words: "*John destitute.*" A cable of three words was the reply: "*Destitute John work.*" "And, be it known to his credit," said the colonel, as he finished laughing, "*John did work, and is now, I believe, fast proving*

himself a good man. If they come out with a little money to invest," he continued, "unless they can determine not to touch it for *at least a year*, they will certainly lose it; for every one with a 'wild cat' scheme will be sure to catch them. Naturally, they always go for the 'tender-foot,' as they call them."

Another thing that Colonel Baker disapproved of was the payment of premiums. "What *do* they want with that?" he exclaimed. "If the young fellow has legs and arms and common sense, he ought to be able to work, and if he can work he ought to be *paid*. And he will learn far more as a workman than in any other way." He went on to describe to me the very simple nature of farming in this country; that there were no deep mysteries which a man required to study, for everything was too primitive at the present time. "If you take from a young man the right to earn money—*earn his bread*—you take from him the best incentive to get on and become a useful man."

Then he drew a description of what happened under the paid-premium system, every word of which I believe to be perfectly true, for I found the practice universally condemned—except by those who made money out of it.

But if the Colonel was not in favour of the gentleman emigrant, he was still less inclined to encourage the working man. "Artisans and mechanics we don't require," he said, "and your farm-labourers do not understand the country; and then it's hard for them—very hard. They can't adapt themselves. They don't *see* it."

I could not but think it was hard, when I remembered the trees which would require felling, some of them seven feet in diameter.

But it was not only the clearing of the ground, but the distance from markets and the expense of road-making which Colonel Baker was thinking of.

At length I said, "Tell me of something which you have done, or which you have seen to be a success in your own time."

"Well," he said, "you have heard of the settlement of Bella Coola? Now, that is a success! But, in the first place, we got hold of exactly the right people; and then it has taken time. It did not succeed all at once. But *now* it is a success."

It seems that while there are no free grants of land in British Columbia, grants were made to the Bella Coola settlement under extraordinary circumstances. The emigrants were Norwegians and Danes, most of whom came from Minnesota. The settlement comprised about thirty families, and, in the first instance, the terms offered them were free grants, on the condition that they improved their land to the amount of \$5 an acre, and *bonâ fide* personal occupation for five years. Government built them a school and post-office, made roads, and constructed a wharf for the accommodation of steamers.

All these emigrants were known to have a little capital. They were industrious, thrifty, and hardy, and they had some previous knowledge of the kind of country.

Yet another reason to account for the success of the Bella Coola settlement is the situation of Bella Coola itself. It is on the north-west coast of the mainland, about four hundred miles from Victoria, in latitude 52° 26' N.; and probably a more congenial spot for the settlement of Scandinavians than this river on Bentinck Arm could hardly be imagined. The settlement is not merely agricultural, but as it increases—and it is increasing rapidly, and upon sound lines—the people will help in providing the class of fishermen so greatly needed to develop the fishing industry of the west coast.

The river Bella Coola is navigable for some distance to small crafts during the summer months, and at the head of it is the trail known as Lieutenant Palmer's trail, which goes straight into the rich gold country of Barkerville and Quesnelle river. It is only reasonable to surmise that there is plenty of "red gold for the winning" in this hinterland, to which Bella Coola is the port of entry.

As Colonel Baker gave me the history of this settlement, which was started in 1893, and told me of the opposition which the plan encountered until it showed unmistakable signs of success, I could not help thinking that the real Colonial policy lay in similar undertakings.

"If the people could only see it," said the Colonel, waxing enthusiastic, "here they have the best means of creating markets for their merchandise. The money so spent is well invested, for here we are importing butter from the United States on which we paid a duty last year of \$11,159 for Vancouver Island alone, which duty goes to Canada, and does not increase our revenue at all."

The Government of British Columbia owns plenty of land in the Bella Coola district. The terms of pre-emption are \$1 an acre, with *bonâ fide* personal occupation, and \$5 for the fee simple. The Government puts down roads, and as soon as there are twelve children of an age to attend, builds them schools.

The valley of Bella Coola is inland, situated about sixty miles from the coast-line, running eastward, and with a gradual rise from the sea to an altitude of about nine hundred feet at the head of the valley.

The climate there is much drier than the coast, which is invariably humid. The temperature during the summer of 1895 was frequently 95°-96° in the shade, and during the winters of 1895 and 1896 the coldest registered was 2° above, and 2° below zero. There is valuable grazing land in the interior, which up to the present time has had no nearer shipping-point than the Fraser river.

The settlers have already demonstrated that vegetables of the best quality will grow there, including peas, onions, cucumbers, and beet-root. All kinds of root crops answer admirably, especially potatoes, and also small fruits, such as English gooseberries and strawberries. Stone fruits and apples have been planted, and the trees are flourishing.

The first snowfall comes in November, but this rarely

lasts, the winter really beginning late in December. During January there are two or three feet of snow—as much as five feet have been known—and sleighing lasts from six to nine weeks. Spring commences early in April, or the latter part of March.

The higher land is heavily timbered with cedar and spruce, and it is here that the chief difficulty and cost of settlement comes in. The land may be pre-empted at \$1 an acre, but \$200 per acre should be reckoned for the felling of timber and clearing of stumps. The cedar stumps are specially hard to remove, and though the first year a crop of timothy and alsike may be grown between them, they must inevitably be dug out. Blasting with gunpowder, and hauling with pulleys, are the means resorted to. The following are calculations offered by the Government Report:—

“For clearing land of all timber, leaving the stumps so that grass can be grown and trees planted, about \$100 an acre.”

I think myself that this estimate is rather high. Nor do I consider it very advisable to plant fruit trees until the blasting and hauling is over.

There are lands lower down where there are deciduous trees, and these are comparatively easy to clear. It must be borne in mind, however, that the land must be carefully watched and gone over during the summer, when the stumps of deciduous trees try to start growing a second time. The Government Report gives the following estimate;—

“For clearing bottom lands covered with alder, willow, maple, birch, &c., including removal of stumps, about \$100 to \$125 per acre, without horse-power or machinery.”

The following note is worth remembering, in relation to the everlasting subject of forage:—

“Time required to clear land would depend upon horse-power being used; but it would not be profitable at first, as all feed would cost too much.”

My conversation with Colonel Baker impressed me very much with the opportunities which I believed Bella Coola offered to agricultural emigrants. I afterwards heard a good deal from other people, both of this district and of Chilcot, and regretted very much that the time at my disposal did not allow of my visiting these places.

With Vancouver Island itself I was greatly disappointed, though many people tried to persuade me of its advantages. That it was a lovely spot was undeniable, but the chances for emigrants appeared to me to have been subordinated to other interests. Immense grants of land had been made to individuals who not only intended to screw as high a price as possible out of the purchaser, but their influence in the Government was sufficiently strong to prevent Government initiating any scheme of settlement offering similar advantages to those at Bella Coola. As it was, the island offered a splendid market for American produce, and the rate of living being high in consequence, it had not flourished as a residential centre. There had been a boom in property in Victoria, but it had died out, for the simple reason that it was fictitious, and the work of speculators, *bonâ fide* purchasers, and intending residents, not being forthcoming in sufficient numbers to justify the prices.

I saw that Victoria had no local market. There was very little money in the place, if the gold hoarded in oak boxes in the bank by certain rich people was excepted; and a distinct aversion to spending money in the general public made it hazardous to introduce products. Although Victoria is the capital city of British Columbia, her markets would require more labour, before money could be induced to circulate freely, than in any of the back country towns I visited. There was a good deal of Chinese labour employed, and consequently the basis offered to a market by the artisan class at home was altogether lacking.

It is the same with everything else. The water-supply in the town is a disgrace and a constant menace to

health. There is abundance of water to be had, only the energy and enterprise is lacking to bring this much-needed blessing into Victoria. The roads are rough and uneven, the gutters stink, the wooden side walks are frequently so out of repair that they are positively dangerous. The bridges are known to be unsafe, and only one vehicle at a time is allowed upon them, and that at a foot pace. Had I not seen cows turned out to browse in the thoroughfares I could not have believed it; but, owing to the gutters never being cleaned, a rank growth of vegetation starts in them early in the summer, and I have seen boys herding cows on this pasture in Victoria.

The city was founded by the Hudson's Bay Company, and in the days when the fur trade was a great industry, Victoria was well situated; but it is hardly fair to the great gold industry that the capital of the country and the seat of Government should be in this remote corner of the province, and away from the mainland. Not that the Victorians will admit this. They cannot see that the trade routes from the mainland must result in an immense commercial success for Vancouver city. Already the foundries and shipbuilding trades have moved over to the superior harbour, and Victoria is left doing a great trade in importing her own food-stuffs. Yet one of the "old timers" at Victoria gravely assured me that Victoria was "the London of the Pacific," a statement which surprised me much, for I could not but believe that he spoke in good faith, and I marvelled that no rumours of the existence of San Francisco had reached him.

If the people of Victoria exerted themselves to render the town attractive to residents, Victoria might have a future. But the habit of the people is haphazard. Theirs is the day of small things. Most of them originated in a small way of business, and if the business does not diminish they are content; but should it once in a decade show a tendency to improve it is taken for granted that a fortune will arrive some day from

somewhere. At any rate they think themselves successful, and that being their opinion it is idle to suggest a doubt.

I once expressed a hope that Government should bring in a scheme for Vancouver Island similar to Bella Coola, and give free grants of land. The idea was received with scorn, and I was told that before Government gave free grants to agriculturists, free grants, or an equivalent, should be given to men who would build houses in the town, for that "one house in a town did more good to the country than a dozen farmers."

They were oblivious of the fact that the most solid basis for a market in general goods is a large well-to-do agricultural class.

It must not be supposed that the Victorians disregard wealth. On the contrary, the amount of a man's income is the question of the day and hour; and the figure it makes prescribes at once the social position assigned to the owner.

Colonel Baker was anxious that I should visit Saanich, and see some of the agriculture of the island; but I felt decidedly that other places were more likely to show inducements to settlers than this island, where the best chances with respect to transport and markets were tied up in the hands of grasping monopolists, and that my time would be better spent elsewhere. But I collected the following facts concerning Saanich.

It is a peninsula about eighteen miles from Victoria. The land is very good, and purchasable at \$80 an acre. The district is suitable for fruit and vegetables and dairy produce. The wheat appears similar to that in the Lower Fraser, which is too soft for milling, and is generally used for feeding purposes. Hops answer well. The general complaint is that the prices in the local markets are too low to render farming remunerative. The price of land is forced up in Vancouver Island by the private individuals who procured large tracts either from Government or the Hudson's Bay Company. Labour is dear, though there is said to be no lack of Japanese labour at \$8 a month with board.

In the neighbourhood of Victoria improved farms are offered for as much as \$300 an acre, and putting the cost of clearing at \$200 the acre, and allowing for fencing, etc., \$300 is not a high price. What the emigrant must consider is whether the prices on his produce will make him a fair return on this outlay, or whether the same amount of money invested elsewhere would not bring him in better returns.

The climate of Vancouver Island is mild and very similar to the south-west of England. There are few days in winter when it does not rain, and the snowfall is usually very light.

Though I never heard of any one making much money in farming, I must also admit that I did not see any great interest taken in the business. It is easy to live on a small farm in Vancouver Island, and people seemed contented to take life easily, and enjoy the sport and pastime afforded by a thinly populated and densely forested country. The general complaint I heard on all sides was that the competition from America cut down prices, and unless tariffs were raised agriculture could not be made to pay. My own view of the case was that the islanders did not know how to organize and cultivate the market.

Uncultivated land is taxed * when it is bought from Government, no improvement placed upon it, and left unoccupied.

During the conversations which I had with Colonel Baker we frequently discussed the subject of fitting emigrants for the Colonies, but we never arrived at any definite plan. He expressed himself much as follows:—

“I cannot tell what it is which is wanting in the young men who come out here. I should rather say it is a total ignorance of the life they are coming to. Let us take mining, and we shall find that even those who come out as mining experts know little or nothing about the business—at all events so far as British Columbia is concerned. For

* See Appendix for summary of Land Act.

them I think it would be an advantage to go through a course at McGill University, where mining engineering is thoroughly understood, and better taught than in the old country.

"If the young fellows coming out would first learn to do *one useful thing thoroughly well*, they would stand a better chance. But they come to me and they say they want something to do; and I say, 'Well, what *can* you do?' and they say they don't know. Then if I put them into something, many of them go on for a time; but there seems a restlessness about them. They don't find they are getting rich fast enough; or they hear of something somewhere else which they fancy they would rather be doing, and so they go away. There does not seem to be any persistency in them. They are not wanting in intelligence, and they have courage enough, but I cannot say that they are industrious. The one thing they do not seem to have been taught is *to work*.

"Then, again, I must admit many of them may be all right when they start; but they fall into bad hands on the way. They stop at places before they come here, and they get the idea into their heads that cattle ranching is a very fine thing; that you have only plenty of riding to do (and, remember, they ride, very well, most of them), and polo, and shooting, and they think that that is a very fine life. But they forget, or else no one tells them, that behind all this ranching is a business like any other; and if it is to be made to pay, it can only be on the same principles as any other business—grocery or dry-salters, or any other. But business principles are the last thing they think about. I suppose boys at Eton don't learn book-keeping; but if they do there, I am sure it is not taught at other schools. After all," he concluded, "I am afraid I can't offer many suggestions for the people at home; except that they should avoid premiums and remittances, and keep the money till the young man has learnt to work—and to work at something till he understands it—and then a little money will be of great advantage. Cheap capital is sorely needed in this country; and if a father has an industrious son who comes out here, and sees his way to do something at a profit, a few hundred pounds are well invested, and that is the best way to invest it."

In talking to Mr. Turner, I found that he thought much more of the mining development than of agriculture. "Go to the mines!" he said. "Go and see them; and you will see that they are the lever which will lift this country to prosperity."

Before leaving Victoria I went to see Mr. Milne, of the Customs, and had much interesting talk with him. He was thoroughly well informed as to the Yukon district, and we discussed the Klondyke gold-fields, which were just then attracting attention. He was very anxious to see the route opened *viâ* Fort Wrangel, considering that it would be by far the best entry.

I was particularly anxious for a few particulars about the trade with China. I found that the bulk of Chinese trade is done through the Chinese merchants themselves. The Chinese revenue at the port of Victoria for the twelve months ending June 30, 1897, amounted to \$58,963. For the previous year it was \$39,347, showing an increase of \$19,616.

Rice, which is the Chinaman's chief diet, is a peculiar item in the trade of Victoria. It is imported in two ways—by private Chinese individuals, who get it in the rough state, and dress it themselves (this import is from China, which is rather unaccountable, as the Chinese Government prohibits the export of rice); there is, besides, an English firm who import from Bangkok. They have mills in Victoria where the rice is dressed, and they are able to undersell the Chinese. This is a curious feature in trade, for here is a profitable business based solely on the maintenance of an alien race who object to the food provided by the country. At any moment these aliens may be forbidden access, in which case the trade would disappear. But the other side of the business is that the Chinese appear to be acquiring a taste for wheat, probably owing to their residence in the east of Canada, where rice cannot always penetrate, and consequently a trade is growing up with China in Manitoba wheat.

In the interim between the decrease of the seal

industry, which at one time amounted to as much as three quarters of a million dollars per annum, and the commencement of the fisheries, a large trade is done in opium; but this business has decreased enormously since the lowering of duty in the United States. It will probably rise again when the duty is imposed.

Mr. Milne did not seem to think that as much money was remitted to China annually as I believed. At all events there was nothing in Chinese trade returns to warrant such a sum. On the other hand, the ways of the Chinese are dark, and difficult to understand. There are merchants whose wealth is certain, but whose transactions do not appear; which strengthens the supposition that they transact their own banking. The labour supply undoubtedly contributes to the business, and gold may be remitted to China in nuggets or dust, and therefore never figure in any banking account.

The superior Chinese are for the most part labour contractors; but it seems that the labouring Chinese consider themselves partners in any concern in which they deposit money. They will pay their earnings—or a share of them—across the counter, and consider that the deposit entitles them to a “share.” This looks like co-operation; but what the precise nature of the transaction may be, or what becomes of the money, is another Chinese puzzle. No doubt large sums change hands among the Chinese themselves; but then they are strongly addicted to gambling in a variety of ways, and it is quite impossible to follow them in the handling of money.

What is quite certain is that, as a basis for a market, the Chinese cannot be compared to the working class in England. Mr. Milne summed up their virtues, their peculiarities, and the advantages to be drawn from them, in one sentence, which expressed as much bewilderment as it did admiration. “They are wonderful creatures!” he said.

Mr. Milne told me that during the year 1896–97, 1169 Chinese paid the capitation tax of \$50 each; 205

returned within six months; 19 others were exempt from the tax, being students, etc.

That this is an organized system of emigration, no one can deny. The merchants and contractors take steps to regulate the supply as far as possible in accordance with the demand, and spend the greatest pains in choosing servants, gardeners, or labourers, suitable in character and qualifications to the places for which they are required. Why the Chinese in their thin raiment and shoes, which let in the water like sponges, should be more at home in British Columbia than our own people, is hard to understand. But they possess in high degree the two qualities which Colonel Baker declared, in his experience, were found wanting in young Englishmen—"persistence" and "industry."

The revenue from the customs of British Columbia is handed over to the Dominion Government for general expenses. At the time of Federation, the Dominion Government allowed the province an annuity of \$50,000 as a relief to taxation for local purposes. All the states composing the Federation were made similar grants, according to their population, at a fixed ratio per head, and they diminish as the population increases.

The costs of harbour improvement works, the building and maintenance of lighthouses, and the salaries of judges are defrayed by the Federal Government. The mail subsidies, education, roads, and bridges are maintained by the Provincial Government. Miners' licences, the sale of lands (except those lands granted to railways) are also managed and controlled by the Provincial Government.

This arrangement is decidedly a favourable one for Canada; but so far as the province is concerned, it does seem that the benefits of federation have been purchased for a high price. If we look at the imports we shall find that a large share consists of food-stuffs, which might be grown in British Columbia, could the initial expense of clearing the land, of drainage, and irrigation be overcome. It also seems most desirable for this

colony to attract a larger population settled upon the land. Taking one item given me by Mr. Milne, I found that eggs were imported from the States, in number 78,853 dozen, to the value of \$13,000, and duty paid on them to the amount of \$3942.

The imposition of duties upon food-stuffs raises the price of the food-stuffs in British Columbia to the amount of the duty paid, and preserves the markets in behalf of the farmers of Ontario and the North-West, who can raise stuff cheaper than in British Columbia, under present circumstances. Meantime, the revenue drawn from the taxes on food-stuffs, which is paid by the consumer, goes to defray the cost of things of general or remote interest. Excepting the judges' salaries, it cannot be said that the expenditure of the Federal Government is upon anything exclusively provincial, seeing that harbours and lighthouses concern the trade of the through traffic quite as much as that of the province.

Evidently the only means of stopping the continual drain of money into the States, would be by improving the position of agriculture and increasing agricultural settlements. Sooner or later the question of starting irrigation works, and taking measures to restrain the Fraser from flooding the lands in the Delta, will have to be considered by the Government, and funds provided for these purposes.

The British Columbian Government make no free grants of land, and, furthermore, exact a royalty upon all timber sold (even as cordwood *) off the land.

These charges, it is maintained, are necessary in order to find funds for carrying on the business of the Provincial Government.

It is open to considerable doubt whether the funds are administered with a view to encourage the influx of settlers. At all events, in connection with this subject, the erection of the magnificent and costly pile of Government buildings at Victoria (probably after

* Fuel.

Westminster itself the most imposing edifice of the kind in the Empire) needs some explanation. Standing where it does, overlooking the rickety bridges and the poor little town, it recalls the story of the "swell" of the last century, whose dress was the wonder of all beholders; when he came to die he begged to be buried in his clothes, but some one thinking that the corpse might at least spare the beautiful waistcoat, discovered that the grandee *hadn't a shirt to his back!*

Just such an impression is made upon the stranger who looks up at these buildings and then turns round to find the squalid wretchedness of the town, and goes away into the backwoods to find the settlers struggling with the enormous initial difficulties of the country.

In conversation with Mr. Milne, I referred to the Klondyke. He viewed with immense satisfaction the steps which were at length being taken to establish the authority of Great Britain and the maintenance of law and order by reinforcements of the North-West Police. With regard to the statements in the American press that the Klondyke was in Alaska, he said that attempts to stretch the American boundary-lines were quite in the usual order of things. He had the entire correspondence and report on the Alaska boundary question in his office, and showed it to me with the maps. I understood at last that it is the habitual practice of the States to worry questions and confuse issues in the hope of wringing something out of them to their own good, and that these matters are best dealt with firmly and with decision.

Victoria receives the stranger most hospitably and very kindly. I greatly enjoyed making the acquaintance of many of the inhabitants; but I could wish that, as the capital of this important province, the people would take a keener interest in public affairs. The tincture of the old-time element is very picturesque, especially as represented by Mrs. Dennis Harris and Dr. Helmchen; but the farsightedness I wish for Victoria must be to the future, and not to the past.

CHAPTER XII.

TO THE ALBERNI MINES.

It was late in the evening when I went on board the s.s. *Tees* (Captain John Irvine), bound for Alberni, on the west coast of Vancouver Island.

As may be gathered from the name Alberni, the place was known to the old Spanish adventurers, and the belief is prevalent that they came to get the gold washed down in the sands of the river. In recent years the Chinese were so successful that the spot where they extracted the gold was called China Creek. In time, a syndicate was formed, and placer mining was tried; but the elaborate machinery and skilful mining engineers from California failed to extract sufficient gold to make the undertaking pay, and the flumes and piping had been taken down. Prospecting was being carried on in the mountains with immense activity, and it was rumoured that the mountains behind China Creek and the ill-fated venture of placer mining, contained quartz of high assay value.

Should these mines become paying concerns, the destiny of Vancouver Island will become clear. Alberni, situated on a river possessing a deep mouth, which provides access to the heart of the island from a bay called Barclay Sound, offers a natural harbour open at all seasons of the year to large vessels. It faces the Pacific, and suggests an excellent opportunity for taking on cargoes of lumber and coal, the coal-mines of Nanaimo being only fifty miles by road from Alberni. But probably

the sea-fishing industry will centre at Alberni. There is no harbour on the west of Vancouver Island to compare with it; and if the mines pay, a population will collect round the bay whose surplus will find employment in fishing. I repeatedly found in British Columbia that the hardship of the working class was invariably due to the sudden cessation of work, which threw the men out of employment. The "prospects" are the worst offenders in this respect, as they are never certain to give paying results. I passed through districts where the sudden shutting down of mines, left the miners with nothing to live upon. It must be admitted, however, that the great defect in the British emigrant is his unadaptability, and many men would be useless in any but one capacity, while others appear to regard a change of occupation as degrading.

It was midnight before we put out of Victoria harbour, and then a fog detained us. The little boat was terribly crowded. The success of one mine had caused a rush. There were nine extra berths rigged up in the saloon, and two people slept on the saloon table. The stewards gave up their berths, and if they slept at all it must have been in the hold. But for the most part the excitement about "rock" kept people talking, and calling for whiskies and sodas all night.

The atmosphere below was very bad in the saloon; and the ship being oiled with a fish oil possessing a truly terrible scent, upset me so far that I could eat no breakfast; but Mr. Fred Child kindly brought me some tea and fruit on deck, and in the fresh air I recovered, and began to take an interest in the scenery and my fellow-passengers.

We kept close to the coast, which was mountainous, but clothed with spruce and cedar to the water's edge. Here and there a sharp peak of rock cut the sky-line, in the crevices of which traces of snow might be seen; otherwise the land, as it rose from the blue Pacific, presented a deep green mass, the trees seeming to grow out of the water with no beach whatever.

We had on board a man who had come down from the Klondyke, and having been there two years, he was able to give a fairly comprehensive idea of the country. He had been successful, and believed that he would succeed still further if he went back there, but his wife objected to his risking the hardships. These, he admitted, were severe. Both his friends and himself had been nearly starved to death, and he declared that such hardships would have to be reckoned with by any miners who left the beaten track, while near the centres the claims were all pegged out. "The Klondyke," he said, "was a very good poor man's country, but that day is past now. However, I am certain if I went up the coast again I should succeed just as well, though I should not go to the Klondyke." I found that he had been engaged in prospecting from his boyhood, and had been sent to report for syndicates, as well as individuals, upon the mines in many districts.

The chief difficulty for the prospector consists in procuring sufficient food-supply. This man had never known what it was to be without water. He had always been able to make a fire, except when it was raining hard. But to carry sufficient food-stuff on his own back up the mountains and across rivers, had been the unsolved problem which proved to be the element of failure. As a rule, the prospector depends chiefly on beans (a white bean, similar to the French haricot) and bacon. He also carries a gun and some ammunition (the miner's licence giving him permission to shoot all through the closed season). But the gun and ammunition, besides his pick, blankets, mackintosh sheets, and cooking-pot, make a heavy pack for a man to carry through a dense forest and over sharp rocks, where at any time he may miss his foot, roll into a crevice, and break his leg.

As we were talking, other prospectors came up; and I found that most of them could tell tales of immense hardship and privation. One man recommended carrying a small bag of rolled oats, and said that he always took

some loose in his pocket, and ate them as he went along. The difficulty that the best of their prospectors appeared to feel was always this one of food. One man told me that it was often impossible to reckon on the length of time it might take them to get the work finished which they were sent to carry out, and that sooner than leave it and return he and his chums had been starved so that they ate birds' eggs and berries, and were glad to get them.

This determination to achieve what they attempted, and the fidelity to their employers, is a marked feature in the prospector's character, and certainly one which commands cordial admiration.

The prospectors along the mountains on the shores of Alberni and Barclay Sound manage differently to those inland, and incur less risks. Two of them go together in a boat, with tents and provisions, sometimes taking a small raft or scow behind the boat, on which to cook and bake as they go along, thus saving time. One of them lands at a suitable spot, ascends the mountain, and penetrates through the forest in search of out-crops, or indications of gold or minerals. He carries his gun, a pick, and a small quantity of provisions, sometimes taking his mackintosh and blankets. His "chum" remains in the boat, on the look out for signals, such as the lighting of a fire with green stuff, to throw up thick clouds of smoke, or the firing of the gun, and judges whether his assistance is wanted or not. The density of the forest is marvellous, and this, together with the difficulty of crossing ravines, frequently makes it impossible to proceed more than two miles in a day. One man assured me that to make progress at the rate of one mile in four hours was very quick work indeed. In some cases the prospector can return to the boat at night, but more often he sleeps where he is, and only goes down to the boat and the place where his "chum" has pitched the tent once in two or three days. The "chum" judges of his progress by signals, and moves along the shore. If the signals

cease, he leaves the boat and goes to see what has happened.

It seemed surprising to me that cases of prospectors being lost altogether were so rare. It is, however, commonly regarded as most imprudent for one man to go entirely alone.

I found a man on board who started as a farmer in Vancouver Island, but gave up the business in disgust. He had many bitter complaints against the Government, nor did the farmers themselves escape his censure.

His first point was the exaction of taxes from the land. He contrasted the slow returns from agriculture in comparison with other businesses, and declared that the Government was literally destroying the ground under their own feet by exacting support from men who in the first stages had nothing to give.

Firstly, the land is bought for agriculture, whereas the miner pays nothing but his licence. The sum fixed for agricultural land is \$1 an acre, and \$3 a head entrance fee; so that a man, his wife, and two children are taxed for coming to settle in the country to the amount of \$12. There is, besides, the charge for the fee simple. Thus, before a man can get into his farm in this province, he has to pay about \$100, as against nothing at all in the North-West, where he can get 160 acres free, and embark every shilling he has in the property. The clearing of land in Vancouver is a very heavy item; so that a man can buy a good farm improved and fenced far cheaper elsewhere.

Secondly, he disapproved strongly of the policy the Government pursued in making roads. They did not employ men to make the roads; but they paid the farmers (who knew nothing about road-making) \$1 a day to work on the roads. No one superintended their labour, or saw to its efficiency. Besides, the plan did not work because it took the farmers off their farms precisely at the very time when they were most required

to be working on their farms. In the winter, which is the time they are at leisure, no road work can be performed, owing to the heavy rains which fall everywhere in the island except in Victoria. At the same time he laid great stress on the laziness and incompetence of the farmers, especially in the Alberni district. He believed in the fertility of the soil, having proved it by three years of splendid crops, after which he considered that the fertility diminished unless the ground were manured.

He had given up his farm and gone into other business, because Government was so slow in laying down a road, and when the road was done it was so bad as to be almost useless. He could not transport his produce to the nearest market except in small quantities and at a very slow rate. He said the country is a good country if it weren't spoilt. It requires cheap capital, cheap labour, and cheap transport.

I felt that these remarks, by a man of some experience on the spot, were a useful comparison with the high praise I had heard bestowed upon Vancouver Island, and the advantages it offered for settlers.

In Barclay Sound there are a great many islands, or reefs, curiously arranged in lines. There are still native settlements on some of these islands, and one in particular was the burial-place of a native band. The trees were cut into alleys or groves, and it was possible to see from the deck of the steamer that something was fixed to the stems or trunks. The practice of disposing of the dead by putting them up in the trees was explained to me to have become customary on account of the difficulty of burying them on rocks, where soil was scanty. In Vancouver Island itself cairns for native burial have been discovered, and the skulls bear every trace of belonging to the same race as that inhabiting the island at the present time. In the Museum in Victoria these skulls may be seen; they are large and thick, furnished with heavy jaws and powerful teeth. The practice seems to have been very general of

flattening the skull in infancy, so that it bulged out behind and on either side of the ears.

One of the police constables of the island was on board, and he assured me that the natives had entirely relinquished every form of cannibalism. They have even given up devouring the dead, which was the last form it assumed. Dances, though still held, are comparatively tame affairs. Some Indians still wear masks at the "dog dance;" but the tearing process, and representation of hunting for prey, and similar animal tactics, never result in a sacrifice. They are even careful to put on their oldest clothes before the tearing commences, instead of their bravest finery, as on former occasions. He spoke of drink as the greatest curse, and attributed its presence to illicit traffic on the part of skippers from the States.

We stopped at a native reserve which lay on either side of a creek, and the inhabitants came out in their canoes to look at us, while we put some bags of flour ashore for the small store. There were plenty of dogs of an idle, ruffianly, low-bred appearance. The bones of a whale lay on the shore, and smelt most offensively. I counted four bald-headed eagles soaring above the ship. I believe they were attracted by the raw meat which our butcher had hung under an awning in the stern.

I looked to see if there were any totem-poles. I was told that missionaries had destroyed them; but one old canoe, apparently a man-o'-war, was lying high and dry on the beach, going fast to pieces, and the prow of this craft was furnished with a painted monstrosity—half bird, half beast. The wooden houses were all modern two-story buildings of the plainest and commonest design. They gave the creek the ugly appearance of a modern township, badly kept and dilapidated.

From this place we went on to Serita, where we anchored, waiting for the tide to rise, while the captain went ashore with some of the passengers. The place

was chiefly remarkable for its wild scenery and some copper-ore prospects, concerning which there was a good deal of discussion on board.

I gathered that there was a tolerably strong desire to keep Vancouver Island as a "poor man's country"—that is to say, to avoid the introduction of big syndicates, and give the miners themselves a chance to dig out the pay-streaks in their own claims, and ship the ore to the little mill in Victoria, reaping the returns themselves.

I employed the time at Serita in fishing over the ship's side for a kind of flounder, and caught a dozen and a half. I had, unfortunately, no suitable hook or tackle, having only trout flies and a baby-spinner; I caught the flounders by letting down a baby-spinner with a piece of raw meat on it, weighted with a small lead.

At about seven o'clock in the evening the captain came back, and we went on at once, reaching the Alberni new townsite about ten p.m., where we moored till the morning.

By this time I was tired of the small and very crowded boat, and soon after sunrise the next morning I got up, dressed, and went on deck. I found that Alberni itself, for which we were bound, was about two miles further, and that there was a road leading to it through the forest. I determined to walk the rest of the way, and accordingly started without waiting for breakfast.

CHAPTER XIII.

ALBERNI.

THE Alberni new townsite consisted of a landing-stage, a shed or wharf, and beyond a small wooden hut, where the receiver of customs resided, who also managed the mails.

I saw him come out of his house and finish lacing his boots outside, in which occupation he was so intent that he did not see me, or I should probably have asked him a few questions as to the way to Alberni.

The road was still under construction—if that can be called construction which consists in felling trees, blasting stumps, and choking up gulches with branches. There is no attempt at drainage of surface-water; and though the branches thrown into the little gulches are intended to form a bridge, in point of fact they elevate the surface of the water and distribute it over the land. However, these are but details. To me the whole experience of that walk was a delight. It was the first time I had been quite alone in the forest, and at liberty to stand still as long as I liked, and gaze my fill at the great Douglas pines, and listen to the weird southing of the wind high up above my head, while down below not a leaf stirred. A few squirrels ran about, but there seemed to be no birds.

The sun was shining with dazzling brightness, which made the forest all the more attractive, by reason of the contrast it offered. I saw, to my surprise, that ferns grew of many kinds which I should have thought too delicate for that climate. There were also some

wonderful scarlet agarics, though it was the middle of July. At one place, where the sun had a chance, owing to the falling (through age apparently) of a gigantic fir-tree, I found some salmon-berries and wild raspberries, and enjoyed an early breakfast, recalling the miner's story of the day before.

The Alberni township, I found, consisted of an hotel, some two or three stores, a few miners' houses, an assayer's office, and the residence of Mr. Huff, the member for the Alberni district in the Provincial Parliament. I had a letter for Mr. Huff, and having delivered it, I went to the hotel for breakfast.

Throughout Canada rigid punctuality is required with regard to meals, and this I had not learnt; so that it was a positive shock to my feelings to be told that as I was "late for breakfast" I could not expect any. I remonstrated, declaring that nevertheless I *did* expect some, and that inns were for the refreshment of travellers, of which I was one. Upon this the landlord disappeared, and another functionary arrived in the person of "the gurl." Every backwood's inn turns upon two poles—"the gurl" and "the chap." How often, during the next few months, I was to be sent backwards and forwards from one to the other of these officials, I could not at that time foresee; but I found "the gurl," in this instance, sufficient for my purpose, as she set before me a clammy poached egg, which was not very fresh, some highly odoriferous butter, a glass of milk, and some excellent white bread.

Outside, the miners sat in the sun, blinking their eyes and smoking their pipes. In the bar, where I was destined to go at length in pursuit of "the chap," I read a notice: "*No credit given. Don't ask for it.*"

It told its own tale. The Alberni consolidated mine had closed down, the pay-streak having "petered out," and the men were discharged.

I spent some time chatting with Mr. Huff, who told me about his fruit-trees, which appeared to be growing well, although I did not see any fruit on them.

The townsite of Alberni is at the foot of the mountains in a valley, which eventually inclines upwards towards the hills or benches, but at its lowest seems to be below the surface of the river. It certainly requires draining, and the land might be valuable for fruit, vegetables, and hay, but the climate is wrong somehow for cereals. Some say it is too damp; others, too dry. Probably it is both at wrong seasons. The land is chiefly in the hands of private individuals, who are holding it to obtain high prices. I was able to judge what may happen in these new townsites by examining a piece of ground opposite the road into which the water from the river, or else from some swamp out of sight, forced itself. I remarked to one of the local magnates that it should be drained, upon which he replied, "You see, we are filling it up." I looked again, and saw that all manner of rubbish, together with the manure from a neighbouring stable, was being shot into this hole. But the local magnate was rambling on about the beauties of the townsite as a winter residence, till I interrupted him, saying, as I nodded towards the hole, "That's a wonderful idea, Mr. —." To my intense surprise he drove his hands deep into his pockets, and drawing himself up, he exclaimed, "*Everything in this country is wonderful!*" I was thinking of the shortsightedness of securing a fever-trap in the centre of the townsite; for surely as soon as the hole was filled up, and a house built upon it, scarlet fever or typhoid would break out, and, no one foreseeing the reason, the place would at once get a bad name and the rents fall.

I went to Mr. Saunders, the assayer, having made the acquaintance of his brother, and for the first time in my life I saw gold assayed. Mr. Saunders had a little handmill in which he ground up the quartz. He then washed the dust in a small black phial, pouring away the water and sand after shaking the phial to allow of the heavy gold sinking to the bottom. The operation was especially interesting as the quartz was brought from a new cutting in the Alberni mines, which it was

fervently hoped might be successful in striking the vein or pay-streak lost at a higher elevation.

The result of the assay was a fine showing of gold, and Mr. Saunders waved the little phial towards me in triumph, exclaiming, "You bring luck! You bring luck! See, now, how you bring luck!"

Miners are exceedingly superstitious, and a new-comer is always regarded curiously, to see whether he brings luck or the reverse.

Meantime the steamer had arrived at the mooring stage, and I found the street full of men, some in the miner's dress—light-blue overall trousers and the striped blanket coat, made somewhat after the pattern of a Norfolk jacket. Some of them, judging by their cowboy hats, were fresh from the prairies; others had recently donned the garb, and it was easy to see by their white hands and carefully kept nails that their previous careers had been spent in some snug office from morning till night.

As I walked to the steamer, a young man in miner's dress accosted me, and began to catechize me about matters South African. The American sense of humour is strangely deficient on certain points, and the direct way this youth discharged his inquiries was as matter-of-fact as if he were putting turnips into a pulping-machine.

"Is Mr. Rhodes as black as he's painted?" he asked.

Remembering that the Yankee press is never tired of reviling Mr. Rhodes and all his works, I replied that this was the first time any suggestion had reached me that Mr. Rhodes was a half-caste; and that if any one had taken the trouble to tar and feather him, I trusted they would be suitably remunerated for their pains, seeing that he was "a great Englishman."

Upon this there was dead silence. Then he began again, in rather an injured tone—

"That's not what I mean. I want to know if Mr. Rhodes is a *really bad man*—or not?"

I represented that speech was, after all, only figurative,

and unless I was quite sure that his (the American's) standard of morals coincided with my own I could not venture to reply.

"Let me advise you," I said, "to think it out for yourself. What do you think? Would you be glad to have him in the States—or not?"

A bright light shone over the countenance which had hitherto been as dull as it was colourless.

"You bet!" he exclaimed. "But we'd find plenty of use for him there!"

Something occurred, and I lost sight of this Yankee; but as the little crowd shifted, I saw him again, and, having nothing to do, I said to him, "Which would *you* like to have, Rhodes or Kruger?" Again I watched the dull look grow over the face, and I knew he was shamming. I repeated my question, adding, "Mind you, *Kruger is a good Republican*; he's no Imperialist." My Yankee friend did not answer, however. He raised his hand mechanically to his hat, and I left him smiling with his eyes fixed on the ground.

I found plenty of people at Alberni who were anxious to show me the mines—even one gentleman, a mining expert, who had only been in the country three days. Finally it was arranged for me by Mr. Fred Childs, that I should visit the Duke of York and Alberni consolidated mines, and that Mr. Waterhouse should go with me. Mr. Childs also kindly placed his room in the log cabin at the Duke of York at my disposal for the night.

I intended to go to Clayquot in the steamer and return in her to Alberni. I was told that Clayquot was a place with a great future before it, both as a harbour and a mining centre.

It so happened that the steamer started without me, and therefore I missed Clayquot. From things which I heard subsequently, I question if Clayquot will develop as fast as Alberni, and I believe its advantages were exaggerated.

Hearing that the *Tees* could not leave Alberni till

towards midnight, I took my rod and started up the river, thinking to see some of the country and enjoy a little of the fishing, which I had heard highly praised.

Mr. Macardie and Mr. Waterhouse afterwards joined me, and Mrs. Gilliard kindly offered us her canoe; and promised to drive after us to the falls, and bring some tea.

We started, but the sun was hot, and the canoe—an Indian dug-out—was heavy against the stream. Two of us had breakfasted early, and somewhat scantily. The sight of a neat house, painted white, standing in an ideal garden of old-country flowers, was very inviting, and Mr. Macardie having landed, presently returned with an invitation from Mrs. Thompson to go in and have tea at her house.

It is difficult to describe the impression of comfort, repose, and cultivation which fell upon one upon passing through the wicket gate, with its archway of clematis—especially after the recent experience of Siwash dwellings along the river shore, the discomfort of an inn, and the recollection of the crowded *Tees*.

Inside the archway the garden was sweet with carnations, roses, sweetwilliams, and other old-fashioned flowers. Mrs. Thompson received us with Scottish hospitality; and we were soon devouring delicious bread and butter and drinking many cups of tea with cream in it. Then we were each given glass dishes full of cool fresh-picked raspberries, juicy and most refreshing. This Arcadian repast was followed by a stroll round the garden, where we stood as in an oasis, and looked out upon the hills where cattle browsed, and the wild forest scenery across the river; after which we climbed down the rocks, made fast the dug-out, and proceeded on foot to the falls.

I found that these falls were artificially improved in order to supply the motive power for a pulp-mill. There is no doubt that plenty of wood exists which could be utilized for pulping; but this mill had failed to pay, and was consequently shut up.

The place chosen for fishing was just below this dam, and there were several swirling pools under projecting rocks. The water as it tore over the dam was of the grey green colour, which I have always associated with snow; yet to all appearance there was not much snow on the mountains.

Some boys, who appeared to be half-breeds, came to spear salmon, and took two good-sized fish in this way. Salmon will not take a fly in Alberni river. I gave my rod to Mr. Macardie, Mr. Waterhouse was collecting fuel for Mrs. Gilliard's fire, and I sat down on the rocks.

The sun was sinking, and as it dropped behind the pine trees, a long shadow was thrown from a projecting peak across part of the river. It is a feature in this scenery that at sunrise or sunset the peculiar angles at which the rays touch the slopes or elevations render them more perceptible than at other times. Just where we had camped, a sharp bend in the river and the wild confusion of rocks suggested that specially violent volcanic eruption had happened here. I could trace many lines on the mountains, as the sun sank, indicating ravines and gorges, providing untold difficulties in the way of road-construction and prospecting on these heights, besides unevenness and uncertainty in the leaders or veins. This fact seemed worthy of remark on account of the wonderfully even appearance of the mountains as seen in broad daylight, an evenness very largely due to the pine forests.

Meantime the most gorgeous colours were shining in the clouds, and the river as it rushed past became a veritable river of gold.

The fishing did not make much progress—several small trout and two of a pound to a pound and a half were the only result; but these formed a welcome addition to the tea. Strange to say, I caught the two largest fish with a fly which I had tied myself for bass fishing at a seaside place in the south of England. It was made of a pigeon's feather and a piece of scarlet braid. I had been told in England that black flies or very dark

ones were the only flies for British Columbia. This I believe to be true of some of the head rivers; and early in the season dark flies are said to take well in Vancouver Island, but the general rule is a large fly, and the brighter the better.

We had to leave, in order to catch the steamer, just as the fish were beginning to rise; yet, alas! though we rushed and ran, and rowed the dug-out down stream at full tilt, we only arrived in time to see the funnel of the *Tees* turning the last corner. I had heard the faithless creature yelling out her summons to passengers, and felt certain she was leaving sooner than was expected; but our hurry was unavailing.

Fortunately, even at this juncture I was not wanting in a kind friend, for Mr. Childs had rescued my hold-all and other effects at the last moment, and had them taken to the inn. The result was that I missed Clay-quot; but in order to lose no time I started the next morning soon after eight o'clock for the Alberni mines.

The horse which they brought out for me to ride was in a deplorable condition. Large galls, streaming with matter, disfigured the poor creature's shoulders. Yet when I complained of having to ride it in such a condition, they offered to put it in a "rig," as though it would have been more tolerable to sit behind it with a collar pressing on such wounds! Its wretched legs shook, and, in fact, the poor animal showed every trace of brutal driving. It was this horse or nothing; and as I could not walk the fourteen miles, and felt that if I did not ride it some one else would probably drive it, I reluctantly mounted. It is customary to treat horses with horrible brutality in this Western country, partly out of ignorance, and partly from a kind of drunken conceit. They will drive a pair of horses in a stage along thirty miles of mountains, over villainous roads, without a bait of any kind, except a pailful of ice-cold water out of a brook. It would cost them nothing to take a small bundle of hay or a little bag of bean meal for the water; and such refreshment would "stay" the

horses and bring them in fairly fresh. They actually boast of driving horses to death; and if they are charged with cruelty they say, "You must expect it in this country."

Certainly there is no lower depths of debasement that a man can sink to, than when he blames his country for his own crimes.

When I met Mr. Waterhouse he was good enough to take my hold-all on his own mare. He was a good deal troubled about my mount, and good naturedly lent me his mare, putting my pack on the hireling and walking most of the way on foot himself.

We went by the Indian trail, which was the old path by which the Chinese found their way to China Creek. To me, at that time quite unacquainted with these trails, it seemed a matter of immense difficulty to find the trail. At one place we found a letter fixed to a tree. It was from Mr. Saunders, to let us know that he was riding ahead of us to the Duke of York.

At last we reached a wide stretch of very ancient forest, the like of which I had never witnessed, and which yet seemed a familiar dream. It was such a scene of enchantment as one reads of in old fairy tales, and I began to wonder whether I had entered into Grimm's old world of elves and dwarfs. I thought of Snowdrop, and the Three bears; or was it a corner of the Arabian Nights, and were we coming to castles and caves, and gold and thieves?

I was perfectly ready for all that was coming. I only prayed to be allowed to sit still for a few minutes and enjoy the present.

I gazed all round; the forest stretched as far as I could see, and it was all the same. It was composed of enormous cedar and spruce, without any undergrowth. The stems varied from five to eight feet in diameter, and were three hundred feet high at the least. They were from six to eight hundred years old. The space between them was clear, for their lowest branches had died, and such as were left hanging were lifeless and covered with

moss like long matted hair. Overhead the thick mass of black branches met far away, and seemed gently to sway with some distant breeze, but down below was perfect stillness. Here and there a tree had fallen, the relic perhaps of a still older forest, and the trunk lay covered with moss. It just made a mound like a grave under the deep golden moss, which covered all the ground and the lower branches, as far as I could see, on either side.

No forest that ever I saw in my life could be compared to this forest. One might wander in it for ever, till one died, for it was everywhere exactly alike. Nothing about it resembled our green glades, and I thought of the New Forest, of Hainault, of Epping, and the Black Forest of Dhal. There was no trace of the ferocity of the thorny impenetrable bush of Africa, nor was it to be compared to the exuberant jungle of Natal. The impression was of immensity, of majestic grandeur, and all that was venerable. The spirit above me seemed to breathe the long wail of a farewell.

There was nothing green or young in this forest. If an artist tried to paint it, there would have been no blue, save perhaps a touch of cobalt on the grey stems, or in the far distance. The colouring was that of old tarnished silver gilt. The human voice sounded strangely, as in a vault, and here and there ethereal white moths fluttered inconsequently from tree to tree, as though they were good fairies in search of some hidden treasure or forlorn hope. Now and again, at rare intervals, a bird's shrill piping note seemed to fall from above from the upper world to this region of calm decay.

The trees were dying where they stood. They were young when the conqueror landed at Pevensy, they were slowly maturing while England was beating out a constitution which should give laws to the world, and now they were sighing out the refrain of their death-lament as they stood there "wearing away to the land o' the leal."

After leaving this wonderful forest we came into more

open glades, where trees had been felled by trail-blazers. Bright sunlight shone through the open spaces, and there was an abundance of salmon berries and thimble berries.

In places, trees had fallen across the trail, over which Mr. Waterhouse's mare jumped easily, while my mount climbed between the stems with wonderful dexterity. We crossed brooks over whose sides hung Canadian maiden-hair, while the watercourse itself was choked with musk. I also saw masses of yellow mimulus; and there were various other flowers whose names I do not know, and whose appearance was new to me. The soil was a deep deposit of vegetable mould, and in other places we came upon clay. This was on what might be called the benches of the mountains. There were also round ponds and little lakes. In other places we had to climb up steep hillsides and over huge boulders.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE MINES.

ABOUT noon we reached the Duke of York mine, and the first thing we saw was Mr. Saunders' old white pony with its Mexican saddle—a familiar sight, I was told, on the road between Alberni and the mines. Mr. Saunders himself was dressed in the style approved among miners—bright blue trousers of some cotton or canvas material clothed his lower limbs, a short loose jacket hung from his shoulders, and a wide straw hat shaded his face. His scarlet blanket was arranged as a saddle-cloth under the Mexican saddle, and the old pony was guided by a hempen halter.

We decided to stop at the Duke of York for luncheon and to rest the horses.

This placer mine had been started on a very elaborate scale: no expense was spared, and the best expert miner in placer mining was engaged to work the concern. The result was a total failure.

The mine had been prospected before the present miner, Mr. Leveridge from California, took over the work; and he based his calculations upon the prospecting reports which he received upon entering on the business.

There had been about thirty pits sunk in the gravel to the bed-rock, and the reports were so favourable that the company engaged a miner who was thoroughly competent to make use of the abundant supply of water and work the mine by hydraulicing. Mr. Leveridge

spoke in the highest terms of the liberality of the company. No expense had been spared in procuring the best machinery, and in rendering the working of it perfect in every respect.

After some months washing, during which time an immense gap had been forced in the gravelly sides of the hill, it was found that the gold recovered was not in sufficient quantity to pay for the labour. An effort was made to discover the original bed of the river, but without success; and when I was there the flume was all that was left, beside a couple of log huts and the sheds in which the piping and the monitors were stowed away.

The failure of this enterprise was considered a most deplorable thing for the country; and all sorts of reasons were assigned for it. Not being a mining expert, I could not attempt to offer an opinion; but it was very clear to my mind that the prospecting was undertaken by men who knew little or nothing about Californian placer mining; and the miner when he came accepted their reports and based his calculations upon them. Now, in all mining business this rule will hold good, that a man should believe nothing he hears, and only half what he sees. The only way to diminish the speculative element is to be certain of thoroughly examining the property, not only with a view to ascertaining its value, but also with regard to the precise nature of the treatment. The further I went the clearer it became to me that the different branches of mining (quartz milling, ore smelting, and placer mining) were so far removed from one another that few men ever became experts in more than one branch.

There is a theory held by some persons that the gold-bearing quartz upon the mountains in Vancouver Island has only been exposed for a comparatively short period, and therefore the gold washed down from it into the rivers, can nowhere be in such large quantities as to bear comparison with the placer mines in California, where huge rivers have slowly changed their courses.

It struck me that the mountain up which we were proceeding, first to this placer mine and then to the quartz mines in the heights above, had been forced up from the bed of the ocean and carried up with it a vast coating of *débris*. In some places I saw large quantities of igneous rock. In others the rock was crumbling like soft powder, partaking of the nature of sand.

As the forest is burnt or cleared, all this will descend—it is even now being fast washed down into the valley, together with loose boulders and pieces of float rock.

The mountains will be lowered by this process, the valleys widened, and where the rivers cannot get away, owing to a block in their passage, lakes or swamps will be formed. It may be looking very far ahead to consider all this; but in view of the efforts which are being made in mining, together with the burning of the forest and the making of roads—with the consequent increase of population—it is impossible not to foresee that the process of nature will be hurried.

So far as gold-digging is concerned, such a change will render it probable that deposits of gold will be found in all imaginable places—especially as men begin to drain the swamps for agricultural purposes—without any one of them justifying measures for gold recovery of a more elaborate nature than that of John Chinaman with his blanket and his tooth-brush.

While we were looking at the wash-out, something startled Mr. Waterhouse's mare, and on our return we found the ground cut up by her hoofs, while she had vanished in the direction of home. This was unlucky, as my horse was practically useless.

After luncheon, which we partook of in the miners' old boarding-house—a kind of kitchen, presided over by a miner's wife in the capacity of cook—we started for the Alberni mine.

About four miles on the road I dismounted, and fastening my horse to a tree by the roadside, started to climb on foot.

At length we reached the new cutting of Alberni

mine. A short time previously, the vein which was being followed from a vertical shaft, was lost; and Mr. Dunsmuir's enterprise was so effectually damped that he pulled down and removed the machinery, and withdrew from the concern. However, a practical miner took the matter in hand. Leaving the shaft which had been sunk from the surface, and was no longer workable, owing to the water which they had struck at the time the pay-streak pinched out, he cut a tunnel into the side of the mountain. This cut the vein lower down, and relieved the mine of the water without the necessity of expensive pumping apparatus. It was this tunnel which we reached first. We followed it down, the passage being large enough for two persons to pass. At the entrance to the tunnel or cave, a blacksmith was busy at a rude forge, sharpening the crowbars or long chisels which were used for laying bare the pay-streak. One of the miners, a gigantic Cornishman, went with us into the tunnel. There was still a good deal of water, but only sufficient to splash over the lower part of my boots. Mr. Waterhouse carried a candle; and as we went, I could see that the whole rock scintillated with some mineral, probably iron pyrites. At length we came to the pay-streak, which varied from half an inch to two inches in width. It seemed almost incredible that the whole success of shafting, tunnelling, shipping, crushing, concentrating, hung on following this narrow thread.

After this we went higher up the mountain, to the other claims, the amalgamation of which with the Alberni was called the Alberni Consolidated. Here we saw on the surface the out-crop of the main lead. The result of careful prospecting, and the opening of the mountain by tunnelling at different levels, proved three distinct leads which bisected the main lead. The main lead averaged two feet and a half in width, with a pay-streak of sixteen inches. This, it was ascertained, descended for seventy-two feet. The nature of the quartz varied, some containing a good deal of lime, other again being almost pure silica.

The assays gave very varying results, and it baffled even the most experienced miner to form any conclusion from the appearance of the quartz. There was some in which no gold was visible to the naked eye, which yet gave very rich results. To satisfy myself on this point I brought back a piece of the quartz—or rather, Mr. Saunders kindly carried it for me, and assayed it before my eyes; so that I saw for myself that this apparently useless, “hungry-looking” stone carried a considerable amount of gold. Mr. Saunders himself nevertheless frankly admitted that the assays varied greatly, even in the same vein.

I was shown where a great quantity of quartz had been dumped outside the mine; and this it was intended should be assayed and classified previous to considering the advisability of erecting a plant for crushing on the spot. At the present time only the pay-streak was being dug out, and shipped to the mill of Victoria, in order to provide working expenses.

After seeing the mine, I went to the miners’ cabin—a log hut perched on a narrow ledge close to a little spruit of beautifully clear water. Here lived five or six miners, hailing from Ireland, Cornwall, Scotland, and California, with a military character known as Captain Fox, who officiated as their cook and housekeeper—and last, but not least, the domestic cat. All miners like to have a cat with them, even when they are on tramp. It is said that the Californian miner, as he goes from one camp to another with his “swag” on his back, is accompanied by a dog who follows him, and a cat who runs in front. A cat is useful, owing to the swarms of mice which eat up the scanty provisions, and it is also company for these men, who, though they appear to like solitude, have a distinctly sentimental feeling for the “chum” who shares their hardships and adventures.

The miners received me most hospitably and kindly; but experience had already taught me to expect this from them.

They made me welcome to their cabin, which con-

sisted of two divisions. The first half was occupied with wooden cribs, on which lay the blankets in which they slept, and beyond, a small kitchen with a table and two wooden settles, where they took their meals. Outside was a tin basin, a piece of soap, and a towel.

The evening meal was just ready, but first Swinje, the cat, had to be shown to me. I was the first of her own sex she had ever met, and the miners were curious to see the effect of the introduction. Swinje came of a mining family, and had been born on the mountain. She treated me with marked contempt, as though she knew intuitively all my ignorance and incapacity. Then we sat down to an excellent repast of grilled ham, tea, and very good bread; all which was set before us by Captain Fox.

As I left the cabin, after signing my name in a book provided for the purpose, I turned back to where the miners stood by the door of their cabin, half hidden by a great spruce pine, and said to them, "I wish you all good luck," and the answer came like a chorus from the open doorway, "We all wish you the same."

It seemed like another page out of a fairy tale, as I looked back at the tiny hut perched on the mountain, and the stalwart forms of the miners dwarfed by the distance. All day long they dug in the mountain, and came home in the evening.

Mr. Saunders soon followed us down the mountain, and kindly offered me the use of his pony as far as the Beaux cabin, where I had left my horse.

It was getting dusk when we reached the Duke of York, but supper was ready for us in the cabin. The managers of the mine had erected for their own convenience a comfortable log house of four or five rooms—each director being assigned a room. This afforded shelter to any of their friends who came up the mountain to visit the mines. A Mr. Kirkwood had arrived just before we got there. He had been to the Alberni mines, and was to start early the next morning to visit some other claims in the neighbourhood. And the next morning, when I

came out for breakfast, I found that he had already had his meal, and started; such is the incessant activity of the mining business.

After a cup of tea and some bread, we were soon on the downward road towards Alberni, and on reaching the new townsite found that Mr. Macardie expected us to breakfast.

The log hut by the wharf, where he and Mr. Waterhouse "batched," was a model of settler's comfort. Plenty of buckskins covered the floor, a writing-table with a green cloth on it, an armchair, a chest of drawers, two cribs, a stove, a bookcase; and beside the armchair I found, on my arrival, a work-basket well fitted with a variety of cottons, needles, and buttons, and a sock which Mr. Macardie was darning while he waited for us. Then we sat down to breakfast in the little kitchen beyond, and I was amused to hear the two men talk over their house-keeping arrangements.

"I'm sure farming ought to pay," sighed Mr. Waterhouse, "with butter such as this—at forty cents a pound."

"And eggs," Mr. Macardie hastened to add. "Just think—fifty cents the dozen!"

"One thing, though, we do get good tea," said Mr. Waterhouse. "We get it from Victoria, and it's thanks to the Indian trade."

"Yes; but the tea is spoilt with this dreadful condensed milk." And so on.

In the afternoon Mr. Macardie and Mr. Child had arranged a fishing expedition. We drove out some distance, past a lake to a bend in the river, taking some food with us and a camp-kettle. It was not till dusk that the trout would take the fly (a large coachman) freely, and then none of them exceeded half a pound. It was nevertheless a delightful evening, and one of my pleasantest reminiscences of Vancouver Island.

The next morning at about eight o'clock I started by stage for Nanaimo, a drive of some fifty miles across the mountains. This led me across the land belonging

to the railway company. There was but little clearing done; but we passed some trappers' huts and a few prospectors' camps.

At Wellington the country changed to a coal-mining district, and very wretched and poverty stricken the place seemed. There were no gardens to the miners' houses; far less any kind of park or open-air pleasure resort for the people. Even the churches and chapels were of a most wretched appearance.

It was seven o'clock in the evening when I reached Wilson's Hotel, Nanaimo; and I felt thoroughly glad of the opportunity for tidying myself, and for the good dinner which was being served.

After dinner I went to call on Mr. Marshall Bray, the gold commissioner, and Mr. Robbins the manager of Nanaimo collieries.

Mr. Bray presented me with the Annual Report of the Minister of Mines, and spoke of the industry as only in its earliest stages. He recommended great caution in forming an opinion on the mines.

I found Mr. Robbins a most kind-hearted, fatherly old gentleman, and we became great friends. On the subject of emigration he had a great deal to say.

"You have first almost to make the men," he commenced. "They seem handicapped, and not helped, by their previous education. Some come out and succeed; but at times we seem to be inundated with a very bad class. A dozen or so of young men come out. Well, they live in shacks, and get drunk. I can't blame the country. Probably they were worthless before they came; but if so, it was useless to send them here, for there is nothing here to reform them.

"As to the young men in Canada itself, I can't say that their education is altogether a success. It is *very good indeed* in one way; but still we actually have the same problem pressing upon us here, 'What shall we do with our boys?'"

From this he went on to tell me of instances where young fellows had been reduced to the last extremity,

and then had had the manliness to begin at the bottom rung of the ladder and work their way up. He had known men who were the sons of gentlemen, and yet they had been glad to work in the mines, pushing the trucks of coal—"So that one was tempted to ask, what had their education done for them?"

The next morning Mr. Robbins took me to see the shaft of his mine; but I felt no inclination to descend, though he offered me to do so. It was raining (I am told that it rains every day in Nanaimo), but he kindly ordered out his trap, and drove me round to see a crofter settlement which his company was establishing among the miners.

The miners, when in full work, earn as much as \$90 a month, the working shift being eight hours; but there are slack times, when the wages fall considerably.

The settlement consisted of five-acre plots, and as the wives and children assisted in working them, they were generally speaking very well cultivated. The land belonged to the company, who had purchased it from the Hudson's Bay Company; and the plots were leased to the miners on twenty-one years' leases, with the option of purchase. The rental is 50 cents per acre per annum for two years, during which time the land is being cleared of trees and the stumps removed. The rent is then raised to \$2.50 per acre per annum for three years; after that it becomes \$10 per acre per annum until it is purchased.

The purchase price varies from \$100 per acre to \$300. The price is practically contingent upon the quality of the land, its proximity to the town, and the cost of clearing in the first instance—some land being less heavily wooded than others. In the case of the highest price reached (\$300), the land was not only near the town, but comparatively lightly timbered.

Excellent roads are laid down by the company, and this is a very expensive work, as it includes bridges, requiring very solid masonry. The company also digs out water-courses, as the large main drains are called,

into which the crofters can drain their land. In addition to this, the company clears the trees from its own land wherever these trees overhang or shade the crofter's land.

The Government refused any assistance towards the road-making, but provided a school for the children of the settlers. The cost of the roads has been so heavy as almost to absorb the entire returns upon rent, etc. In one respect I could not help seeing that ultimate gain to the district resulted in the Government having no hand in the road-making—inasmuch as the roads laid down by the company were very superior to any Government work of the kind I had seen hitherto.

Mr. Robbins was genuinely interested in the scheme. He told me, with undisguised satisfaction, that many of the crofters farmed so closely, as to have acquired a knowledge of local possibilities such as other farmers were ignorant of who had farmed for thirty years.

One thing which struck me very much was that Mr. Robbins entirely disclaimed any philanthropic object in this crofter scheme. "It is to the advantage of an employer," he said, "to have workmen who are satisfied with their condition, and who are on the road to permanent independence. We get more satisfactory work done by a contented body of men than we should by a dissolute, roving, unsettled element. The land was there, lying idle—we had not to buy it. We do not expect to lose by the scheme. With careful management we hope to clear our expenses, and we may even show a small profit."

I asked him about the labour on these well-kept acres; and he told me that the mine had the first claim on the miner's labour, and that a great deal depended on the willing co-operation of the wives and the quickness of the children, especially in cases where cows are kept. These animals were allowed free grazing on the mountain belonging to the company.

The miner's shift was eight hours below ground; so

that even when they were working full time, which seldom happened for all the men at once, there were still two hours in the day which he could devote to his croft. Besides the dairying, small fruits for sale in the town were very profitable. One man had made \$860 out of half an acre of strawberries. He found that the miners on these crofts lived well, started their children well, and were in a good position themselves. He knew that some of the crofters had made as much as from \$400 to \$500 in a year by their land. One man, who no longer worked in the mine, was able to keep himself entirely on six acres of ground.

We afterwards drove on to inspect the company's own experimental farm. About five hundred acres, lying in a rich valley, had been cleared and drained, and a big barn erected for storing fodder.

The chief object was the growth of green crops for the mules in the mines. The mules lived underground, and all the manure from their stables was carted out to this farm and returned to the land.

I saw large stretches of oats, clover-hay, timothy-grass, and also an acreage here and there of potatoes, which crop appeared remarkably flourishing. They were invariably put in to clean fresh land. In one corner there was a swamp, the result of an old lake, which was partially drained, and still in process of being reclaimed. I was astonished at the size of the drain-pipes and the heavy outlay for drainage. But even this swamp could be turned to account, as it was overlaid with deep peat, which Mr. Robbins found made excellent bedding for the mules, and afterwards provided first-rate dressing for the heavy land. Roughly speaking, Mr. Robbins considered that the land had cost him £40 an acre to clear. The drainage he could not estimate.

I lunched with Mr. Robbins, and spent the afternoon strolling round his garden. It was beautifully kept, and contained all the English fruits and flowers—beautiful carnations and roses. There was a smooth lawn,

tastefully planted with many ornamental evergreen shrubs and trees.

In the evening I went to see Mr. Marshall Bray again. I found him very interesting, for he had a long experience in the affairs of the colony, and was watching the mining interest very closely, regarding its success as the best chance for the country.

He was nevertheless emphatic as to the dangers incident upon mining ventures. At one time as many as from seventy to eighty claims per month were registered, representing \$40,000,000 of capital. Yet if one company in a hundred made a successful venture, the result would be unequalled prosperity. He spoke very strongly about the hard nature of the rock, and the costs of working, which he believed would, in some cases, amount to \$15 to \$20 a foot. He also spoke of the fundamental ignorance of many men who went prospecting and picked up pieces of rock, with which they pretended to assay the value of a mine. "‘One swallow does not make a spring,’ though," he remarked.

Mr. Bray also condemned the habit of averaging, or assays in bulk. He strongly advised that the mines should be carefully exploited, and the ore or quartz tested at regular intervals, throughout the mine, before any conclusions as to the payable nature of the property be declared. He further considered that we might not yet have arrived at the most economical method of working all sorts of mines; and I remarked upon the hard quartz in the Alberni, which, upon exposure to damp, becomes almost soluble, like a greasy clay.

The following morning I left Nanaimo for Chemainus, in a dug-out, with a couple of Indians, who had been hired for me by Mr. Randel of the Wilson Hotel. I wished to go at an hour when there would be sufficiently low water to shoot the rapids in the Dodds Narrows, and both Mr. and Mrs. Randel did their best to arrange this for me; but the Indians contrived to trick us, and the dug-out sailed through the passage in the most

commonplace manner—such is the crafty wiliness of the Redskin.

The price I was to pay them had been stipulated for me, and the agreement clearly made; but they nevertheless tried hard to get another couple of dollars out of me. I was firm, however; and, as a last resort, a temporary shipwreck was improvised. The rag of a sail and the rotten sticks which did service for booms suddenly smashed up, and the dug-out was lifted bodily on the crest of a wave and deposited upon some rocks.

The pair of Indians vociferated and made an unearthly commotion, watching me narrowly the while. Failing to get me to join in the excitement, they showed me handfuls of rags, ropes, and sticks, which they cast from them with a dramatic air of despair, exclaiming, "Chemainus!"

The next wave took us up and lifted us into deep water inside the rocks. The Indians looked at me and said, "Two dollars!" holding up two fingers as they spoke.

I shook my head and laughed; so they presently commenced repairs, chattering to one another from time to time and looking a good deal crestfallen.

While we were on the rocks, I noticed a thick growth of the kind of seaweed which is used in seaweed baths in the south-east of England, and, therefore, I suppose the temperature of the water would be about the same.

After a while we started again, and sometimes the Indians amused themselves with a little paddling, beginning vigorously and then getting tired. Sometimes they put the sail up, and sat watching it with the naïve insouciance of creatures to whom neither day nor night signified. Then they would pull it down again, and take it by turns to seek a little much-needed repose in the bottom of the boat, while the other resumed a nonchalant paddling with a lovely red paddle.

Although I found sitting on the flat bottom of the dug-out rather difficult, it was not a bad way of taking a holiday. Not only was the method of travelling novel, but the scenery all round me was lovely.

We passed the islands, and there were duck and a variety of water-fowl and most exquisite cloud effects. I was also greatly struck with some rocks at the mouth of Nanaimo harbour, which had been carved by the action of the water into most fantastic shapes. They were hollowed into cavities, rounded and moulded, with the effect of a gigantic charnel-house. There were skulls with holes left for the eyes, and wide grinning mouths, and occasional teeth missing. Sometimes the forms were those of antediluvian monsters. Never have I seen anything so strange as this coast, apparently strewn with dry bones, most aggressively suggestive to the mariner of the wreck of some Noah's ark unrecorded in Holy Writ.*

My dug-out was decorated at the prow with a hideous countenance painted in red, blue, and yellow.

I had no book with me but a Psalter. These old songs of the emigrant Israelites are one of my "best books." Palpitating as they are with human interests, and yet inspired to such great ends, they offer lessons of all that is greatest and least. Nor can one be unmindful of the heroic leader whose hard task it was to pioneer these sadly wavering, unsatisfactory people through the desert, and who, for one unscrupulous action, suffered the hardest punishment which can be inflicted on a great man—that of dying with his work still unaccomplished.

At length I got out my long line and let it trail with a spoon-bait; but I only caught one sea-trout of about two pounds, and afterwards lost my bait on the rocks.

It was late in the afternoon when I landed at Che-mainus, and proceeded by train to Duncan.

My intention was to fish at Cowichan, but the accounts given me were so bad that I went on to Victoria, which I reached at midday on Sunday.

* I regretted afterwards not securing a piece of this curious rock, which I believe is a kind of soapstone or meerschaum.

CHAPTER XV.

THE RUSH TO KLONDYKE. SALMON FISHERIES. HARRISON LAKE.

At Victoria I found the rush to the Klondyke at its height. Some miners who had provisioned at Frisco were very indignant at finding they would have to pay duties in Canada on their goods; and an American told me that "the Klondyke ought to be in America." I replied that America might have been in Great Britain if it had not been for the Americans.

No one cared to talk on any other subject than on Klondyke. It was the word in everybody's mouth, and all the most impossible people seemed bent upon sacrificing themselves. It was a kind of jumble-sale of humanity. Only here and there through the streets stalked an old trail-blazer, whose garb and the little mongrel dog marked him as a miner. The simplicity of the man and the consequence of the dog, their silence and disregard for the rest of the world, formed a momentary resting-place for one's mind. "Here," I used to think, "are two living creatures who know what they are about, what they can do, and how to do it." But the stout father of a family, aged sixty-five, holder of a comfortable clerkship, what on earth could he do, bereft of his regular meals, his comfortable bed, and home surroundings? There were many young men with whose ambition I sympathized; but how they could expect to reach the Klondyke upon their slender savings, I failed to see. Only the strong and the hardy, and men whose hearts were utterly hardened against failure, could bear

the wretchedness of the life. For others it was a matter of large outlay to secure the Indians to pack provisions. Very little calculation would show that the Klondyke was not all gold, but no one cared to listen to anything against going there. What are the facts? No doubt there is great wealth, although it remains to be proved whether it is really the richest gold-field. For we have yet to hear about the costs. Firstly, labour is so dear that a man must do everything himself or pay at least \$6 a day for such assistance as chopping wood, carrying water, or cooking. The ground, though gravel, is frozen as hard as rock for fifty feet deep. For several months of the year work is only possible under great difficulties and disadvantages, such as probably exist nowhere else. Lastly, the gold strikes, however rich, are very uncertain; and the paper reports of the wealth brought down are made the most of, no comparison being offered either with returns elsewhere, with the numbers of blanks, or the cost of original outlay.

The following conversation was reported in the *New Denver Ledger*, and though I am unable to vouch for its having taken place, it certainly gives a very fair idea of the extravagances and eccentricities in connection with the Klondyke mania.

"I understand your uncle brought \$800,000 back from Klondyke?"

"No."

"No? Why, that was certainly the report."

"Yes, that was the report at Dawson City; but when he got to St. Michael's rumour let it drop to \$625,000."

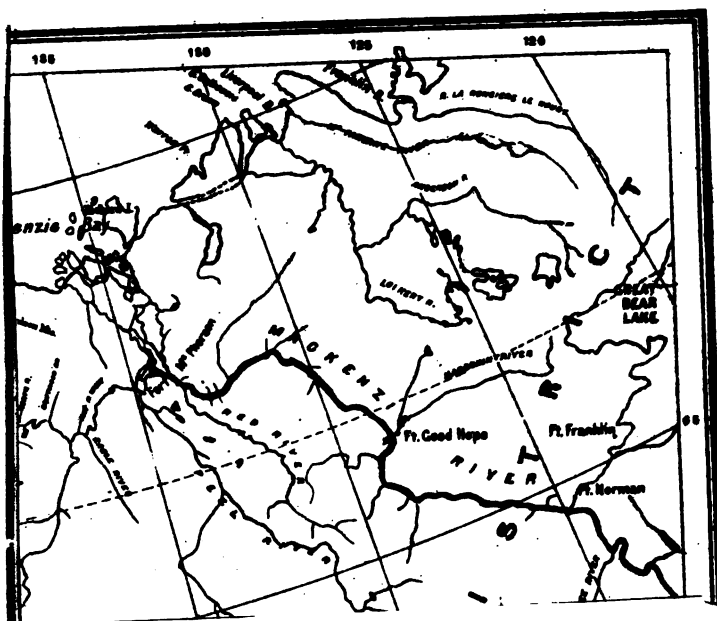
"Well, that's a pretty good sum."

"Of course it is; but after he had sailed we got word that the actual value of his nuggets probably wouldn't exceed \$380,000."

"Still he could do the handsome thing by you if he wanted to."

"No doubt about that at all; but when he landed at Seattle the newspaper reports from there gave his fortune as only \$110,000."

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"Even that is a good deal of money."

"Very true; but the next time we heard from him he was in San Francisco, and the best they could make of it there was a little less than \$50,000."

"Pretty good pay for a year's work, anyway."

"Unquestionably; but he reached Chicago this morning with a letter of credit for \$3516, which represented the total value of the gold that he and his partner had brought down and delivered at the San Francisco mint; and they want me to board them for nothing all winter, so that they can have that for their expenses when they go back in the spring."

Even Mrs. Dupont's Chinaman was in despair at not being able to go to the Klondyke. He exhorted me to include that desirable spot in my travels, and upbraided me with my want of enthusiasm. "You no smart lady no go Klondyke!" he said; but when I told him that I had refused a free passage, he was ready to sink to the ground with despair. "Chinaman he only one leg," he groaned, "but Chinaman savey go Klondyke."

While I was at Victoria some miners who had been "grub-staked" at Seattle were very displeased at finding their provisions dutiable on Canadian territory. For British subjects the best way to the Klondyke is by the C.P.R. from Montreal to Vancouver, and thence *viâ* Port Wrangel, Telegraph Creek, and Teslin Lake.

After a few days spent in Victoria I left my kind friends the Duponts and went on board the ss. *Charmer* for Vancouver. This boat leaves Victoria in the small hours of the morning, so that it is customary to go on board over night. No sooner had I sought my pillow in the retirement of my cabin, than the ship began to utter the most piercing howls. She yelled incessantly, as if she had fifty devils inside her, instead of one unhappy first-class passenger. These heart-rending appeals seemed to attract some passengers, who came on board extremely thirsty and kept up an animated conversation in the saloon. It was not till the grey dawn commenced that we put out to sea, and the babel ceased.

After breakfasting at the Hotel Vancouver, which is

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one of the best in Canada, and would compare favourably with any on the continent, I went to see Mr. Coyle and Mr. Marpole of the C.P.R., who sent me to Mr. Darling of the Union Steamship Line, and Mr. MacLagan of the *Vancouver World*.

I found Mr. MacLagan a wiry intelligent Scot, full of energy and thoroughly well posted in the affairs of the district. He was keenly alive to the importance of developing agriculture. "Two millions and a half, that is the amount in dollars which we import in the shape of farm products annually, and what will it be as the mines continue to develop, unless agriculture wakes up? Nevertheless, the first and most important industry just now is the gold-mining."

I asked him about the Klondyke, but he seemed to feel less interest in the Klondyke than in British Columbia. He rather laughed at American aggression, as though he knew it was only "a pleasantry." Great Britain, he thought, would take care of those points. The days had passed when British statesmen gave away whatever any one asked them for, and America would "just cool down" when she understood this. He hoped to see a railway running in from the North-West with the Duke of Teck for president. The trade had rather settled down upon San Francisco and Seattle, which was a pity. But now Captain John Irvine had put on the *Islander* from Vancouver, which was a move in the right direction.

Mr. MacLagan was full of the future of Vancouver, and I do not think anything he said was exaggerated. It would be hard to estimate what the trade of such a port may become if adequately developed upon sound commercial principles.

Mr. Darling also dwelt upon the future trade of the port. He was anxious to see more capital introduced, and hoped it would come when the British merchant houses understood the opening offered by Vancouver. He maintained that it was useless putting on ships unless merchants were prepared to freight them. It was

the merchants who must see their way to trade. In old days the Victorians had gambled in real estate. Now they were investing in mines. But what was wanted was capital judiciously invested in trade. Had there been more enterprise and skill in nursing trade, the merchants would now be in a better position. In which case the competition of America in the Klondyke would never have had a chance.

Early in the afternoon I went on by train to New Westminster, travelling part of the way with Mr. Marpole.

On reaching Westminster I went in search of the *Leonore* tug-boat. Mr. Darling had given me permission to go anywhere I could in her. I was soon off down the Fraser river, perched on a high stool in the bows in front of the captain's steering-box.

It was a wonderful scene. There were myriads of small canoe-shaped boats,* most of which were gliding over the grey water of the river with their wide sails spread to the breeze. Here and there one would drop the sails and commence hauling in the long drift-net with the glistening salmon caught in its meshes. Then up would go the sails again, and off they would go. The activity and intentness of the men were delightful to watch.

The boats, the men, the fish, monopolized the river. There were no mountains, save quite in the distance. The shores were hidden with a thick deciduous foliage, chiefly cotton trees, poplars, and maples, though here and there a cedar or spruce was the more striking, because of its singularity. The wild grey waters, and above the wild grey sky, with clouds still wet with rain, offered a picture for a water-colour artist with a bold brush.

We passed some islands two miles long or more, but they were merely incidents in this vast river scene. At several points we drew up at the wharves to take on fuel for the furnace, or to deposit fish at the canneries.

* There are 4000 boats engaged in this fishery.

This gave me an opportunity of seeing several of the canneries.

Some boats passed us in full sail, returning with their fish to canneries which employed them. There were two men in each boat, but in one boat there was a man and a woman. The fish are killed at once by being struck with a gaff. They are sometimes strong enough to tear the nets, and I noticed that one man had a netting-needle stuck in his belt. The catch was, I believe, solely a matter of luck. It appeared to me that beyond the management of the boat, very little skill indeed was required for this fishing.

There are three sorts of salmon. The first is the spring salmon, a large fish very similar to what we buy in fishmongers' shops as salmon. It comes into the Fraser river in March. Later on comes the sockeye which is far more abundant, but a smaller fish and of a darker colour, harder, and less full flavoured. It was this fish which I saw them catching, and though I could not weigh the fish, I do not think I saw any above seven pounds. It is the principal fish for the canneries, and comes into the river in vast shoals, so that steamboats are sometimes unable to pass. It lasts for six weeks, and makes its way up the river as far as Yale, and even further.

The last fish is called the coho. It begins to arrive in October, and continues for a month. They are paler, and more tasteless than the sockeyes, and the canneries do not care much about them.

The fishermen at this business average about \$200 each for the season. They are of all sorts and conditions, including Indians and Chinese. Some go into the business on their own account; others take what is called a third share, by giving one share to the cannery for the use of boat and net, and licence to fish.

As has been stated, no very great skill is required; but the work is very unpleasant. It is monotonous, there is continual exposure to rain and wet, and the results are always uncertain.

When I had gone sufficiently far down the river, the captain hailed a tug which was going back to Westminster, which I boarded.

This boat had a scow (a wooden raft) alongside, into which the fishermen emptied salmon out of their boats, for us to deliver at different canneries.

I found this tug very amusing. She ran up and down, ready to oblige any one, yet kept most discreetly out of the way of the drifting nets. She made me think of those heroines in fiction—the maiden aunts of Miss Yonge's charming stories, who fly to the assistance of various households in distress, always arriving in the nick of time, and sure to do the right thing at the critical moment.

This large-heartedness on the part of the tug enabled me to see a great deal. We kept in shore going up stream, partly to have an eye on many curious habitations on the river-bank, which it needed some quickness to discover.

Two small canoes lay moored to a single plank set on a pole, which did duty for a landing-stage. As we drew near, a dog rushed out to the canoes from the heavy screen of maples and aspens. Almost concealed in the dense greenery I saw a small hut, or shack, in front of which there burnt a fire upon the ground, with a black pot suspended above on cross-sticks. Inside the cabin, through the open doorway, I caught a glimpse of the fisherman sitting on a settle before a table, enjoying his solitary meal. There was just room in the cabin for himself and his dog—a kind of black collie. I heard that he fished independently, and sold his catch wherever he could make the best money, either to hotels or canneries. It was an ideal fisherman's lodge.

A quarter of a mile further on was another shack, neither so neat nor so inviting-looking, but there was a better landing-stage. There was a thrifty little garden, full of beans and potatoes. This was the cabin of a Chinese charcoal-burner.

A little further, and we drew up at what was really a

floating village anchored for the night. They were small wooden houses on rafts, exactly like miniature Noah's arks. They were new, neat, and well-painted. In each house-boat lived two men, and their fishing-boats were moored alongside. These were the professional fishermen who fished the Fraser all through the year. In autumn, a tug moves them up the river, sometimes taking them to Harrison Lake, and in the spring they float down by themselves on the current.

The next point of interest was an Indian camp. They seemed well-to-do—many of the tents having shacks built over them, or a roof of planks laid on poles to keep off the rain.

None of these people in tents, shacks, or cabins, paid any rent; and if they were not making money very fast, at all events they lived at ease.

A good deal has been written upon the subject of the cleanliness, or the reverse, of the canneries. I cannot endorse any statements I have heard on either side. I believe it to be impossible to *guarantee* cleanliness, unless the entire control of the business were in one set of hands.

It is well-known that Chinese and Indians are employed in certain canneries, and even if their habits were all that could be wished in the canneries, it would be impossible to trace where they went to when they left the canneries, or what germs they might pick up to bring back with them. Unfortunately, nothing that I saw gave me great confidence in the sanitary arrangements of the towns or settlements connected with the canneries. Nor can I think it desirable that all the offal from the canneries should be thrown into the river, to float on the surface, and catch against any obstacle which may offer obstruction.

However, I have since learnt, on good authority, that all the points I have remarked upon are undergoing improvement. The best-managed canneries might utilize some special bottle or tin (it seems that glass bottles are likely to be used in future, instead of tin) as a guarantee

to the public that neither Chinese nor Indians are employed in the cannery. But the chief feature requisite is greater vigilance on the part of the authorities whose business it is to attend to the sanitary arrangements; and the people who have the interest of the canneries at heart should see that stringent regulations are rigidly enforced. It is no use blinking the facts. Far-sighted men look such things in the face, and consider whether adequate precautions are actively enforced; and if they are not, they will be ready to make any temporary sacrifice, in order to save from annihilation an important and useful industry.

I spent the following night at New Westminster, a second-rate little town with a vile inn. All night the inhabitants sang songs in the street; and as I was dressing the next morning I saw a dray and two horses drive into a plate-glass window. Fortunately, this accident seemed to wind up the proceedings, as people became so quiet that I believe most of them went to bed.

It is better to take the boat from Harrison and come down the river, crossing over by train to Vancouver, where there is a good hotel, than to stay the night at New Westminster.

So much is usually said in praise of the Fraser, that I was surprised to find what a character for being troublesome the river bears in its immediate neighbourhood. There does not seem to be an iniquity which a river could perpetrate that the Fraser has not been guilty of many times in its known history. As I went up it in one of Captain John Irvine's steamers, I found that the banks are being washed out very fast, with the result that no ships of any considerable tonnage will be able to navigate it in the course of another year or two—though, hitherto, all but the largest have gone as far as Chilliwack. The loss will not be confined to the steamship lines; the mines will miss the cheap transport; but it means utter ruin to the agricultural settlements.

If appears that the river has changed its bed before, and is now probably desirous of returning to its old

course. There is no doubt that its waters once covered an immense tract of country. The mud upon the banks, where trees grow to the edges, shows at low water that it has been deposited in layers or strata. Only on the highest ground, which probably were islands, there is some gravel. But gravel is never found at less than ten feet above the level of the water, while its usual position is from twenty to thirty feet above the water.

Government has appointed a committee to examine the case, and report if any steps can be taken to control the vagaries of the Fraser. But the commission is lengthy, and meantime the river "doth as it listeth."

Some way back from the banks, and well out of the reach of the awful floods which occur at regular intervals, there is a good deal of cattle ranching. This district is called Matsqui, and runs down to the American border. On the same side of the river there is a large shallow lake called Sumas lake, upon the drainage of which enormous sums have been spent in vain. Had the same amount been invested in dyking the Fraser river itself, and clearing its course, to the prevention of floods and the saving of the banks, there would have been satisfactory results in two directions. As it is, the river has eaten its way within a few yards of promising young orchards, and menaces the homesteads themselves. Besides, the floods, which occur about once in seven years, are so terrible in the wide-spread havoc caused by the strength of current forcing its way to the sea, that the farmers affected by it lose all the money made out of their holdings in prosperous years.

The steamer stopped frequently at small landing-stages, returning quantities of empty butter-tubs and fruit-boxes, which would be re-filled in time for the downward trip to Westminster.

I did not land at Chilliwack, as it was far advanced on Saturday afternoon when the steamer reached the landing-stage. I preferred to take the opportunity of going round Harrison lake, returning to Chilliwack on Sunday evening. I had certainly no cause to regret

my decision. Harrison river, which runs out of Harrison lake, and joins the Fraser at Harrison bridge, is a most exquisite piece of scenery. The mountains there come close to the water. The lake is hidden away among the cascade range, and, I believe, is very similar to the other lakes, such as Liloet to the north. The water never freezes, so that a passage is always open during the whole year. It is possible that the hot springs prevent the water from freezing, but the lake is subject to violent disturbances, and is a dangerous one for small boats at certain seasons of the year. At the extreme end of Harrison lake a narrow passage leads into Douglas lake, at the northern extremity of which is Fort Douglas. From here an Indian trail leads northward to Liloet, and it was originally the road to Cariboo. Fort Douglas was established by the Hudson's Bay Company, but has long been abandoned; even the small church was removed a short time ago, and if it were not for the prospectors the country would be left entirely to the Indians.

This was the most weird and peculiar scenery that I came upon in all my travels. The steamer had been ascending rapid rivers and climbing through mountain gorges in a most remarkable manner, bumping her sides against the precipices and grating her keel on the bottom. Thus we had gone mountaineering in our steamer, and reached a lake at considerable altitude. This brought us near to the peaks of most eccentric forms and uncouth shapes.

All this district would offer great opportunities for camping out during the summer months, for any one with a love of wild nature and capable of fishing and boating. It would, however, be essential to secure a good Indian, as it is never safe to venture alone into the mountains or upon the lake. An Indian would be useful in putting up the tepee, and in looking after the ponies and a boat. But he would be useless in the matter of cooking. Supplies could be procured by arrangement with one of Captain John Irvine's

steamers at New Westminster or from Vancouver by the C.P.R. as far as Harrison bridge. A little acquaintance with Chenook would be advantageous, and this could be easily acquired by one of the phonetic Chenook books, which I believe could be obtained at the office of Indian affairs.

The cost of camping out would be about \$15 to \$25 a week, plus the purchase of tepee, boat, and ponies. Any one contemplating such a trip for the summer months would do well to stop off at Banff and consult Mr. Matthews of the C.P.R. hotel, who has had considerable experience in fitting out shooting or travelling expeditions in the Rocky mountains. Mr. Wells of the C.P.R. at Golden, could furnish information as to the purchase or hire of boats or tepees. The Indians of the district below Windermere excel in making good tepees.

Though reliable information could be secured at these points, the base of operations would be lower down on the C.P.R. There is a very fair hotel at Agassiz called the Bella Vista; and provided the mosquitoes were not in the zenith of their career, any traveller would find much to interest him at Agassiz in the experimental form, and in driving over to visit the hot springs or Harrison lake. There are always mosquitoes in the delta of the Fraser, and probably they flourish on Douglas lake, but it would always be possible to move the camp away from the water's edge; and a tepee has this advantage over all other tents, that the mosquitoes can be smoked out at the top, after which, if the tent is closed *all round* and the wings at top folded over, no more mosquitoes can get in till the morning.

It was towards morning that I was awakened by the noise made in forcing the steamer up some rapids. I had lain down to sleep in the saloon, merely removing my collar and my boots, so that I was soon up and outside to see what was happening.

It was a most unparalleled scene. The dark masses

of the rock towered black above us, and seemed to lean over as though only recently torn asunder. So close above us, that it seemed as though a stone might be thrown to them, were the fantastic peaks shooting through the ice fields of enormous glaciers. To the north-west one great star quivered, glowed, and flashed to its setting; and as I looked up out of the depth and the darkness of the rocky chasm and the cruel grey rapids roaring beneath, I saw the first pale light of a new day shine suddenly across the peaks and the glaciers. I seemed to forget everything, and to be only conscious of a sudden great change, as though the light which fell from no visible sun was that of the unearthly Day, when this world and the things of our human life shall have passed away for ever.

CHAPTER XVI.

CHILLIWACK.

AT Fort Douglas Mr. Agassiz came on board. He had come down from his camp on Fire mountain, where he was superintending the opening of a gold mine.

He showed me a piece of very fine quartz, in which little lumps of gold were sticking, and seemed very hopeful about the prospects of the venture.

On our return we stopped for a couple of hours at Harrison hot springs; and I went to visit the baths. This lovely spot might be made very attractive. The heat of the water astonished me, as it is literally boiling, and the supply appears to be inexhaustible. It is a veritable godsend for the prospector who contracts rheumatism, and for the victims of accidents of any kind.

At four o'clock in the afternoon I reached Harrison House, Chilliwack. This little place is a municipality, being the centre of a considerable agricultural population, extending from Sumas lake to Popcum. In the neighbourhood of Sumas lake, and in Chilliwack itself, there are a great many undeveloped mining claims, some of which are said to be good prospects. As the ore is low grade, much would depend on the erection of a smelter in the immediate neighbourhood, which could include ores from the properties on Harrison lake.

Although a good deal of land lies low in Chilliwack, and is sometimes affected by the rising of the Chilliwack river, Chilliwack itself escapes the Fraser floods. Nevertheless, a good deal might be done to improve this

important district if the Government would undertake a certain amount of dyking and draining. There is no richer or better land in British Columbia, and it is suitable for fruits (pears, plums, and apples), vegetables, dairying, stock, sheep, and pigs, and on the higher ground for oats and wheat.

If the enormous losses in time of flood could be put into a scheme for checking the Fraser and regulating its tributaries, the addition to the food supply of British Columbia would very sensibly diminish the imports, besides providing a livelihood for a thousand additional adult emigrants.

The activity in the mines has made all kinds of labour very dear and scarce, and during the summer of 1897 it was frequently a case of offering high wages in vain.

The two reasons why the farmers in this district are really in a struggling condition are floods and mortgages. Farmers told me that they considered farming paid them if they were not flooded oftener than once in six years.

The mortgage system is simply disastrous. I could not see where the ruin it entails can be expected to end. As a general rule, the person as well as the land is held liable under these mortgages; so that a man who may have land subject to floods or otherwise in need of the application of capital, and at the same time a store which pays him, may find that the mortgage has been so drawn up that the lien he believed he had only taken upon his land, includes his store and all other property. Even should he abandon his farm, unless the proceeds of the sale amounts to the whole sum borrowed, he is still liable. In some cases the bondholder has waited patiently until the man has worked his store or inn into a good paying business, and then he forecloses for a small deficiency, and seizes both personal and real estate.

The inconvenience of negotiating a mortgage on land is that real estate is as often appraised at fictitious values as mining properties. British Columbia has suffered

severely from "booms" in land as well as the inevitable changes necessitated by railways and foreign competition. The boom has forced the price of land up; the railways and competition have forced the prices of produce down. It is not a bit easier to see a profit on a farm than on a mine, and it is quite as easy to fail in the one as in the other. But Government stands in a different relation to the land than any individual can do, and in behalf of the country can take steps to render land remunerative, which neither individuals nor companies can do.

The chief essential for the land is cheap money, and Government can borrow money more cheaply than any one. There is a line at which legitimate banking ceases and usury begins, and it is a pity that Government should not discriminate and put a stop to injurious practices by opening a sound business itself. But the same rules or laws cannot justly apply to every kind of security, and it is this feature in the case which requires careful handling. There is a jealousy on the part of bankers whenever Government steps in and poaches upon banker's preserves. But the question is whether or no the banks will lend money in small sums at a rate of interest which is safe for the farmer to mortgage upon. There are other parts of British Columbia, such as the Vernon district, where farmers have borrowed at heavy interest; but the Lower Fraser has suffered especially, because nowhere else is the temptation to borrow so strong as here where draining—often of a very expensive character—must be carried out.

Then we must consider the period at which the loans were raised. In the early days of the Colony money was dearer than at the present time. Not that Government could not have facilitated cheap loans even then; but it did not do so, nor is there any sign to-day of such a move being contemplated. There is no doubt of the sincerity of the Government report on the agriculture of the Lower Fraser, but there is conspicuous silence upon the heart-broken condition of some of the

farmers who labour under an incessant drain to mortgage companies.

In behalf of the mortgage companies, it must be admitted that when the difficulty in obtaining money and the cost of clerical work is taken into consideration, their profits upon small loans are not so great as may appear at first sight. Then it is clear that from the fact of mines and railways being able to afford a high rate of interest they would expect mortgages on land to pay interest according to the scale of interest paid in other concerns. Twenty per cent. on loans for a twelve-month is not too much to exact from many mining companies; and if they can get this, with the same outlay for collecting as upon land, they are justified in preferring to invest at 20 per cent.

It is true that I never heard of loans at 20 per cent. upon land; but I entertain little doubt that at the time 15 was being accepted upon farms, the loan companies would not have objected to the farms falling into their hands, and therefore were likely to keep their terms as high as possible. What very few of them foresaw was the depreciation in the value of land which followed the booming times; and from which there is no immediate prospect of the land recovering.

As matters are to-day, many of these loan companies are in a critical position. At any time a bankrupt farmer may give up the struggle and prefer the Klondyke to the anxieties of farming at a dead loss to himself. If such cases should occur frequently, the mortgage companies will find themselves loaded with properties in default of sums loaned. Instead of drawing a profitable interest, they will be compelled to pay a tax for holding unoccupied land. There comes in another consideration—the fall in the value of land improved and fenced will bring properties into the market, which it will very well pay farmers to purchase. They will be able to enter in and take possession of cleared land with good roads at \$15 an acre, or even less, and that in addition to good markets and cheap transport. Compared

with the price of pre-empting uncleared Government land, it must be clearly seen that the old jealousy of the holders of land against Government assisting emigrants, can no longer avail to get \$5 an acre in the neighbourhood of Comox or Cowichan.

Had the Government some years ago borrowed money at $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., and loaned it to farmers at $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. (which is all farming ought to pay), they would still have made a profit—even supposing a special office had to be opened with a special clerical staff. The attitude of Government would have been one of co-operation rather than banking, and wherever a farmer could pay off half or even a third of his loan, Government could have accepted the release, though a private company might legitimately object to the extra trouble involved. There are objections to Government banking, which are so well understood that it is unnecessary to elaborate them; but they apply rather to old-established countries. There was no comprehensible reason why the Government in this young colony could not have placed these loans. The result to the Government of the neglect is that there is dear living—as on Vancouver Island—owing to the struggling state of agriculture, which amounts to ruin where there ought to be prosperity. The result to the loan companies is the working out of the natural law of cause and effect. They have sown ruin for others, and will have to reap the crop themselves.

The subject of mortgages upon land forms a set of questions apart from all others. It refers to the business part of farming—the accounts—and the market prices of produce and transport freights. These matters are interdependent, and no figures can be given to suit all cases. To do so would be to emulate the conduct of the old lady who always gave sixpence to all musicians. She could not see that though what she gave was the same to her, the effect differed considerably whether the recipient was a man and a monkey, or a band of twelve men.

There was evening service at Chilliwack, and on

walking down the street I was greatly struck with the building of the new church. The foundations were put in in concrete, as even two miles from the Fraser the water "seeps" in, and at any time a hole dug four feet deep is sufficient to encourage the river to make its unwelcome appearance. I met Mr. Allan, the parson, and he invited me to spend the evening with him and his wife after service.

I found him very emphatic as to the lack of suitable training in the young fellows who emigrated from the old country. He said that they came out "with no idea of any trade to a country where a knowledge of *some* trade is essential, unable and unaccustomed to do anything for themselves where a man must be able to do *everything* for himself.

He illustrated his statements by some very sad stories, at the end of which he exclaimed, "Ah! It is a cruel waste of good stuff! People at home are so ignorant; and they expect so much from the boys. How would they like it if they had to come out here; but they say, 'Delightful! Such a delightful life! Oh yes. Regie is ranching somewhere in British Columbia!' and they little know what Regie is going through!"

Mr. Allan was strongly averse to premiums. In the middle of his somewhat vehement declamation he stopped, and sat silent, gazing before him. Then he said—

"I was just thinking as I read the first lesson to-night, that the people stoned the prophets for telling the truth. That's just the way with people everywhere. They do not want to be told the truth. But," he continued, "when I think of the things they do in their sinful ignorance it makes me despair. Positively many of them think that the colonies are the right place to send any member of their family to who is '*not very bright*,' as they say. And—— Yes; *but they do it!* I have known poor boys sent out to this place—not '*bright*' enough for them at home! I wouldn't mind if all the suffering did not fall on the boys. But so

long as they get rid of the boy they are ashamed of, they don't care either for him or the place he goes to."

I fear that Mr. Allan did not express himself at all too strongly. Cases came to my knowledge which I am prevented giving, because I do not feel at liberty to publish other people's private affairs; but if I did so, I feel sure that all who read them would agree with me that language could hardly be found strong enough in which to censure the "sinful ignorance" of people at home.

The next day I hired a buggy and drove over to Mr. Wells's farm, Eden Bank. I saw some fine wheat crops outside the town of Chilliwack; but all cereals here are chiefly grown for stock and poultry feeding.

I stopped at Mr. Ogle's store, and he accompanied me to Mr. Thornton's farm on the bench lands. This young man was a new settler who had arrived in the country without a penny. He had built a house for himself with an axe, fenced his holding, and then sent for his father and mother (who were Eastern Canadians) to join him. He had planted a fine orchard of selected kinds of apples, pears, plums, and cherries. This land, being on the hills, did not require draining, and was secure from floods.

When I arrived he was busy mowing hay of timothy and alsike, which was growing between the charred stumps of pine trees. He showed us with special pride a vine splendidly fruited, and said that the previous year's crop had ripened well. The frosts are not so severe on these hills as in the valley, and the soil is drier. He showed me some wheat which his father had sown on the last day of December. It was winter wheat. The straw was wonderfully long and the ear full and large. His mother told me that flour from the white chaffer wheat of that district made a very good loaf, being moister than the Manitoba flour. Mr. Thornton said that sheep did very well; but the losses through coyotes and mountain lions

were very serious. He had a brother living on the next farm, but he was just then down at the fisheries. He went fishing to get capital to put into his land. He did not think that Sumas lake could ever be drained satisfactorily, because the water would always come down from the hills on to the land. It was not merely the rising of the Fraser which caused the lake to expand.

On the way to Mr. Wells's I passed some beautiful hops grown by a Mr. Hulburt. I was afterwards told that these hops were English varieties, and that they realized the best price in the London market. I also drove through a flock of very fine Leicester sheep which were grazing by the roadside. I understood that there is no difficulty at all in selling the wool of this district at good remunerative prices, its quality being quite above the average. Elsewhere I had heard complaints as to the low price for wool.

Mr. Wells's land contrasted with that I had recently seen upon the bench lands. He devoted himself to the business of dairying, and his land being situated in an old river bed, afforded plenty of rich grasses. It had cost little or nothing to clear the land, there being no heavy timber, such as pines or cedars. But the fields were bisected with surface drains. Each field was enclosed, and contained from three to five acres. The drains ran into a large drain outside the fields.

The creamery was on a very large scale, and was worked by steam, the entire business being under the supervision of a man who did nothing else. Besides the yield of his own cows, Mr. Wells bought milk from sixteen farmers on the Babcock test principle—paying them according to the butter value of their supplies. The vat was large enough to hold 500 gallons of milk at a time. From this vat it was passed through a separator, and the cream went to ripen in a large tank. The churn could make 400 lbs. of butter at one churning. There was also a butter worker driven by

steam. The use of steam was evidently an advantage, as the whole process went on at the same time. The skim milk was mixed with meal and used for feeding pigs. Mr. Wells found the Berkshires answered best. Upon the breed of cows he seemed less decided. He had two hundred, most of which were Ayrshires, but he had some Jerseys, and one or two shorthorns.

He considered it quite useless to attempt competing in horse breeding with the ranches at Calgary.

A great feature at the farm was the barn. It consisted of two stories. In the lower one there was accommodation for 100 head of cattle, besides calves. The upper story holds 300 tons of hay besides the silo full of very sweet clover silage. This barn cost \$4000 to build. When I was there they were busy running the hay into the second story, up an incline road constructed of wooden beams. It was packed upon light drays, each drawn by two strong horses of the Eastern Canada type. The hay was thrown up on to the stack by a power fork, an invention I had never seen before. It is admirable for use in stacking hay upon very large or high stacks, and does the work of four men. By its use I saw a whole waggon unloaded in less than five minutes. The fork itself catches the hay with a steel clasp. It costs \$4; but the most expensive part is the arrangement of the track and pulleys by which it runs up to the roof (the barn is 64 feet high), and deposits the hay wherever it is wanted on the stack. A man works it by pulling a rope.

Highly as Mr. Wells valued labour-saving contrivances, he was fully alive to the importance of men who were competent both by nature and training to manage cattle.

Roots, chiefly swedes or *Ruba vega*, are kept in long trenches four feet deep, which is sufficient to preserve them from such frost as this district is liable to.

We afterwards drove round to see the hay. It was a very strong crop of timothy and clover, and there was another barn containing 175 tons. This hay Mr. Wells

intended to sell later in the year in the Rossland district. He reckoned that his land produced about three tons to the acre. Of his 400 acres he had only 45 under plough, and upon these 45 acres he spent all the manure he had, merely grazing his hay-fields. He used no fertilizers at all.

Mr. Wells believed the district to be eminently suitable for certain crops. These were hay, small products, fruit, and dairy products. Wheat he considered too expensive to handle at the present high rate of wages; moreover, it would be difficult to compete with the great wheat lands of Manitoba.

Mr. Wells was far from being a fatalist, yet he remarked that some men failed and some others succeeded in farming, as in other walks of life, from no assignable cause. In farming, he had noticed that a man often succeeded from happening to hit on the right thing to do, apparently accidentally. I believe he said this to caution me against holding up success in one place as an example of what might be done by any one anywhere else.

That evening I returned to Chilliwack and made arrangements to leave the following day.

About three-fourths of the Chilliwack district is mortgaged. Farmers are far too apt to take up mortgages, expecting to be able to pay them off in a year or two. They are also much too careless about the form of the mortgage, and are not aware till too late that the clause rendering them personally liable for the interest has been inserted. Too much stress cannot be laid on this point.

A few years ago land mortgage companies revelled in the Chilliwack district; and some of them proceeded systematically, and with considerable foresight.

Their plan was to employ agents whose business it was to watch the crops and stock on the farms, and get all available information respecting the intrinsic value of the property. This was necessary owing to the fictitious value of land. These companies were too shrewd to

accept even the auction price as the real value. They played the double game of lending sums upon farms at figures which they knew were well below the real value; and yet they claimed the high rate of interest which the auction price of land argued that the land should be able to pay. The matter worked thus: "You say your farm is worth \$4000 *as it is*. With the application of \$1000 it will be worth more. Therefore you can pay me interest according to its value at \$4000, and eventually sell your farm at a higher profit." They seldom lent money at less than 8 to 12 per cent., but the loans were in amounts far below the commonly accepted value of the land.

Still, even the most cautious land companies had really taken mortgages to the full value of the farms, as has been proved since the disappearance of the boom. A man who had a farm valued at \$4000, and only wished to borrow \$1000, would have found an agent willing to lend this money, taking a lien on the whole farm for that amount, bearing interest at 9 per cent.

In consequence of this state of things, and owing to the fall in prices for produce, many of the farms have actually passed into the hands of land companies, who have agreed to keep on the farmer as a tenant. He does not make a farthing beyond the small sum allowed him for living, being personally liable whenever the value has sunk below the amount borrowed. Nor can he escape to make a start elsewhere, notwithstanding that the company will turn him out as soon as they can secure a good purchaser for the farm.

The mortgage companies are now very glad to get land taken up, and eager to sell; but they are much more discriminating than they were as to taking liens on farms. They inquire very closely into a man's methods, in order to ascertain to a nicety how much they may draw from him without ruining him and having the farm thrown on their hands. Of all landlords they are the most exacting. Their difficulty

is to get land taken up by people with sufficient energy, intelligence, and capital of their own to make it safe for them to lend money upon it at 8 or 9 per cent.

The price of land round Sardis is \$150 an acre. A farm of 160 acres, with barns and outbuildings and a house half a mile from Chilliwack, can be bought for \$175 an acre. There are others for \$40 to \$75 an acre; and lower-priced lands are to be had, situated six miles from the village, which are excellent farms, but they have only huts or shacks built on them. These would be sold for about \$15 an acre to \$40 an acre. There is plenty of land for \$5 an acre.

To render him independent, a man requires about £300 capital besides the purchase price of his farm.

It is possible to rent farms for a year or two years at \$2 to \$4 an acre; and it is a very good plan for a new settler to rent a farm and learn the ways of the country before investing in a purchase. But in all transactions with land or mortgage companies, the utmost care must be exercised to avoid liabilities which may mean ruin. If the property mortgaged to the loan companies a few years ago were capitalized to-day, the loss to the companies would be very great. Some of them are, therefore, holding on to the properties, hoping to get back half of the value on which they took up the mortgage. In selling land they will be anxious to add to the price of land the arrears of interest which the original owner has failed to pay since he became merely an occupier. But these arrears of interest are no concern of the new occupier.

There are two ways of buying property in the district of the Lower Fraser. We will take a farm of 160 acres, of which 20 acres are cleared with huts and buildings on it, to be bought complete with the crops standing for £150. The payment could be made in instalments of not less than £15 per annum. The company would probably not hasten the payment at all so long as the farm was being improved.

In addition to the £20 paid on account, a farmer would require £100 divided as follows :—

	£	s.	d.
For implements	40	0	0
For seed and stock	40	0	0
To get ten additional acres burnt and slashed before entering upon property	20	0	0
Paid on account	20	0	0
And he should have in the bank besides	100	0	0
Total	220	0	0

Unquestionably it would be far better to buy the land outright for £150, and be quit of the surveillance and greed of any land or mortgage company whatsoever.

The climate of Chilliwack is said to resemble that of Central France. It is out of the range of the coast fogs, and its worst feature in winter is the cutting wind from the north-east. Other people compare the climate to that of Essex in Ontario. There is no doubt that dredging and dyking the Fraser river would add immeasurably to the desirability of this district for settlement.

I left Chilliwack in the afternoon of the 27th of July, and, there being no steamer, I crossed by a ferry managed by an old Scot, who had a monopoly of the business. I and two other passengers were driven by him in a rigg a distance of four miles in an hour and ten minutes; the sun above us was scorching, and being cramped up in the rigg, which was driven by Mac at a foot pace, was most trying. On reaching the river, we embarked, after sundry delays, in a small boat, Mac simply dropping the harness off his fat old horse and turning it loose in the bush. At length Mac hoisted a sail. We passed some Indians who were fishing, and their nets were full to bursting of sockeyes; they had camped on a sandbank, and their take of fish was hanging to dry in the sun. On rounding a point, a sudden gust caught our sail and took us in the wrong direction. We drew up at a sandbar, to take down the sail and get out the oars, and on this sandbar there

were seven ravens; they watched our dilemma with callous cynicism, croaking to one another apparently about us and our affairs. I felt so incensed at their human impudence, that I threw a stick at them as we went off. Will it be credited that these birds ducked their heads as the stick went over them, and remained there croaking to each other? I believe them to be opportunists; I do not think they hunt, but they take advantage of whatever comes in their way, and plenty comes to those who wait.

I joined the C.P.R. at Harrison bridge, and, arriving at Agassiz, went to call upon Mr. Sharp at the experimental farm after dinner.

CHAPTER XVII.

AGASSIZ.

THE English tourist who books a passage in London by the C.P.R. across the continent imagines that he sees a great deal of British Columbia as he rattles through in the cars. And he certainly gets a very fair idea of the mountains, glaciers, rivers, and forests; but he is as far as ever he was from knowing the riches and fertility of the country.

If he were to "stop off" at Agassiz, he would be all the better for the rest and refreshment; and if he were to visit the experimental farm, he would see sights such as would convince him that British Columbia is of a truth a gracious and grateful land. He would also find Mr. Sharpe a delightful guide, an enthusiast in his particular work, and devoted to the cause of husbandry.

The experience is unique—of finding the small commencement of what we in the old country have inherited from many generations of agricultural forefathers.

At Agassiz, a rough piece of ground was selected to test crops, fruits, and shrubs. There are Russian pears, English apples, American plums—in fact, Hungary, Germany, and France all contributed to the orchard at Agassiz. And never in my life have I seen such crops! Literally, the trees lay down with fruit upon them as thick as leaves; but it was the colour and the quality which struck me especially, and the total freedom from blight or disease of any kind.

The cherries are a very good crop, and ripen earlier than in England. Mr. Sharpe told me that he had had some ripe enough to gather on the 24th of May.

The peaches are less satisfactory. They grow very well, forming handsome standards; but it seems that the late frosts in the spring and cold wind destroys the blossom, and consequently the trees seldom bear. There was one tree literally loaded with peaches about the size of a florin; when ripe they measured about two inches in diameter. The apricots, again, did not succeed; they grew vigorously and with plenty of good wood, but they did not bear, or if they did the fruit was small.

Fruit trees grow very rapidly at Agassiz. Mr. Sharpe showed me a plum tree which was two and a half feet high when it was planted in 1892; when I saw it (in 1897) it was over 16 feet high, with a splendid top, plenty of lateral branches, and heavily loaded with fine fruit. Among pears I was very struck with the old *Bonne Chretienne* and the *Duchess d'Angoulême*, also some American canning varieties. Pears, plums, and cherries evidently answered to perfection; peaches required shelter from the bitter winds in early spring; apples were good, but it was a little early in the year to judge of their flavour; every variety of small fruit grew well and bore prolifically.

Mr. Sharpe was strongly of the opinion that all land where fruit of good quality and flavour was grown required periodical manuring, if the fruit was to maintain its flavour. He recommended potash, lime, and farmyard manure applied at different seasons. He had a crop of clover sown round the trees in the orchard, which he intended to plough in in the autumn. The idea of a southern slope being necessary for fruit was contradicted here, Mr. Sharpe having found such crops as apples were started too early in the winter, and suffered in consequence from the late frosts.

Some interesting experiments in vines had resulted in their being abandoned. Both the growth and the crop

was satisfactory, but the autumn rains and consequent loss of sun prevented the flavour equalling the Ontario produce.

In order to render his experiments of wider significance, Mr. Sharpe had made plantations of different kinds of fruit—including English gooseberries, vines, and peaches—on the mountain at different altitudes.

After luncheon we began to climb to these experimental orchards, the first of which was about 200 feet above the level of the plain. Mr. Sharpe found that both peaches and vines answered better than in the plain, but even here they were uncertain. The fruit was simply planted where the birch and alders had been cut down and their rotten stumps kicked out. The ground was not ploughed or dug, and no manure was given the trees, the natural soil being a rich light loam. Spraying he found to be quite unnecessary, except in rare cases for green fly in early spring.

As we went on climbing from one plantation to another, Mr. Sharpe gave me an account of such meteorological notes as he had been able to take of the climate of the different altitudes. It struck me that the difference was quite as great as any I had heard of in Natal.

There was more sunshine on the hills, yet, contrary to experiences elsewhere, the fruit did not suffer from frost in consequence. The peach-trees grew less rampant, but equally healthy, while the fruit ripened earlier than in the plain, where the fog would often protect the trees from the effect of sun upon frost. He ascribed the greater amount of sun on the mountain to the absence of fog. He had often been working on the hill in March and early April, and found the sun unpleasantly hot, and when he returned to the plain his sun-recorder had recorded no sun that day. It struck me afterwards that the aspect had something to do with the immunity from frost. The snowfall in autumn commences very early in the mountains. He pointed to the great peak of Che-am (a poetical Indian

name, meaning "Beloved"), and said that snow fell there as early as the 10th of September.

From time to time we sat down to rest and enjoy the view over the wide expanse of the Agassiz valley, the Fraser river, Chilliwack, Popcum, and Sumas lake, with the American boundary in the far distance. This early attempt of converting the wilderness into a garden was very fascinating. The mixture of wild forest and choice fruits, the freedom of the unfenced orchards, which yet never suffered from human depredations, recalled pages in old chronicles when monks first experimented with the mulberry and vine in the southern counties of England, and brought the hautbois strawberry from France. Sitting on a huge sun-baked boulder, with the gurgle of a stream close by, and watching a vine throw its wild growth over a rock, where its branches of half-ripe fruit lay upon the surface, which reflected and retained the heat of the mid-day sun, I could fancy that close by I should find the cave of a hermit, with the crucifix and skull, and his bed of rushes. Suddenly Mr. Sharpe returned, and broke in on my reverie by throwing a handful of English gooseberries into my lap.

We were then 500 feet above the plain, and had got some way to climb to reach the topmost plantation. Part of the way led through a thick undergrowth of silver or paper birch (which grew to almost 50 feet high), alder, maple, and fir trees. I found a corpse plant, or, as it is sometimes called, an Indian smoke-pipe, though it is certainly the most unique representation of a corpse in a white shroud that could be imagined. There was also a quantity of the syringa, or wild orange, goat-beard spirea, Solomon seal, and many lilies producing berries, besides thimbleberries, which are very good to eat.

We occupied the time of our rests by discussing the oft-occurring and never-failing problem of how to fit the people at home to enter in and enjoy this fruitful land. I could only look on the land in silence as it lay before

me, its great advantages calling to humanity. In contrast I thought of the multitudes living on the verge of starvation, with no prospect but the workhouse.

Mr. Sharpe was not sympathetic. He knew nothing of these crowded centres. His experience of the failures who came drifting down the line from the great world was bitter. He told me how they sank down to be "lower than Siwashes—especially," he added, "gentlemen's sons. The graves of many of them are in that forest, just where they have died."

"Will you make no bid for the children?" I asked.

"Not unless they are properly trained to be of some use, and likely to succeed," he answered dryly.

"You must bid quickly. There are many against you."

"No one can offer our advantages," he said, slowly.

It was difficult to explain to him what these cities were like.

"'We bid,' said Pest and Famine—
'We bid for life and limb;
Fever and pain and squalor
Their bright young eyes shall dim.
When the children grow too many,
We'll nurse them as our own,
And hide them in secret places
Where none may hear their moan.'

"'And I'll bid higher and higher,'
Said Crime, with a wolfish grin;
'For I love to lead the children
Through the pleasant paths of sin
They shall swarm in streets to pilfer,
They shall plague the broad highway,
Till they grow too old for pity—
Just ripe for the law to slay.

"'Prison and hulk and gallows
Are many in the land;
'Twere folly not to use them,
So proudly do they stand.

Give me the little children ;
I'll take them as they're born,
And feed their evil passions
With misery and scorn.' ”

“Is that so?” he asked, as I finished drawing the picture. “All the same, doesn't it seem hopeless to think of them here?”

I could not answer him. I felt that so much required to be done by the people at home to save this awful waste.

“It's a shame, I think,” he said presently, “that such things should be.”

“It requires patience,” I added, “and *there must be failures*. Look at all that Moses went through in training a people to become a nation. And then—when all is said and done—the further I go in this country, the more I am struck with the way our British lads *are* pushing the country along. You dwell on the failures, but I know of successes too many to count! And if success comes to your country, it will be through Great Britain. Nine-tenths of those I have met came out here avowedly because there was no scope for them at home. Because a man may fail at home—for the army, for instance—it is no reason why he should fail in the colonies, but quite the reverse. High spirits are necessary to overcome hardship, but high spirits are dangerous at home. Recklessness is only courage let go too far with no worthy object. Even extravagance out here, if directed well, would be useful.

“Let us take a certain class of men and we shall find that the very dash with which they went into things has broken the ice, and since opened a free passage for steadier craft.

“Look back to the Hudson's Bay Company and the old North-West, who were not irreproachable. God Himself has much to forgive; but if the Bible was not inspired by Him, it at least shows more knowledge of human nature than the average man can boast. If

sometimes natures which bear up under suffering, disappointment, loneliness, and danger, become boisterous and they 'sin with a cart-rope,' I would rather not sit on the judgment-seat to condemn them."

But I cannot help seeing that there are those here to-day who are ready enough to tempt these boys. The ruining of a "tender-foot" is the livelihood of a certain set. We are taught to pray, "*Lead us not into temptation,*" but the law, unfortunately, is too often ready to punish the sinner; whereas, to be consistent, it is the tempter, who profits pecuniarily by the sin of others, who should be mulcted of his gains and pilloried.

Though I spoke thus, I knew very well that there was much sorrowful truth in Mr. Sharpe's stories, and we could "bury the hatchet," because I believe that no one is more ready to lend a hand to help a settler than he is. He was anxious to save me from befriending worthless objects; besides, he knew the real suffering which the life entailed on men who are not fitted for it. It is there that the waste takes place. It is most obvious in the Colonies, because men's lives are laid bare in every detail; but it goes on at home, though it may not be so deadly. The waste is the same in all classes, but "*the gentlemen's sons are the worst.*"

The education is at fault. Perhaps it is scarcely elastic enough. There is an idea prevalent that a gentleman's education compels him to learn certain things which, in point of fact, in after life he may never require. The heir to a great estate is taught Greek, but he is not taught book-keeping; while the boy whose father owns the village shop learns what is essential to the squire. They may meet later in life, and the boy from the village shop knows more than the squire.

The pet conceit of the schoolmaster is that public schools form boys' characters, and fit them for any position in life. The rest "comes easily," they say. Banking, commerce—these things can be learnt by subsequent training; but the previous training has not been

as good as the schools pretend. There is, besides, a discipline which circumstances furnish, but which can never be so well acquired as in boyhood, in dealing with plain matter-of-fact realities. Perhaps the girls have hitherto had too much of the "trivial round and common task" which directs attention to practical matters. The boy whose character has been "formed by a public school" is a complete puzzle. Formed! It may be so—about as much formed as the ground at the bottom of the sea. One day there will come an upheaval—which is not a bad thing, as it often throws a little light on the stuff the boy is made of, and provided it only happens once; but even then the course is not always clear. Too often the forming of the character has to be done in the rough school of the world, and it is not till too late that the boy, looking back, sees what he ought to have learnt and how he should have been trained. And by this time he is a broken-hearted man.

Boys may do something towards educating themselves, apart from the schools. If they will make up their minds what they intend to do, they may do much to train themselves. Not only can they acquire habits of handiness and self-reliance, which schoolmasters can hardly give them; but there is nothing to prevent them obtaining a fair rudimentary knowledge of common useful trades.

Girls have done a great deal towards obtaining a wide basis for their education. They are not content with book-learning alone. I know a graduate of London who made her own dresses, and made them tastefully and well; and instances abound of girls who combine the strictest mental training with outdoor sports and exercises. Further than this, there is a thoroughness in all they do, which enables them to regard cooking or nursing as better than accomplishments. Moreover, those women who appreciate culture are usually the ones who shine in practical matters as housekeepers.

With the boys there is one distinctly hopeful feature

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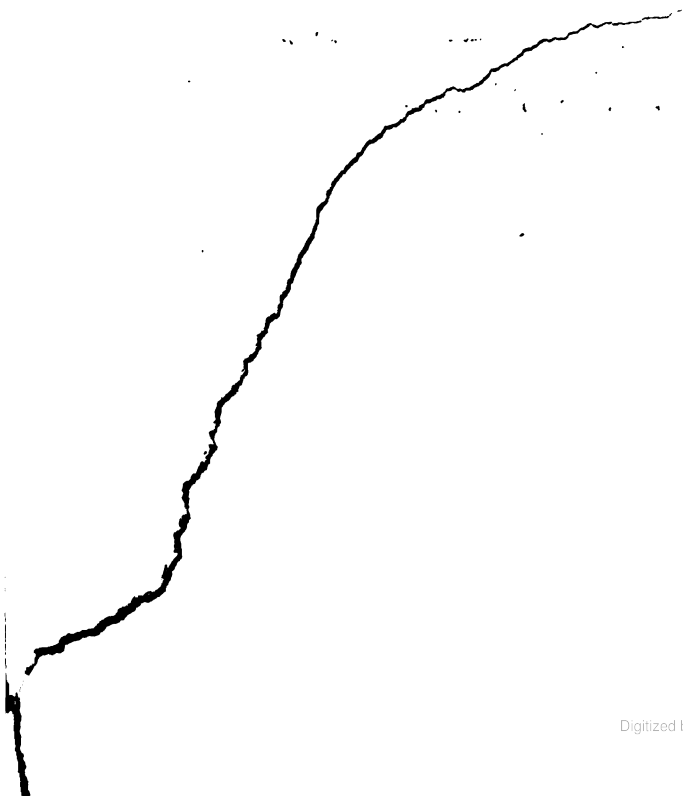
—they have learnt to appreciate self-inflicted “training,” on the score of the sound physical health or “fitness” it ensures. There is something akin to worship in the way they regard a sound physique. This must teach them habits of self-control, and give them the power of directing their energy steadily towards a given object.

Possibly the so-called best people, as a class, will always stay at home. They certainly cannot be forced to emigrate. But I doubt very seriously whether their advent as settlers would be found much more popular than that of the others, after they had once been welcomed with a becoming kid-glove and white-shirt reception.

The Colonies offer a splendid field for the run-mad energies for which the old world is too small. For men who could walk from Montreal to Labrador, leaving red tracks in the snow from their bleeding feet, who could explore treacherous rivers in bark canoes, driving down dark canyons, where not even Indians had been before, are hardly likely to “get on” in the small sphere of home life, and it is fortunate that the Colonies offer them such splendid chances.

It is true that failures at home do go abroad; and just on this score the Colonies have gained some of their best men. I know at least of one young fellow in one of our Colonies who certainly made a pitiable failure at home. But where he is now his thoughts and energies are fully engrossed with large schemes, which, if they succeed, will be of great benefit to the country and the empire. Had he not blundered execrably at home, he would never have dreamt of going to the Colonies. Human nature is so constituted that we cannot expect all men to behave as if they were in the kingdom of heaven already. Most of us have many failures to recover from, and experience justifies me in believing that the angels of heaven find more to cheer and delight them in the Colonies than in Exeter Hall itself. It is ungenerous to harp upon the backsliding of the few

goats among the many sheep, and gloat over the lives which have sunk "lower than the Siwash." I own to a sense of unspeakable satisfaction and gratitude when I recall how often I have seen my country's flag flying proudly from some ancient citadel, or with its heavy folds flapping against the ragged thorn pole at the last outpost of the desert, realizing that it was young British energy and pluck which planted it there, and that the people above whom it flies—no matter their colour, their race, or their creed—are the happiest and the freest in the world.



CHAPTER XVIII.

VERNON.

I CANNOT pretend to give any adequate idea of the work carried on by Mr. Sharpe at Agassiz. This book can only be regarded as a sketch or index, and merely gives my own passing impressions. The reader will find Mr. Sharpe's report most interesting reading. Also the report of the Department of Agriculture for British Columbia—a veritable mine of instruction—will repay perusal by many people who, though interested in agriculture, have no intention of emigrating themselves.

The following morning, shortly after breakfast, Mrs. Agassiz called for me, with her daughter, and took me for a drive round the neighbourhood of Agassiz.

I was greatly interested to meet Mrs. Agassiz, to whom I brought a letter. She was the first of the New England loyalists I had met. She had much to tell me of a long experience in British Columbia, dating from the time of the Cariboo gold rush.

I gathered, from what she told me, that fruit and vegetables with hay were the crops at Agassiz. She mentioned potatoes as excelling, so that salesmen kept cards with Agassiz potatoes to place upon the samples in their windows. She believed that dairy farming would answer; but there was no creamery, and she did not think there were enough farmers to take it up. Sheep flourished; but they were only recently introduced, and she was afraid the coyotes would give great trouble. She was very anxious that I should see some

hops, grown on Sir A. Shepney's land, which were considered fully equal to the best grown at home.

Mrs. Agassiz spoke very kindly of the Indians, and was much in favour of people endeavouring to teach them to work. She employed a Chinaman herself, but she had often had Indians to work for her from time to time; and found that with patience and firmness they could learn almost anything, and be improved almost indefinitely.

My next stopping place was Vernon, and to reach it I had to proceed by the C.P.R. through the Fraser canyon.

By the courtesy of the company I was allowed to travel through the canyon on the cab of the engine. The story of the exploration which started in the spring of 1808, to ascertain the course of the Fraser river, is very well given in Mr. Alexander Beggs' delightful "History of British Columbia."

"Mr. Fraser, with Messrs. John Stuart, Maurice Quesnel, and a crew of nineteen men and two Indians, started in four canoes. . . . The Indians Mr. Fraser met were friendly . . . they informed him that the descent of the river was extremely dangerous, that he could not go on, and that the whole party would meet with destruction if they made the attempt. The object of the undertaking being to follow the river to its mouth, Fraser declined to turn back. . . . On June 1st, five days after they started, the river narrowed to a canyon, in which they lost one of their three canoes. On the 5th, the river contracted to a width of not over thirty yards between precipices, the water turbulent, noisy, and awful to behold. They made a portage of a mile over most difficult ground, leaving the men harassed by fatigue. On the 6th, finding a cascade and whirlpool hemmed in by huge rocks, to avoid portaging, they lightened the canoes and ran the rapids. On the 9th, the channel contracted to about forty yards, and is enclosed by two precipices of immense height, which, bending towards each other, make it narrower above than below. The water, which rolls down this extraordinary passage in tumultuous waves and with great velocity, had a frightful appearance. However, it being absolutely impossible to carry canoes by land, all hands without hesitation embarked as

it were a *corps perdu* upon the mercy of the awful tide. . . . Skimming along as fast as lightning, the crews, cool and determined, followed each other in awful silence; and when we arrived at the end we stood gazing at each other in silent congratulation on our narrow escape from total destruction."

The journal from which these extracts are taken continues to relate how the rapids became "worse, if possible, being a continual series of cascades intercepted by rocks, and bounded by precipices and mountains that seemed at times to have no end." Even men of their nerve could proceed no further on the foaming stream. They were compelled to abandon their canoes, and started to travel the rugged banks on foot, each with a load of eighty pounds. They reached the tide water below Spuzzum, which is the end of the canyon, on July the 1st, but found the coast Indians so troublesome that they started to return by the route they had come, and reached Fort George on the 6th of August.

I thoroughly enjoyed this remarkable scenery, and had time permitted I should have liked to spend a few days at North Bend, to have seen a little more of the river. It always seemed to be at war with the mountains—worrying them, teasing them, and fighting to get its own wilful way, in spite of their best efforts to control and direct it. Nor was it possible to help rejoicing with it in its triumph.

I reached Vernon early on the 31st of July, and having deposited my luggage at the Kalamalka hotel, I lost no time in going to see Mr. Henderson, of the bank of Montreal, who afterwards accompanied me to the Government office to see Mr. Norris.

Vernon is situated in the Yale district, which is full of valleys and lakes. It is connected with the C.P.R. by the Okanagan and Shuswap railway, which runs from Sicamus junction to the northern end of Lake Okanagan. Agriculturally, this is one of the richest and finest districts in the whole of British Columbia. Good

waggon-roads run through most of the valleys, and the land is pretty nearly filled up. Steamers run down Okanagan lake in connection with the trains, and call at Kelowna and Penticton. It is a very good wheat-growing district, and is commonly called the granary of British Columbia—but apples, plums, small fruits, tomatoes, onions, potatoes, pears, cherries, hops, and tobacco, all answer well in Okanagan; while in the lower part of the lake peaches fruit well, and are of excellent flavour.

Irrigation is not always necessary, but it is not safe to trust to the rainfall, which is very much less than on the lower Fraser. In some districts irrigation is essential, but a great deal depends on the crop. Very little or no water-storage is necessary. The method is to irrigate the bench-lands by leading out the mountain streams which fall upon the hillsides. A peculiar feature here is the variation in the land under grain. The soil in some places giving indications of exhaustion, the farmers have allowed it to lie fallow, turning their cattle in to eat the volunteer crop, while other fresh land is taken for wheat.

The valleys run from two to four miles between the foothills. The crops of wheat run to a ton, and ton and a half, per acre, and occasionally to two tons. The quality of the wheat is superior to Ontario, and ranks next to Manitoba A 1. The wheat and oats are such exceptional crops in this district, that the farmers have directed special attention to them; but it is to be wished that they would consider planting fruit trees of suitable kinds, as a stand-by, when the wheat crop fails, which it is liable to do in dry seasons.

About three years ago the farmers of the valley formed a company and raised the capital for a mill. The affair was started under the Joint Stock Act, but it works upon co-operative principles. Each farmer subscribed \$100. By this means the buildings were erected, and the machinery bought. The wheat is received at the mill upon the current market price. At the close of the year

5 per cent. is set aside as a sinking fund. The original shareholders receive 5 per cent. on all moneys subscribed by them.

The farmers bring their wheat to be separated and cleaned by the mill separators and cleaners, and receive back all the rubbish for stock-feeding purposes. They each receive a ticket with the amount due to them upon each consignment written upon it. At the end of year—after all expenses have been paid, the sinking fund and interest on capital provided for—the balance is distributed amongst the farmers according to the tonnage that each has delivered.

This movement is one of the first steps towards co-operation, which is a most essential, but strangely lacking, feature in British Columbia agriculture. It seems possible that if the farmers continue to co-operate for milling, that the business may be developed into a farmers' bank, for loaning money to farmers upon easy terms. Few things could be more beneficial. Firstly, it would make all the difference to farmers to pay only 4 or 5 per cent., instead of 8 or 9; and secondly, every facility would be given them to pay off their mortgage, in part or altogether, at any time that they found themselves able to do so.

Of the three mills supported by the district, which are all good paying concerns, two are owned by R. P. Rither and Co., of Victoria, and the third at Armstrong is the Farmers' Co-operative.

Plenty of machinery is used on the land, in order to save labour; and it is always of the best and newest description.

Though the effects of drought in this country are a great drawback, there is one feature in the grain-growing which should not be omitted, and that is, the late frosts which prove disastrous in the North-West are here unknown. Provided a farmer can irrigate with one good soaking after seeding, and another when the crop is about three-parts grown, he is certain of results. The expense of raising water to the bench-lands in some

districts is a great consideration for a man with small capital, and cannot be recommended.

Next in importance to wheat is the cattle-ranching. The worst feature in this business is the inhuman practice of starving cattle in winter upon the ranches. Round Vernon the thermometer runs down to twenty-five degrees below zero, and there is a heavy snowfall besides, which covers up the grass. The wretched cattle die by hundreds, and no attempt is made to save them. There are, it is true, a few fenced yards. Often straw, and sometimes hay, is thrown on the ground. But cattle require shelter and good water.

It appeared to me to be a mistaken idea of competing in cheapness with the North-West—whereas it is a case of accepting smaller profits, and getting the rest back by some other means.

Of course where men have fifteen hundred head of cattle, it is unquestionably difficult to devise an economical plan whereby they may all be fed and sheltered. But if we look at the ranges we shall see that they have been over-stocked in most instances, and in fact it may be said that over-stocking will kill the cattle-ranching in British Columbia. There are too many cattle for the ranches as a rule, and it is strange that people in districts such as Agassiz could not pick up cattle cheaply in the autumn, and make a profit by fattening them on roots and silage. But the ranchers prefer to risk losing their cattle, and therefore keep more than they have made provision for. The idea amongst many farmers is held very strongly that they are being done out of a profit if they sell anything under the top price. Therefore, if men cannot sell cattle at first-rate summer prices, they prefer to let them die of starvation, and are indifferent to the sound of the wretched creatures moans.

A good story was told me concerning the farmers' determination to secure the best price. There were two brothers, and one desired to sell a portion of his land. The other was at that time looking out for a piece of

additional property, and offered a price which was accepted. A year or so passed, and trouble came, obliging him to raise money, and he parted with the piece of land for a third more than he gave for it. Meeting his brother by chance, he told him what he had done. The sale of the land was no offence; but the idea that it should have gone for a higher price than he received, filled the brother with rage, which has never cooled to this day.

The principle on which the large ranchers work their cattle, is to let the cattle run loose for three years, and sell them for the fat summer price of \$27.50, which, it is reckoned, leaves them \$15 clear profit when all expenses are discharged. The land is in very large holdings where this system of ranching obtains, and where it is not fenced the cost of labour in managing a great many head of cattle is very great. Hence there is a percentage of waste out of which other men might live. These large territories are not economical farming unless a man can start in with considerable capital, and fence and provide shelter.

I could not help attributing the small poor cattle to the hardships which those which survive must undergo.

The reason why the land has passed into large holdings is partly on account of an old land act, known as the Homestead Act of 1872. This provided that a man might pre-empt 320 acres at a dollar an acre. But they could get it free for paying the survey. The charge in those days for surveying* 320 acres was \$20, that is, six cents, or about three farthings, an acre. They could take out as many lots of 320 acres on those terms as they pleased.

The rainfall and snowfall differ greatly in different valleys. In Kelowna there is no snow to speak of. In Armstrong there is both more snow and more rain.

At all times the rain is apt to be extremely local. It is guided by the hills, and there is some reason to fear

* The fee for survey at the present day amounts to \$48 for 320 acres.

that too much cutting down of the forests will diminish the rainfall.

There are a great many young fellows who came into this district with little or no capital, and have been living very hard, frugal lives, just able to pay their mortgages. But the exceptionally fine harvest of 1897 will, it is to be hoped, have enabled most of them to get free of the incubus, and render life easier for them.

At the bottom of Okanagan lake is Penticton, and here lives the greatest and most successful rancher in British Columbia, Mr. Tom Ellis. I went down the lake and visited the ranch, but unluckily Mr. Ellis himself was from home. This range probably covers some 50,000 acres. There are smaller holdings, extending along the shores of Vaseaux lake and banks of the Okanagan river down to the American border. A good deal of intelligence is put into this business, and it may be cited as the best example of British Columbian ranching.

The system pursued is to turn the cattle loose all the summer on the mountains; then in winter-time put them inside fences on the foot-hills, where the bunch grass has not been grazed. It must be understood that bunch grass has no aftermath, and once fed down is gone for the year. A limited number are fed, and all those which are thin or requiring care, and the young stock.

They are divided into herds and kept separate. The favourite breed is Shorthorn, crossed with Hereford, which are preferred to the Aberdeen or Polled Angus. There seems to be an absurd prejudice among the butchers in favour of heavy horns.

The feed is grown in the flats, where irrigation can be obtained, and valleys, and consists of oat hay, clover hay, timothy hay, and grass hay. Taxes are no higher here than up the valley; and Mr. Ellis appears to have no difficulty in obtaining labour.

Owing to improved breeding and care, the cattle on this ranch dress to a better weight—the steers reaching on an average 700 lbs., and cows 650 lbs. The same

practice prevails here as elsewhere of selling cattle for butchering before they are matured. It is very seldom that any beast is kept above three years, and at one time they were regularly slaughtered at two years old. Mr. Ellis has had steers which made 800 lbs., but I could not learn whether it was due to age, or breed, or treatment that they reached this figure.

Mr. Ellis divides his herds, and places them under ranchmen, and rides round himself to inspect what is going on.

There is very little snow at this end of the lake, and the thermometer very seldom drops below zero.

Mr. Wade, a relation of Mr. Ellis, drove me out to the ranch. I saw the crops growing splendidly in what was at one time a dry valley. There were great stacks of hay, clover grass, and timothy. There were also oats ready for reaping. In the garden I saw some very fine roots under irrigation. A potato cultivator had been driven between the rows of carrots and man-golds, and the water let down in the trough, the earth having been thrown up over the roots. The soil was light but rich, being evidently a deposit of silt from the foot-hills, in what was once an old river-bed. Below there were boulders which allowed for plenty of drainage. Below the boulders there was said to be clay, which retained the moisture. By digging three feet water could nearly always be obtained in these flats; but Mr. Ellis drew his supplies for irrigation from numerous small streams which ran into a creek, and when this became low, which it did towards midsummer, the necessity of irrigation was passed.

The fruit trees—apples, pears, plums, and peaches—had suffered from aphids in some years, but diligent spraying had completely cured them, and they looked the picture of health. They were loaded to breaking—some kinds even more so than the trees at Agassiz. Their branches were propped, but many of the trees were broken nevertheless. The pears were not so good as the peaches. Not only were the peach trees breaking

under the crop, but the flavour was delicious, and the air loaded with the perfume. There were raspberries still bearing prolifically, and English gooseberries, but these last were on the wane.

Mr. Wade drove me back to the inn, where I spent an uneasy night, owing to the crowds of mosquitoes; and perhaps my dreams, which were of forests of fruit trees, were the penalty for the number of peaches I ate.

The foot-hills forming the shore at Okanagan lake continue some way back from the lake. It is on these that the bunch grass grows, but Mr. Ellis refreshes the pastures by sowing suitable grass seeds, which the cattle tread in. Timothy, red top, and cockstail, answer according to the dryness or dampness of the soil.

Altogether the system pursued by Mr. Ellis is the most advanced ranching; and if he owns a good deal of land, he certainly turns it to good account. His losses in winter amount to about one per cent. He also employs a good deal of labour, paying in winter-time \$80 a month to men for fencing or repairing fences.

I have all the more pleasure in giving these facts because of two statements which were made to me by people who are recognized as authorities. In the first place, I was told that Mr. Ellis's land was only worth \$1 an acre; but I do not think that, considering the business it supports, \$1 an acre represents its value; though I cannot say what the land might be worth in other hands, that is to say, apart from Mr. Ellis.

The second statement was made to me at Calgary—that the British Columbian cattle are so bad that the butchers will not buy them. This was emphatically contradicted by Mr. Hull, and I had the satisfaction of seeing Mr. Pat Burns, with Mr. Ellis, junior, riding into Rossland with a herd of about three hundred fine cattle from this range.

From Penticton there is a rough road on which a stage runs into Trail and Rossland. This is a mining district nearly all the way; and when the railway is opened which is in contemplation, a great deal of the

small produce of Okanagan will find an excellent market.

As it is, the two necessities of Okanagan are cheap transport and cheap labour. The farming industry has to support the transport and the labour market, and with prices ruling where transport is direct, as along the Spokane-Nelson line, and with the cheap labour in the States, Okanagan farmers have no chance whatever. But railways are of little use without telegraphs, and it is to be hoped that the telegraph will come down the fertile shores of Long lake to Kelowna very shortly.

The next desideratum is that farmers shall learn to co-operate. Without system and control it is impossible for transport rates to be reduced, or for the market supplies to be regulated so as to secure prices for the produce.

CHAPTER XIX.

KELOWNA AND COLDSTREAM.

At Kelowna, where I stopped on my way up the lake, I found Mr. Smith very much in earnest in behalf of the Kelowna Shippers' Union. He found great difficulty in meeting the farmers' rooted idea that prices could be secured by withholding produce. This was very easy in the old days before the railway, but under present circumstances it was a case of the farmers considering at what price they could afford to sell, and parting with as much of their produce as possible directly they saw all expenses covered and a margin of profit.

The previous year hay, and especially potatoes, could not be sold for a price which covered expenses; but when I was there consignments of hay and potatoes were being collected upon the wharf by the Shippers' Union, and as soon as they could be bulked into car-loads, they would be shipped into the mining districts at car-load rates.

It is manifestly impossible for the railway to deal profitably with small consignments at odd times, but specially low rates are allowed for car-load lots.

While I was there the chief difficulty seemed to be the procuring of an agent to dispose of the produce in the mining centres. The agents on the spot asked an enormous percentage, while the fare and time of an agent sent round to dispose of the produce in the open

market was so expensive as to take the cream off the profits.*

There is often a very strong feeling against the railway which is wholly unreasonable. The effect of the railway upon the farmer is to cheapen the transport of machinery, equalize wages, bring down the prices of groceries, clothing, and hardware, and enable produce to be raised in larger quantities than the local market can consume. But the new cloth cannot be patched on to the old garment. The old conditions of farming must be set aside. Under the old system farmers regarded their stock as to be sold at their own convenience, or just when they wanted the money. In one place I came to, I found them still using a system of barter. If a man wanted a stove he selected a pig and took it to the store; if he wanted a cooking-pot he caught a few fowls, if they were handy. The railway has introduced a system of greater exactitude, and makes cash the basis of all business. The first to profit by this change are the consumers. But ultimately, when the management of farming is understood upon the same business lines as mining or trade, it will be found that the farmers have gained quite as much. There must be the same close attention to cutting down expenses, the same readiness

* Since writing the above I have received a most encouraging account of the progress in the work of the Shippers' Union. "I am glad to be able to report," says the manager, "that my stay in the Kootenay resulted in orders for fifteen car-loads of vegetables, and promises of ten more, five of which we subsequently filled, and had it not been for the sudden closing of the season, I should have been able to credit my trip with the full number (twenty-five). As it is, results are more satisfactory than I ever anticipated. . . . Organization and better connections are certain to tell in our favour. It is our intention to introduce machinery where possible and reduce the cost of production. When this is done we will, I think, have little to fear from American competition. Many farmers who at first looked with suspicion on us, are beginning to realize the value of a concern such as ours, and have signified their readiness to contract for the supply of vegetables in quantities. Our total trade to date is thirty-seven cars of vegetables and hay, and this should reach sixty before the close of the financial year. A small quantity when the extent and possibilities of the valley are taken into account, but still a good beginning, and one we can improve on. It is satisfactory to know that although the above is a comparatively poor showing, we have handled all there was to handle."

to adopt improved methods, and, above all things, the same power of amalgamation in farming as in trade.

The point which I could not decide was how far the small farms could meet the new circumstances. I came to the conclusion at last that it resolved itself into the old question of co-operation. But on the whole I believe that large farms with large capital, and thorough business management, will give the best returns.

At Kelowna there is a good deal of alkali. This subject is always an interesting one. At Kelowna I found that it took two forms, and was called black alkali and white alkali. The black alkali was found in black soil, and there was no white powder or efflorescence, but it was very deadly to vegetation. The white alkali showed the white crystals in lines on the edges of surface drains, and sometimes over soil which had been irrigated. It was looked upon as harmless, if not beneficial, to any crops, even fruit or tobacco.

It struck me that the alkali was probably in the water which ran in streams from the foot-hills, though in very small quantities. The soil on the surface was light sand and a little clay, underneath it was gravel and boulders. One man told me that he found it a good plan on some ground to put in a crop of mangel every few years, as he believed these roots checked the alkali whenever it became too strong in the soil. He seemed to think that this crop absorbed it, but possibly the deep ploughing accounted for the beneficial result.

I saw very disastrous effects of black alkali in patches in certain fields, while on other farms there were several acres rendered barren by it. In some places the vegetation turned blood red and died, in others a rough coarse grass, something similar to pampas grass, but without the feathery tips, grew, but was utterly useless. Soon afterwards I passed some fields full of very rich crops of oats and wheat, growing upon land which was at one time so strongly alkali as to be considered valueless. A farmer had taken the land for a bagatelle, and

for years he had been laughed at for wasting his time in perpetual ploughing and manuring with farmyard manure. The result as I saw it was that this man had the finest crops of cereals in the neighbourhood.

The opinion of many people is that alkali in itself is a positive gain, but the excess of it is poisonous, and must be checked or reduced. It is even believed that the reclaimed alkaline lands are likely to remain fertile longer, as well as to produce better crops, than are non-alkaline properties.

The tobacco of Messrs. Collins and Homan interested me extremely. The soil is well suited for this crop at Kelowna, containing lime, and being annually refreshed by the silt from the hills. As the value of tobacco depends principally upon flavour, and flavour being largely a matter of soil, there is a great field for high-class, intelligent farming. The yield is pretty considerable, being 2000 lbs. to the acre of pipe tobacco, and about 1200 lbs. to 1500 lbs. of the best Spanish cigar-leaf. This leaf is especially suitable for wrappers.

Some sheds and stores were erected, and the drying and storing of the tobacco commenced systematically.

The whole business, however, was only started by the first planting of tobacco three years previously; and as there is no product requiring more experience, not only in the treatment for the general market, but also in growing and curing, it is impossible to pronounce a verdict at present. All that can be said is that the industry is a very promising one and in good hands.

As a marketable article, tobacco ranks with tea and wine, being intimately associated with trade processes, such as grading and blending to suit the taste of various markets.

It is, in fact, a large subject from beginning to end, but extremely interesting, and one offering large pecuniary profits.

Obviously the possibilities of this valley were only in their infancy, and were scarcely tested, and more

farmers were needed to take up more land and invest more capital.

Before leaving Kelowna I visited Mr. Pridham's farm, Mr. Smith kindly driving me. I found the difficulty of transport and its cost dwelt upon. Labour also was very dear and hard to get. One lady near Kelowna said to me, "I work harder than a general servant in England would do." The difficulty found with English servants was that they assumed too much, and were more troublesome and less industrious than Chinese.

The difficulty with the men was to find employment in the winter months. Any man who emigrates should know how to employ himself in knocking up fruit-boxes, making simple furniture, repairing harness, painting and cleaning boats, cutting firewood, cleaning and repairing machinery, or any work by which he may maintain himself. He cannot expect the high wages of summer. A good deal depends on their wives. One woman told me that "in this country there's nothing to do but to sit on a box all day:" and such a woman as this is a positive hindrance in a community.

I went to see Mr. Fortune at Enderby, who has a lovely farm on the Spallumacheen river. Both he and Mrs. Fortune received me most hospitably, and here I had the chance of seeing a good mixed farm—fruit, cattle, cereals. There were beautiful tomatoes and maize growing in the garden. The wheat he reckoned at 60 bushels to the acre. The whole scene was beautiful—the peaceful farm lying at the foot of a great bluff; and the winding, placid Spallumacheen river.

Mr. Fortune was a French Canadian, and he spoke English with a Scottish accent. Once again I was delighted to find a Canadian who took a kindly interest in the Indians, and did what lay in his power to improve them. He had several Indians among his labourers, and he told me that he found them "better than many whites."

Mr. Fortune accounted for the fact that the farmers were not well off, in spite of fine crops and evident

industry, by the heavy losses in past years. In the first place there were cattle thieves. These have been put down; but only a few years ago the losses on this account were very heavy. Then when they started their capital was eaten into in a variety of ways. He had himself paid \$600 for a machine which would now only cost \$100; waggons were \$200 instead of \$50. "Before the railway came," he said, "we had to pay \$10 and \$12 for salt (curing purposes), we now only pay \$1.50. That is how the railways have cheapened freights; but now they have reduced prices, and we have to sell against Manitoba wheat."

The cost of labour Mr. Fortune put down at \$25 to \$30 a month, and board \$18 to \$20 extra.

He had a great opinion of alfalfa, which grew on his farm without irrigation. He got three cuts off it in a year, and fed all his stock with it, even the hogs, making some into hay and using the rest green.

Mr. Fortune summer-fallows occasionally. He also manures as far as possible. His crops of wheat are as follows. In ordinary seasons he gets from 45 to 62 bushels to the acre. In 1895 he had 85 acres in wheat, which produced 62 bushels to the acre.

Soon after taking up his farm Mr. Fortune secured the water rights of a small mountain stream, which he can use for various purposes. He irrigates timothy and clover, and also turns a small grist-mill with it. The water in this stream runs sufficiently strong for any purpose up to June 20. Irrigation is unimportant after that date.

In the morning, before breakfast, Mr. Fortune showed me two fine sock-eyes which an Indian had speared over-night in the Spallumacheen.

The winter work on farms, according to Mr. Fortune, consists of feeding stock, repairing buildings, mending roofs, putting machinery straight; "and it's also our time for enjoying ourselves by sleighing and shooting," he added.

There is a bounty of a dollar a head on coyotes; but

this seems insufficient, and their depredations were bitterly complained of. A good skin is worth a dollar, besides the bounty.

Mr. Norris kindly drove me to the B and X ranch, which was a horse ranch for the coach-line to Ashcroft, but it is now used for mixed farming. The wheat crops looked well, but neither the potatoes nor fruit trees were at all flourishing.

I drove out to Coldstream with Mrs. Craven and Mr. Hodges on July 8th. On the way we drove over a rattle-snake. It was too dark to see what became of it, but it made a great noise in the grass.

This ranch is not the best land possible, and nothing will answer on it without irrigation. The soil is in parts a rich dark, alluvial, elsewhere a coarse, heavy clay.

The fruit trees have been planted with great precision, but are slow in coming into bearing, as compared with those at Agassiz. The worst feature in this locality is the sharp frost early in autumn, which strikes the trees before the sap has ceased running. There are five hundred fruit trees of various kinds, but principally apples, and Mr. Ricardo's intention is to leave the ground uncropped between them in future, except for an occasional green crop for green soiling.

The hops at Coldstream are of two kinds—the Canterbury Golding, and the Washington; a few of the East Kent have been introduced lately, and seem to grow well. It seems established that hops can be grown more cheaply than at home, and of equal, if not superior, quality, even though irrigation be imperative, as it is at Coldstream. The initial outlay is very heavy, and none but large capitalists should embark in the business.

One great item is the trellising of the vines. This can be done at \$125 an acre (£25), as against \$75 to \$79 for poles. The poles are out of the question, however, on account of the high winds. They are also becoming dearer and more difficult to procure. The trellis is

composed of a few stout poles or trees, and some hundreds of yards of good wire.

The system of irrigation is very simple and inexpensive, and applies to the whole ranch. There was sufficient water in a stream or creek to irrigate all the low-lying portion of the ranch. A small dam was erected at a suitable point, not for water storage, but to enable the water to be turned through a weir and down a ditch 4 miles long and about 2½ feet wide. The bottom of the dam was made of stone and gravel, then a log of wood, more stone and gravel, and another log of wood. This formed a good wall, against which a couple of inch boards could be lowered. The sides of the dam were formed by logs laid across each other, and plenty of stones and gravel packed behind them. The whole cost of this scheme was very small; the most expensive part being the cutting of the 4-mile ditch, for which a contractor was paid at the rate of 12 to 15 cents per yard. From this creek water is laid on as often as necessary, according to the crops of hay, cereals, fruit, or hops. It is also let out at a dollar a year to the small holders of 40-acre plots, twice a week.

Considerable care has to be taken in applying irrigation to hops. The water cannot be turned on as it would upon grass land, and allowed to take its chance. It has to be disposed of evenly, a cultivator driven down either side of the vines to form laterals, by which the water can be conducted over the entire surface. Then, after the water has soaked into the soil, the ground must be broken over the surface to prevent it setting and cracking.

There is no blight of any kind on British Columbia hops. It is said by some people, though the idea is contradicted by others, that the thermometer rises too high for the blight to live.* It probably also descends too low. In the old country it is customary to plant hops at first in a nursery, then in the hop garden, and the third year a crop may be gathered. In British Columbia

* Thermometer 103° in the shade in summer.

the vines may be planted in the autumn, and they produce a crop the next autumn. Or they may be planted in the spring at Agassiz or Vancouver, and half a crop gathered in the autumn of the same year.

In Washington the vines suffer from blight, and the spraying costs \$10 to \$15 an acre. The hops are not so good which are produced after blight, and do not fetch the best price. Mr. Rollins, the bailiff in charge of the hop ground, showed me that inside the burr, or blossom, of the hop there was a kind of gold dust or pollen. The art of drying the hops consists principally in preserving this pollen in the tiny golden balls as nature has it in the fresh state. He also showed me some sprays of the male hop, which he finds it pay to grow at about the rate of one to the acre. By so doing he secures a more perfect burr, containing the seed of the hop—a small, round, hard knot. The hop is not merely improved, but the weight is increased, which is beneficial to the vendor.

The hop kiln is managed on what is called Meagher's principle. The hops are gathered by Indians, and driven up an incline to the centre of the kiln; here they are emptied into large wooden troughs and wheeled into the heating room above hot air apparatus, sufficient draught being provided by a shaft overhead to draw off the moisture. They are here sufficiently dried, and then emptied into big scoops and wheeled into the cooling floors, where they lie to toughen. These scoops are splendid contrivances. Each scoop takes up half a bale; each bale consists of 75 lbs. to 80 lbs. There is a press into which the scoops empty the hops, where the sack has been already stretched to receive them; the press descends, and a few stitches renders the saleable condition of the hops complete. Six men are employed in the kiln—two furnace men, one for night and one for day; four others run the rest of the work, and run out 30 bales a day. It costs, roughly speaking, a cent and a half per bale to put the hops through the kiln, including all materials, such as sacking, twine,

sulphur, firing, and labour. For 8 cents a pound they can be put on board at Vernon.

There is manifestly a profit in producing hops at 8 cents a pound, if they sell, as they should, at 15 cents the pound.

It is not advisable, however, to crop any farm, or indeed any neighbourhood, too heavily with hops, as blight is nearly certain to affect areas crowded with the same crop.

Mr. Ricardo was very pleased with the result of a small sowing of *Bromis-enermis*, an Australian grass, for which irrigation is not essential.

He looked upon the North-West as certain to offer a good market for the produce of British Columbia, more especially as the territories fill up; in fact, it was the best market at the present time. Fruits of all sorts, vegetables, and young cattle found a ready sale there. He said, "The North-West will buy as many yearlings and two-year-olds as British Columbia cares to sell."

He was anxious that the Co-operative Agricultural Societies should arrange with the C.P.R. for properly constructed fruit cars, with ice-cooling apparatus; and believed that these improvements would come as soon as the fruit trees came into full bearing, and the British Columbia Fruit Exchange and Kelowna's Shippers' Union organized the collection of produce into car-load lots.

Until the Penticton railway was carried through into Trail and Rossland, he did not think it possible to compete with the United States, owing to the geographical position.

He did not consider the car-load rates on the C.P.R. too high; but the difficulty at present was that, owing to the fruit and vegetable industry being in its infancy, they did not produce in car-load lots. This defect would be remedied by time, and he looked forward with every confidence to the future. His chief anxiety was to improve the packing and grading of the fruit. He had devoted a considerable attention to the matter of

proper fruit boxes, and to getting them made cheaply in the slack winter season. He regarded the point of reducing the cost on every item as highly essential, and had set apart an old shed for the packing, where he took me to see the materials for fruit boxes obtained "in the flat" from the saw mills in New Westminster. To buy the boxes ready-made was the old system; but he found that the cost of freight alone to Vernon was 80 cents, while the same number coming up in the flat cost 18 cents. He showed me the patterns of boxes and wooden baskets and those which had been made by his man, and I could see no difference in the quality. He had a curious machine for stitching the wooden baskets with wire, called "a stitcher." He purchased it in the States, and the whole cost, including freight and duty, was \$40.

Mr. Ricardo ascribed part of the cheapness in production in the United States as compared with Canada to better methods, and part to the keenness of the middle man. He also thought that their labour was cheaper. He hoped to equal if not improve on their methods, and he believed that co-operation amongst the farmers would secure for them the profits of the middle man.

I observed that the point in his mind, to which he often referred, was the matter of cash. He evidently considered it a matter deserving as much attention in farming as in any other business. He kept accounts very carefully, and checked every item with scrupulous exactitude. Thus he always knew where his receipts increased, and in what direction it was worth while expending in development. He also knew the benefit of securing a market which paid "spot cash."

Only when the business is looked at in this manner can it be ascertained whether the industry is in a sound condition. There are such curious items in American returns that the only explanation to be offered is that the industry of raw products is in a condition of some peril. Trade may appear to be

flourishing, but unless raw products can make an adequate return upon labour and capital, the structure on which trade rests must eventually collapse. At Walla Walla, in 1896, prunes were sold at 1 cent. the pound. Mr. Ricardo assured me that the lowest price at which they could be produced and sold in Canada was 3 cents the pound.

Hearing of this disparity in price, I felt anxious to go into the States and learn something of the methods obtaining there. On the 10th of July I left Coldstream, and drove forty miles to Grand Prairie. I was accompanied so far by young Mr. Browell, one of Mr. Ricardo's assistants, who enlivened the journey by telling me his various experiences in British Columbia, in the light-hearted tone of the English boy who sees humour in everything, and always manages to alight on his feet.

CHAPTER XX.

GRAND PRAIRIE TO TRAIL.

GRAND PRAIRIE is approached through arid territory and gloomy mountain-gorges. It lay in the evening light—when we drove through it—a broad smiling valley, standing thick with cereal and pulse crops. Almost the whole of this produce is fed to hogs. The land is in small holdings, and each house had its pen for fattening pigs—White Poland China seeming a favourite breed—and close by a smoke-house for bacon and pork.

In this way the cereals, peas, etc., find their way into market in a condensed form.

The next morning I went on by the stage, driven by young Mr. Duck, of Ducks, and passed through Mr. Bostock's land, which chiefly consisted of hay—timothy and alsike—and by Mr. Craven's ranch and assay office, two picturesque little cabins standing silent and deserted, as both Mr. and Mrs. Craven were staying at Coldstream.

At Ducks I was able to stop a freight train, and reached Kamloops at about three o'clock in the afternoon.

I had a fine view of the remarkable scenery of the Thompson river from the window in the top of the guard's van, and it was rendered all the more interesting by the sudden bursting of a tremendous storm of rain, out of a sky which a minute before had been clear.

The name of Kamloops stirs many memories. In

1858, at the time of the great gold rush from the States to the sand bars at the junction of the Fraser and Thompson rivers, the route taken by the Americans was *viâ* Okanagan and Kamloops.* The Columbia river was crossed at Okanagan by swimming the oxen and placing the waggons and freight on canoes lashed together. The oxen were sold for beef after arriving at their journey's end. The exciting times of this gold rush, a most interesting account of which is given in Mr. Begg's History, are still referred to in Kamloops.

From early times this town has been associated with the cattle ranching, and great ranches still spread for miles to the north. At the present day over-stocking has destroyed the bunch grass; and but few cattle will be found within twelve miles of Kamloops.

I did not hear that the style of the ranching was better than at Penticton. Indeed, from all accounts, I gathered that it was less advanced. There is a feeling that the North-West offers better chances, and that it pays better to ranch there, and import cattle by train. There was some talk of introducing sheep farming; but no one I met advocated this scheme.

The climate of Kamloops is considered highly beneficial to persons suffering from lung delicacy; and it is probable that, before long, a sanatorium will be erected on the hills overlooking the meeting of the North and South Thompson.

There is a cigar factory at Kamloops, which I visited, and which interested me immensely on account of the tobacco grown at Kelowna.

I brought a letter to Mr. Dean, of the *Inland Sentinel*, who kindly drove me to visit the Indian School, controlled by some Roman Catholic nuns under a Father—I believe of the Oblate order.

The school for girls and boys was kept separate. In addition to religion instruction and reading and writing, the children were taught useful work. The boys had their carpenter's shop, and also learnt tailor-

* "History of British Columbia," by Alexander Begg.

ing and shoemaking. I was fairly astonished at the neatness and finish of the work. The girls learnt cooking, baking, washing, and needlework.

All of them were very bright and happy, and evidently took the greatest pride in their achievements. What struck me very forcibly was the kindly sympathetic tone of the nuns and the Father. There was no doubt about the discipline; but the children's lives were made pleasant to them. Nothing, in fact, could be better than the teaching and training of these Indians.

I asked the dear old French nun, who went round with us, what the children's future would be. But she only chuckled. However, on my pressing the point, on the score of not quite seeing the position these choice plants would take—being certainly above their Indian relations, and yet not on a par with whites—the old lady observed casually, "You see, they marry very young; and we keep them here as long as ever Government will let us."

From which I shrewdly suspect that the good people will contrive to marry Antoine to Marie, and Henri to Juliette, settle them in a certain locality, and "round them up" every Sunday morning to mass; by which means they will be maintained in good style, and kept in self-respecting habits. And if this is their policy, I think it is an excellent one.

There is a home for old miners at Kamloops, a much-needed institution, for the miner is seldom a provident man.

The next morning Mr. Newton, a mining expert, drove me to see the mine called Iron Mask, about six miles outside Kamloops. This has all the appearance of a very valuable copper property. The tunnel had been cut for about fifty feet, crossing the main lead about sixty feet from the surface. Showing the pay streak is from two to six feet wide.* Where water had reached the rock it had crumbled so that it could

* The point at which I saw it was about three feet, and seemed increasing.

be worked with a shovel. There was a good pile of stuff lying outside the tunnel which Mr. John Noble was turning over. The intention was to pack it in bags to the smelter at Northport. It seemed very rich indeed, and as it crumbled to loose earth I could pick little lumps of copper out of it the size of millet seed.

Mr. Newton drove me further up the hill to see a herd of cattle, but we were not able to get very near to them. They were evidently a very mixed breed.

On our return we found that Mr. Noble, with the hospitality characteristic of an old pioneer, had cooked us a little meal in his hut, to which we sat down. A better opportunity of hearing mining methods, and mining in general, freely discussed seldom fell to my lot.

In the evening I dined with Mr. and Mrs. Searelle, and went on by train to Revelstoke that night.

It is a curious and unfortunate arrangement, but all arrivals and departures, other than by freight train, take place from Kamloops in the middle of the night. The hours of darkness are rendered more exciting than those of daylight. The hotels are constantly on the stretch to "speed the parting guest," or find accommodation for those who arrive. One set of travellers has hardly tumbled out of bed before another set tumbles in, and lucky are those who possess a Wolseley valise. The trains clang their bells—howl-yowl, howl-yowl; the steamers yell; so that I felt, as I drove through the moonlight to the berth reserved for me in the sleeping-car, that a night and a half in Kamloops would suffice for a lifetime.

I reached Revelstoke at nine o'clock the following morning, and after breakfasting at the hotel and walking round the town to deliver one or two letters, I went on to Arrow lake, there took the steamer down the Arrow lakes. These lake boats, belonging to the C.P.R., are extremely comfortable; both food and sleeping accommodation are as good as they can be, and the scenery is beautiful.

We stopped for a short time at Robson, and I went ashore to buy some sugar at one of the stores for my canteen. This is the point where the new line of the C.P.R. will come out from Rossland, and a smelter will be erected here to treat the Rossland ores. The Kootenay river runs out of Kootenay lake, facilitating the supplies of coke for the smelter by water from Nelson on Kootenay lake, where the Crow's Nest pass line will have its terminus.

I was sitting reading in the stern, when a long howl from the boat's whistle made me look up. On the cliff to my right rose a gigantic chimney, choking out clouds of sulphuric fumes and smoke. The hideous thing was the Trail smelter, which is the very life of Trail, and will ever be memorable as having achieved what was at one time considered impossible—the smelting of the refractory ores of Rossland.

The township was from six months to a year old. There was no pretence at road-making—no desire even for comfort. A number of wooden houses, most of which were not even painted, built in the ugliest manner possible, presented a mean and most uninviting appearance. Drainage there was none, even decency was at a discount; and all looked mean, sordid, and depraved—a veritable blot on the face of nature.

There were two or three hotels, the largest of which was closed. The town was undergoing a time of depression, which meant debt, mortgage, possibly ruin, to people who had started in a fever to set up stores or inns. Two prospects which had been opened by the Horne Payne Syndicate, had been closed again for no assignable reason, and this threw doubt upon the value of other claims. The rush to the Klondyke had followed, and, combined with the apparent failure of the Horne Payne properties, had taken all life out of the town.

The great furnace on the hill, which looked like an outcrop of hell, was smelting two hundred American tons per diem of precious rock. But this was less by a hundred tons per diem than they might have been

doing, owing to a vigorous dispute as to rates between themselves and the mines.

I struggled painfully up a steep path to the smelter, the noxious fumes blinding and choking me. At the top I was most courteously received by Mr. Bellingwe, and, sitting in his cool office, I became deeply interested in the subject of smelting. It was impossible not to admire the pluck and resolution with which the apparently insurmountable difficulties had been met and overcome. Nothing had daunted Mr. Bellingwe. He sat there before me sprucely dressed and "well groomed," yet he had been ready at any instant to pull off his coat and rush forward to do the right thing at the critical moment. It was his own hands which had added the right flux, and caught the ore just on the turn. Whether such combined nerve, audacity, and experience deserve the name of genius or not, this young American had evidently solved the problem which had baffled every one else engaged in the business.

The following is the account in the Government Report for 1896 of this record achievement in the work of smelting.

"THE TRAIL SMELTER.

"*The Sampling Mill*, daily capacity, 150 to 200 tons; bin capacity in the mill, 750 tons. The ore passing through a 12 × 22 inch Blake crusher, is run through a trommel, whence the fines go to a Constant cylindrical sampler, and the oversize to a 9 × 15 crusher and rolls, and then to the sampler and into the bins, until the lot of ore is settled, from whence it goes to the calciners or the bins from which it can be drawn in cars to the blast furnace. This sampler is now being enlarged so as to handle 350 to 400 tons per 24 hours.

"In the *Roast House* is one O'Hara automatic calcining furnace. This furnace is 120 feet long over all, and has two 90-foot hearths, one above the other, 9 feet wide. One travelling chain passes along the centre of the hearths, carrying 6 plows and 6 trolleys or chain carriages, at the rate of about 25 to 35 feet per minute, and as yet very little

repairs have been required, the chain, plows, and trolleys showing but little sign of corrosion in the furnace. Fifty tons of ore crushed to pass a half-inch ring are roasted per day, with a loss of 70 per cent. of sulphur contents, the ore taking 12 to 14 hours to pass through the furnaces in which ten fireplaces fired with wood supply the heat. Besides this furnace, there are in the furnace-room six circular calciners, such as used in Butte, placed above the reverberatories, the ore, automatically fed, passing over six horizontal revolving hearths that discharge alternately from the rim and centre upon the lower one, thence into the hoppers below that are immediately over the hearth of the reverberatory. It is designed in this furnace that when once ignited no further fuel will be needed than the sulphur, but they must run continuously, and on account of irregularity, until recently, in the operation of the reverberatories, these calciners have not been used.

"The dust chamber is 180 feet long, 10 × 12 feet inside, with wing walls from the sides every 10 feet, not overlapping, but having a clear space through the chambers to the chimney, which is 140 feet high and 8½ feet square inside.

"*Furnace-room*, 60 × 310 feet, 68 feet to peak of roof. The ore is being smelted after two methods:—(a) In four reverberatories, hearths 14 × 22 feet, 40 tons each per 24 hours, in charges of roasted and unroasted ore, slag, and limestone, are now being treated. The fuel is wood; but as this is not yet dry enough to give the required heat, coal also is being used, over 70 tons a day, from the Anthracite Coal Co.'s mines, on the eastern limits of the Rocky mountains, whence it is brought over the Canadian Pacific Railroad to Revelstoke, or Arrowhead, and thence in scows down the Arrow lakes and the Columbia to the smelter, whence it is raised up an incline 160 feet by a small steam hoist with cable and car, to a trestle along which the car can be run to the shutes wherever needed in the works.

"(b) In a 40-inch circular furnace, 12 feet high to feed floor, water-jacketed, with six 3-inch tuyeres, also with fore-hearth, 45 to 55 tons of raw ore are now smelted in 24 hours. As the amount of sulphur in these ores is low, and that in the pyrrhotite not available for fuel, as already it is a natural matte, a typical form of pyritic smelting cannot be used, but

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more or less fuel is necessary, and a very satisfactory grade of coke is got from Fairhaven, Washington, although it carries from 20 to 24 per cent. ash. A small amount of limestone is added to the charge, but at present a very acidic slag, rather thick, but giving a good separation, is flowing, but very careful handling of the furnace is imperative. The analysis of this slag gives, SiO_2 , 42 to 46 per cent.; FeO , 12 to 19 per cent.; Al_2O_3 , 14 to 19 per cent.; MgO , 4 to 6 per cent.

"A new 200-ton rectangular blast furnace, made by E. P. Allis & Co., Milwaukee, Wis., after a composite design by Mr. Bellinger and Mr. Wedekind, is being quickly erected. In this furnace, 120 \times 38 inches at the tuyeres, the steel water-jackets will be 5½ feet high; height to feed door, 14 feet, with 14 6-inch tuyeres with thimbles of smaller size that can easily be put in for the purpose of experimenting with the quantity and pressure of blast, for all arrangements are to be such that tests can be made under varying conditions, to determine the greatest possible efficiency for this furnace upon this class of ore. Another feature of this furnace will be that, besides the movable fore-hearth, the bottom or crucible of the furnace will also be mounted, so that if required it can be altogether withdrawn from beneath the water-jackets.

"The bluff on which the smelter stands is sand, but the top and face of the dump, 120 feet high, is being covered with slag that flows in sand gutters from the reverberatories, or is wheeled out in the usual slag-pots from the blast furnace; but in a short time all slag will run from the furnaces into water troughs, be granulated, and then swept out to the dump, which will be protected from scouring out by the slag covering.

"In the engine room is a 65-horse power engine, with a 40-horse power engine now on the way. A No. 5 root blower is now used, but a No. 7 will be needed when the big blast-furnace is blown in. Power is transmitted by shafting, but mostly by wire cables running over large pulleys to different parts of the works. However, steam power may soon be replaced by electricity, as a plant is to be erected at the foot of the dump and supplied with Pelton wheels and water under a 250-foot head. On a tributary of the Columbia, not far from Trail, a very large

water power has been secured by Mr. Heinze, who proposes the installation of an electric plant for the distant transmission of electrical energy which may be brought to the mines, as electricity has now become so successful and economical a factor in mining elsewhere. At present 100 to 120 tons of ore per day are being brought down from Rossland by the Tramway, but this amount will be greatly increased. At the smelter 140 to 160 tons, it is stated by the management (July 29), are being smelted daily, with a concentration of about 20 tons into one ton of matte, which matte goes to Butte to be refined; but already the foundations for a refinery at the smelter are nearly completed, in which the matte, after being crushed, will be further calcined in a reverberatory to be constructed, and then re-smelted in two of the present reverberatories, after which the product will be treated so as to yield a high grade copper matte for export, from which 80 to 90 per cent. of the gold and silver value has been separated for special refining and parting at these works.

"From 175 to 200 men are now employed, and when all these improvements are completed, this smelting plant will be well equipped and capable of handling 350 to 400 tons of ore daily; and if the demand increases, a still larger plant can easily be added."

The railway is owned by the same company as the smelter. I went on and had a chat with the young American who manages this extraordinary railway, which climbs up the side of the gorge from Trail to the smelter, and goes on to Rossland. From him, too, I heard how the business had been carried through in times of doubt and despondency, when nothing was certain about the Kootenay mines.

These men were Americans, who came bringing their capital, energy, and skill into British territory; and we certainly gained by having them.

It struck me as a strange thing that, after the commercial enterprise was exhausted, the interests of Americans ceased. I found it pretty much the same in towns in the States, and it was invariably so in British Columbia. It has been explained to me—

perhaps rather ill-naturedly—that “the American is intensely close and mean with his money. He will never part with a dollar unless he sees his way to getting a dollar and a quarter back on it.” I am doubtful myself if this description is quite true, or if it explains the case. I found everywhere that the dollar was the only measure applied to anything in life. In other words, he accepts cash as the basis of all transactions. If it be public service, charity, art, or love affairs, it is a money transaction, and he must see that he gets his profit somehow. But most assuredly he will risk his money freely, and with a readiness which is almost reckless (another matter for surprise, seeing how calculating he is). Calculation has frozen the soul out of him, and when I had seen a little more of America, I began to think that natural affection—a thing which is not negotiable—had died out.

I have heard Americans talk extremely well upon the state of their country's public affairs. They put the body down on the table and explained to me its remarkable features and points of interest, till the subject became fascinating. But when public service—action—is referred to, these men will coldly tell you that the whole business is “degrading,” and they could not be mixed up personally with their country's affairs.

It is scarcely to be wondered at that the condition of the States is one of excitement and uncertainty. There is such a diversity in the elements, that it is impossible to look forward to homogeneity; and the most remarkable fact is that any government should maintain even a semblance of authority where the support is so uncertain.

Among no people have I heard my country spoken of with such extraordinary bitterness. It would be thought that the personal character of Queen Victoria, which has always secured respect, even in Republican France, might have escaped attack. Whatever the English people may have done or left undone, there

is something due to every English lady, and especially to one whose long life has been an example of kindness and goodness. But the presumptuousness of America is of that description which foreshadows disaster. If public men cannot word their despatches to Lord Salisbury with civility, the common crowd of America spare the statesman's country no offensive epithet. Possibly any attack upon our commercial methods might be endured. It is not impossible that something to our own advantage might be learnt by listening patiently to the list of our errors in this respect; but when it comes to a people such as the Americans charging the British race with "*cowardice*," the time has come to make a stand. It is true that they may be less mad than they appear; for I noticed that the single American, and that at all times Americans, when in a minority, adopt a very different tone. They will even excuse the vagaries of their fellow-countrymen, and talk of their own "*affection for Great Britain*." But directly there are half a dozen of them and one British subject, the tone will be altered. Their tactics are eminently sly, and I am led to believe that even the best class of Americans rather encourage—certainly they do nothing to check—the impudence of their countrymen towards Great Britain; and this they do from the idea that something may be gained by impertinence. In a word, it is the popular policy of the States, and it is encouraged by the teaching of the schools and the press. "We've got nothing else to teach our children," said one Yankee to me, "except to hate England." When it comes to this, the sooner Great Britain understands the case the better for all concerned; and let there be an end to calling the Americans "*our cousins*." In point of fact the people of the States are a mixed race of aliens, with a large admixture of the criminal class out of every other nation, and this explains to a great extent the bitter hostility, the unreasoning jealous hatred, towards Great Britain, which is Yankee patriotism. By no nation in the world

is England so bitterly hated as by the mixture of peoples in the United States.

I have met Americans who assured me that I did their country an injustice in supposing that there was any unneighbourly feeling on the part of America towards England. "Were Great Britain to be attacked by Russia," they cried, "America would go to her support." I do not think it impossible that the States would offer Great Britain assistance, provided they thought she would win; but it would be upon terms of their own, and on the usual dollar and a half for the dollar principle. Their aim would be to secure markets or territory.

But to understand the true inwardness of the situation, the attitude of the States must be looked at from Canadian ground.

It was only recently that a programme was openly preached in the Dominion, which consisted of union with the United States. Annexation was talked about; but Canada, like the New woman, eyed the proposal with misgiving. She knew enough of "Uncle Sam's" morals and previous history not to be misled by the blandishments of his wealth. "Uncle Sam's" yellow face became malignant, and if he could not domineer over Canada he would insult Great Britain. The old grudge against England was intensified amongst the most ignorant Americans, and a Minister's only road to popularity was by offering impertinence to the Empire.

It was astonishing to find how deeply Canada laid these matters to heart. I found grave middle-aged men filled with indignation. "If the prestige of Great Britain is to suffer, Canada is not afraid. If it is a case of fighting for the honour of the Empire," they exclaimed, "Canada will fight while there is a drop of blood in her veins!"

The States had sneered at Canada as a poor country in need of capital, which they would kindly furnish. But in alliance with Great Britain, Canada knew she was richer than the States.

Not that it must be supposed that Canada would refuse to Americans the right to come in and trade legitimately. The individual American is practically welcomed everywhere. But it is when they come over in detachments and settle down with a code of their own, and assume a control the working of which is in their own hands, and for their own interests, that the matter takes another complexion.

The idea of freedom in the American mind is absolutely distinct and novel. It embodies the utmost freedom to the individual, without the slightest appreciation of the service which is "perfect freedom" and "the bond of peace." In old times responsibility was a question, "Am I my brother's keeper?" To-day, in America, the assertion is open and defiant: "I am *not* my brother's keeper. On the contrary, he is only there for me to exploit him."

Is not this the first principle of disintegration? Yet the American's favourite boast is his freedom. They are "sovereigns" each and all of them; so far have they proceeded on the road against which the apostle uttered his warning in the perfect epigram, "*My brethren, be not many masters.*"

The divisions in America are so well known as to need no recapitulation in detail. The East is divided from the West not only on the silver and gold question, but likewise by the rival interests of agriculture and manufactures. The South has lately shown an inclination to side with the West. Labour is writhing under a tyranny for which no one I met attempted to offer any excuse, and this has engendered a bitterness which the worst labour wars have never produced in England. Above the babel there is no voice strong enough to be heard continuously. There is no personality sufficiently commanding to lead; but the mob rushes hither and thither, endeavouring to push rather than to follow.

One man, in talking on this subject, referred to the Illinois railway riots, when President Cleveland marched the soldiers in to put down the riot without waiting for

them to be summoned, as a remarkable instance of the maintenance of authority. This took place in 1894, and I have heard the President's move spoken of in a way which leaves great doubt in my mind as to whether such tactics would be permitted a second time.

The army is drawn principally from the labouring class, and there seems every likelihood that its sympathy would not be on the side of capital.

Cheerful Americans declare that they have steered as close to the wind before without capsizing, and that no danger is to be anticipated while the central control is strong enough to deal with insurrection in individual States. Others say, "Oh, you do not know my people. They make a great fuss, but they mean nothing."

This is exactly the point. Does crime unpunished by law "mean nothing"? Does the corruption of the judiciary "mean nothing"? Does the sullen rage of the crushed multitude against the few millionaires "mean nothing"? Does it "mean nothing" that Americans themselves are continually withdrawing capital and placing it in British territory?

From the austere sanctimony of the Pilgrim Fathers, the Americans have gone with a leap to a condition of flagrant immorality and unbelief, and to all manner of fads and superstitions.

I took some steps to procure statistics relating to crime in the States, but the officials to whom I applied, through the kindness of Mr. Hussey, were unable to accede to my request. However, I found that they were given for the year 1896 as follows:—*

Murder cases—10,650 in a population of 70,000,000.

(This gives about 150 murder cases in 1,000,000 people.)

Lynchings—over 2000.

In Canada the statistics for the same year were—

Murder cases—15 in a population of 5,000,000.

(This gives 3 murder cases in 1,000,000 people.)

Lynchings—none.

* I obtained the information in Canada, and I have not heard that the figures have been disputed.

I will spare the reader statistics of crime of a revolting nature in the States.

It must be borne in mind that in Canada the view taken of American crime, is not the number of cases, but that it is the manner in which crime is dealt with, and the machinery in use for its suppression and control, which is open to adverse criticism.

A country's moral fibre cannot be tested solely by murder cases. There are other matters, such as robbery with violence, which may be considered a minor offence as compared with train wrecking—a common practice in the States, but utterly unknown in Canada.

Lastly, the painful subject of social morals cannot be omitted, and on this score the States can boast a condition equal to the darkest ages of Paganism.

The sanctity of the marriage tie is ridiculed; and men aiming at social position admit unblushingly that they derive a revenue from keeping houses of ill-fame.

Is it strange if Canada withdrew from what we are told "means nothing," and fixed her eyes upon the One head of a State whose subjects have girdled the earth with chains of beneficent rulership? She has cast in her lot with Great Britain, and her pride is to point to an administration of law which shall be as effective and safe throughout her territory as in any part of the Queen's dominions. It has drawn down upon her the bitter animosity of the States. While the cant about neighbourliness goes on, and the pious American prays on his knees against war with Great Britain, the M'Kinley tariff was followed by the Dingley tariff, and these by the immigration laws, which go so far as to forbid even Canadian nurses from attending cases in the States. The Canadian inland fisheries have been wantonly spoilt, and may even suffer extinction. The lumber trade is crippled, and at the present time every effort is made to secure the trade of the Klondyke to American merchants, exclusive of Canadian.

But Canada has her revenge, inasmuch as she has

offered an object-lesson to Uncle Sam which has not been wholly thrown away. Through her the desperado from the States has acquired a holy horror of British law. If an American "sovereign" commits a murder north of parallel 49, and the crime is proved against him, he knows that all the wealth of the United States will not save him from the rope's end.

From Trail I went on the same afternoon to Rossland. It was an interesting piece of travelling up the side of a mountain clothed with dense pine wood—the backwoods of Canada of which one dreams—passed the shutes and dumps of mines half hidden by the close-growing stems of the trees, till at last the train stopped at the Johannesburg of British Columbia.

CHAPTER XXI.

ROSSLAND.

THE town of Rossland makes a most favourable impression on a new arrival. It is beautifully situated beside a stream, which is virtually a cascade, surrounded by the pine-covered mountain peaks, on whose ledges are the rich mines of the War Eagle, Le Roi, Ivanhoe, Monte Cristo, and many promising prospects.

The town contains about four thousand inhabitants, and it would be scarcely possible to imagine a more orderly population. Thanks to the exertions of the provincial police, under Mr. John Kirkup, the elements of disorder usual in mining camps are vigorously suppressed.

Compared with Johannesburg, Rossland is an infinitely pleasanter place to live in, and when I was there immense sums were being spent by the corporation to straighten and widen the streets—not by any means an easy matter on the top of a mountain—and provide a thorough system of drainage and sanitation. There is no lack of good water, supplied throughout the town by a water-works company; and though outbreaks of typhoid fever were common in the earlier days of the town, it was evident that neither expense nor trouble were being spared by the Rosslanders to stamp out this disease. For a township of ten years old to have accomplished so much is highly creditable, especially considering that up to the present time the pay roll of the mines has been its support, without

the assistance of railway works, smelters, or factories of any kind. The outlook of the town is very promising, for, in addition to the small line from Trail creek, the C.P.R. has surveyed a branch from Robson, which will be connected with the main line now under construction through the Crow's Nest pass. The Spokane-falls and Northern road has already reached Rossland, and places the town in direct communication with the Northern Pacific railroad and all parts of the United States.

As an indication of the wealth in this country, apart from the actual dividends of the various mines, I was told on reliable authority that the line could be built by the C.P.R. from Robson to Rossland and thoroughly equipped in five months, and that the ore supplied from the mines developed at the present time would fully equal one thousand tons per diem. That is, of course, supposing the erection of the smelter at Robson to be taken in conjunction with the line.

Owing to the natural beauty of the situation, and the interest, geological as well as financial, of the mining industry, Rossland will be certain to attract a large number of visitors, travellers, and tourists, which will add a fresh—though an uncertain—element to the community.

I was specially impressed with the determination of the Rosslanders to eliminate as far as possible the speculative element in mining, and place the business on the same footing as that occupied by railways in this country, and it is to be hoped that London will give them the assistance which they require and deserve. Rossland is a natural school of mines, and I had just missed meeting Mr. Carlyle, the provincial mineralogist. The prevailing idea in Rossland is that the new-comer, especially the tender-foot, "doesn't know enough to go indoors when it rains." Whether my knowledge by the time I left Rossland would have been sufficient to secure me from the damp effects of ignorance I cannot say, but I did my best to profit by the instruction.

Amongst the things that I noted was the increase

taking place in the introduction of the best mining machinery, such as air-compressors and drills, with steel boilers, and Edison dynamos. The next feature was the area of some of the mines (the proved properties), which seemed to me very large as compared with their capital. Of course, it is impossible to judge of the value of a mine by its area; but when a property has been developed on the lines of the Le Roi, the area does suggest certain calculations. The area of the Le Roi is about twenty-one acres, but including the Ivanhoe and Black Bear it is seventy-two acres. The Le Roi was capitalized for \$2,500,000, in shares of \$5 each. Even supposing that all the shares sold at par value, the amount of capital compared with the development work done, amount paid in dividend, the extent of property, the difficulties in early stages of transport, and the refractory nature of the ore, shows very skilful and economical management.

It is probable that the Le Roi, or perhaps another mine, such as the Centre Star, may find its capital insufficient. This will very likely be the case where amalgamations take place, and therefore at no very distant date these concerns may appeal to the British public; and should they do so, they will be among the best mining properties which have been put on the London market.* There is nothing of the "wild cat" about them. Nevertheless, the stock-jobbing operations in the London market will be sure to provide the speculative element, without which the British public cannot be interested in mines.

Rossland is eminently cosmopolitan. There were men of all European nationalities, as well as Americans and Chinese. The mining fever had seized them all; but how differently it affected them! There may be seen the pig-tailed Chinaman, fanning himself as he saunters in

* Since writing the above, the Le Roi mine has been placed on the London market in conjunction with other properties. It will be a matter of considerable interest in mining history to compare the efficiency and economy of the new method with the old one.

his soft white shoes along the pavement, his objects and occupations a deep mystery, but certain to be involved in money-getting—his poorer brother bending under a load of the barbarian's dirty linen, with his pigtail twisted for convenience round his greasy brow. There are "the boys" back from the mines, with "a good rough on them," determined to enjoy the town. There is the German, with his large tongue and small eyes; the plump Jew, insinuating and pushing; the Yankee, occupied in spitting in season and out of season, with a spittoon or without a spittoon. There is the nuisance of the paper boy, with his eternal "*E—E—evening Mi—i—ner*;" the water-cart converting dust into mud; and the natty-looking restaurant keeper washing the outside of his house, the pavement, and even the street beyond, with a liberal douche from a hose. There is the barber's shop—and I must own to having loathed this spectacle—where men were having their faces scraped, while the man who scraped held them by the nose between his finger and thumb. There are the offices of the mining companies, with "samples" of ore displayed in the window. Men everywhere in abundance—standing in knots at street corners, sitting outside the hotels or bars, or perched in armchairs, having their boots cleaned in the thoroughfare, and all this crowd, no matter what other ostensible object they might have, had but one craze—the mines.

Yet there was want and suffering here sometimes. The prospectors, who love the hills with an instinct that is more sporting than mercenary, are, for the most part, an improvident race; and if they come back, as many of them do, having found nothing, they return to suffer want. They will help each other to a dinner, but if "times are bad" with many, all at once even this resource may become exhausted. They are distinctly not the men to whom charity could be offered; and if assistance is given by any one outside the charmed circle of their own set, it must be done most delicately. I was delighted to find in "Father Pat" (the English

clergyman at Rossland) one who thoroughly appreciated and liked the miners and prospectors; a feeling which, I believe, was warmly reciprocated by them. As I walked with him in Rossland, I occasionally overheard scraps of conversation which, perhaps, were not intended for me.

"Why, Dick! Did I see you in church this evening?"

"Yes, yer reverence, I *was* there. The first time for thirty years. I couldn't stand too much of it at a time, though. So just when it was getting a bit long I went outside and had a smoke. I say, yer reverence, it *was* good! I went in again after I'd had a bit of a smoke; and it all come back to me as I was used to it when I was a boy, and I tell ye I came down *like hell* on them Ah-mens!"

When I was in Rossland Father Pat was busy establishing a free library and sitting-room, which he artfully contrived under the floor of the church. Many a time had we to perambulate down the hillside to admire this library.

"A person don't have to belong to my church or Sunday school," said Father Pat, delivering his invitations as he went along, "or any Sunday school, to be welcome. Doors are always open—books, magazines are there. All that any one has to do is to help himself. There are comfortable chairs. I want those young men and others who have no places and no homes to go to."

It was instructive to hear Father Pat discourse upon human nature. He was best at this when he sat in the open doorway of the shack in which he chose to reside. The shack, like the library, was always open. "My experience in this Western country," he would say, "is that the more you trust human nature, and treat people like fellow beings, and not with suspicion, the better you will find them. If I knew a man was a born thief, I would throw the doors open to him and trust him just the same, relying on his better nature not

to betray me. Take my advice, young man," he cried, as a smartly dressed youth in Sunday best was passing, "and don't be too suspicious of your fellow mortals, especially if they be dressed in overalls and boots—rather beware of kid gloves and perfumed clothes."

The young man thus addressed started and turned his head. On seeing Father Pat, he raised his hat and beamed a silent benediction, and went on his way.

Possibly Father Pat carries his ideas further than need be. I was obliged sometimes to remonstrate, but the men understood him. "He's a good man," said one. "We know that. There's nothing we can give him. His reward is ready for him, for all the poor fellows he's nursed and cared for that nobody else would bother about. No one can take it from him. He's recorded *his* claim right enough."

Those whose interest in mining matters leads them to desire further particulars of Rossland may consult with benefit the Annual Report of the Minister for Mines. In the report for 1896 Mr. Carlyle gives the early history of Rossland. It is so admirably written, that I cannot resist giving it *verbatim*.

"Early in the sixties the placer mines on Wild Horse, Findlay, and other creeks in East Kootenay, having been discovered, resulting in the rush there of miners, and the constant demand for supplies, as there was no means of communication between the coast and this district, except through the United States, with vexatious delays at the Customs, Mr. E. Dewdney, now the Hon. the Lieutenant-Governor of British Columbia, was instructed to survey and construct a trail entirely within British territory, through the southern part of the province, as a passage to the north had been proved to be not feasible. In 1865 this trail, since known as the Dewdney trail, was finished, and in its course it passed about one mile south of the present town of Rossland on its way down Trail creek to the Columbia river. Hence a means of ingress was given to this region, and indications show that early prospectors were attracted to the iron-stained cappings that have now attained such importance and value,

as a 5-foot hole on the Le Roi and other openings testify, but the low grade surface rock discouraged them, while the means of getting such ore to smelting centres seemed quite out of reach. However, in 1889, Joseph Bourjouis located the first claim, the Lily May, near the Dewdney trail, which in 1890 was recorded by J. Bordau. In this year J. Bourjouis located the Centre Star and the War Eagle, while the Virginia and Idaho were staked by J. Morris, his partner. They also discovered the Le Roi, but forbidden by law to stake more than one claim on the same vein, this piece of ground became the property of Mr. E. S. Topping by his simply paying the expense of recording.

"In November, 1890, Mr. Topping met at Colville two Spokane attorneys, Mr. George Foster and Colonel William Redpath, showed them samples of Le Roi ore, and offered to sell one-half interest in the claim for \$30,000. These gentlemen became interested in this property, went to Mr. Oliver Durant, a gentleman of long mining experience in the west, in whose judgment they had full confidence, and he, also impressed with the ore, finally secured a working bond on $\frac{1}{30}$ of the property for six months, with the proviso that during that time he should spend \$3000 on the claim. Although he knew good mining men had condemned the ore deposits of this region as of altogether too low a grade, Mr. Durant came up at once, examined the claim, taking from a shallow cut 16 feet long across solid sulphides careful samples that returned as high as \$60 in gold, at the same time visiting the Enterprise, Centre Star, Idaho, Virginia, War Eagle, and Josie. Satisfied with the showings, E. J. Kelly was left in charge of the sinking of a shaft, from which during the winter weekly samples were forwarded, with great difficulty, to Marcus, Washington, by trail down Trail creek and the Columbia, samples that assayed from traces of gold up to \$472. In the spring of 1891, after many vicissitudes, 10 tons of picked, pure sulphide ore from the bottom of the 35-foot shaft, where the vein was fully 9 feet wide, were packed out to the Columbia and shipped to the Colorado smelting works at Butte, when the excellent return of \$84.40 per ton was given as the value of the ore, or 3 ounces of silver per ton, 5.21 per cent. copper, and about 4 ounces of gold. The bond was then taken up, and in the course of time the remaining $\frac{1}{30}$ were sold by Mr. Topping

to some of the present owners. The Le Roi Gold Mining Company was then formed, and about 70,000 shares of the treasury stock sold at a small figure.

"For over a year Mr. Durant had charge of the work, contending with many obstacles, insisting on the continuance of development, as he pertinaciously believed in the ultimate conversion of this prospect into a valuable mine; but finally he decided to sell out his interest to the others, and with Mr. A. Tarbet bought the Centre Star and Idaho, upon which nearly 900 feet of work were done at a cost of \$25,000, work that was the main support of this little camp. But the need of roads was pressing, no advance could possibly be made, and again through the efforts of Mr. Durant, a trail and then a road were built up the east fork of Sheep creek from Northport by the business people of that place, and Captain Fitzstubbbs, Gold Commissioner for West Kootenay, ordering the construction of a road up Trail creek from the Columbia, the conditions of the camp were at once made much more favourable. With the coming of the financial crisis of 1893, Mr. Durant, whose unceasing and determined efforts had overcome many difficulties and disappointments, and demonstrated that the properties he had so faithfully worked at were good, was forced to suspend operations until 1895, when he resumed work on the Centre Star, now organized into a stock company.

"In the winter of 1893-94, the Le Roi that had shut down upon the expenditure of the proceeds from the sale of the treasury stock, was able to ship by sleighs over the Trail creek road, the ore that had accumulated upon the dump, and this netting a good profit, active mining operations were begun, and the fast increasing ore shipments, as detailed elsewhere, bringing handsome returns to those who had pluckily stuck to this claim, the Le Roi was fairly launched upon its successful career as a rich dividend-paying mine. In the mean while, Mr. J. A. Finch and Mr. P. Clark had been attracted to the camp, Mr. Finch getting a bond on the War Eagle, which he relinquished after expending several thousands of dollars prospecting; after which, Mr. Clark, who had thrown up his bond on the Josie, obtained one on the War Eagle. In the work hitherto done on this property, a large shute of low grade pyrrhotite, averaging \$14 to \$16 in gold to the ton, had been more or less explored, but on

going farther west a few hundred feet, by trenching, the top of a splendid body of good ore, averaging $2\frac{1}{4}$ ounces in gold, nearly 100 feet long and 8 to 12 feet wide, was uncovered, and this mine took its place among the best in the camp, paying shortly afterwards its first dividend, February 1, 1895, of \$32,500.

"Another strong factor in the rapid progress of the camp is the connection with it of Mr. Heinze and Mr. D. C. Corbin, President of the Spokane Falls and Northern Railroad. Mr. Heinze, the head of a smelting works in Butte, Montana, sent in two men to go over the ground, with the result, after much negotiating, that he made a contract with the management of the Le Roi mine that they should supply him with 37,500 tons of ore on the dump, which he would pay for after the shipment and sampling of each lot, deducting \$11 per ton for freight and treatment charges; and also 37,500 tons on which the charges should be at the lowest rates obtainable in the open market. With this amount of ore contracted for, a land grant from the Provincial Government and a bonus of \$1 per ton smelted from the Dominion Government, Mr. Heinze erected the Trail Smelter and built the tramway from the smelter to the mine. Mr. Corbin, who has extended his road from Northport to Nelson, supplied also with a provincial charter and land grant,* is pushing his road up Sheep creek from the south to Rossland. Thus constantly as the conditions improve whereby the cost of mining, shipping, and treating the ore are materially lessened, does the limit decrease at which the ore ceases to be profitable, and much more of the lower grade ore now in sight is made available."

* This has been accomplished.

CHAPTER XXII.

GRAND FORKS AND SPOKANE.

THE fame of Grand Forks had been greater when I was further from it; but even at Rossland I was told such remarkable things of the agricultural prospects there that I was determined to go and see for myself.

The place lies close to the international border; but to get there I had to go down into the States, travelling by the Spokane and Northern line. I left the railway at Boisberg, and continued by stage. The dust was about six inches thick, and the sun bore with tremendous power. There was but little shade, and the stage was, I believe, the typical Canadian west country stage. Some of those delays which occur in travelling of this kind, detained us in the insufferable heat at Boisberg, and we finished by racing into Grand Forks in pitch darkness. The road was little better than a trail, and was marked and illustrated by the accidents which had occurred along its villainous length. There was the place where "Tom went over (the precipice) and wasn't killed, though both his legs were broken." And the corner where the family party made an involuntary descent, but beyond being stunned were not hurt; though while they were climbing up the rocks to the road again the trap and horses were washed away piecemeal by the river. However, people did not always get off so easily; and as we left Boisberg the house was pointed out to me where the usual driver of the stage I was on was lying insensible from his last accident.

Nor were we ourselves to escape entirely, for as we dashed down a hill in the dark we came in collision with a rock, and the jolt threw the man who sat next me out of the trap.

Possibly I might have gone myself, but that I was holding to the bar in front. After a little delay we pulled up, and the man (it was Mr. Mayne Daley) overtook us—unhurt save for a bruised shoulder.

On arriving at Grand Forks I missed my purse, and as I got down from the stage amongst the most evil-looking set of scoundrels I ever saw in my life, I believe it was taken from me then. But it was useless to appeal to the police, nor would the magistrate take any steps. From inquiries which I made, I found that theft was the chief of a long list of every possible crime, which appeared to go unchecked in this place.

Grand Forks is a city. There were about seventy-nine inhabited houses, counting hotels, the rest were shacks. The property is held by an American firm, who have obtained a Charter from the Provincial Government incorporating the town. This gives them control of their own police, besides the power to levy rates, and borrow money on them.

Stages pass backwards and forwards, arriving at all hours of the day and night. They run to Marcus and Boisberg (in the States), to Greenwood city and Penticton, to Nelson and Cascade city. Any one, therefore, in a radius of fifty miles, who wants to get away from the provincial police, can do so very simply by putting on the dress of a miner and going to Grand Forks.

The following evening I drove out into the country to see what the wonderful farming amounted to. I did not see anything which could compare with what I had seen near Vernon or at Kelowna. Everything was on a small scale, and I saw no trace of any organization such as would be ready to lay hold of markets directly the railway came through. I had no doubt that the advent of the railway would mean the flooding of the

district with American produce, which could be slipped over the border at Medway. The land offered no special advantages, and was held tightly by the company which controlled the town; though it was hinted to me that a few lots would be sold cheaply at first by way of encouragement.

That night I decided to go on to Spokane, paying my way by cheque, and consequently left by the stage at two o'clock in the morning for Marcus, where I took the train in the afternoon. The heat was exceptionally trying, and the cars were packed full with holiday-makers. The American child is an instrument of torture on these occasions; and in any other country a special car would be reserved where they might turn their attentions upon one another. If the present generation of Americans leaves something to be desired, it is with a feeling of utter hopelessness that one regards the future of this nation of "sovereigns." The saddest feature in the matter is that though children in age, they are old; there is nothing of the *enfant terrible*. They are old with manias and fads, such as surely no children ever possessed before. Their conversation is a reflection of their parents, and their departures are calculated shrewdly, and without the smallest imagination. Fairy tales would be wasted on this unwholesome breed. If the tree is to be judged by its fruit, let any one desirous of guessing the future of America, spend twenty-four hours in the same house with an American child. It was my lot to do so once, and when the experience was over, I wondered who was most mad—the child, its parents, myself, or the hosts who were my friends.

At about seven o'clock in the evening I reached Spokane, and drove with about a dozen gentlemen to Hotel Spokane. Before the omnibus left the station I was sharply reprimanded for wasting time, because I stopped for a moment to speak to the conductor of the car. This was my first introduction to the hurry of the American. It is the vogue in that country always

to be pressed for time, every one must have a pressing engagement. I felt for the moment genuinely sorry to have detained these gentlemen, and made my apologies as courteously as I could. But they were listened to in silence with a rude stare. A little later in my travels, I was told that a gentleman was not in his office, having an "important engagement,"—I found that the important engagement meant that he had gone to be shaved, and that in the middle of the morning.

The heat was very trying, the thermometer rising to 110° Fahr. in the shade, and this temperature made even thinking an effort.

The city of Spokane, during its short career, has been through the curriculum of booms and fires common to all western towns. There has been the same process of suddenly amassed fortunes being as suddenly lost. The men who yesterday owned the town and commanded dollars by the million, have stepped down, and the race who were their clerks have taken their places. The west of the States is totally distinct in character from the east, and this applies as much to the population as to the climate and products, but the difference must be felt to be understood.

There is no doubt that the smart business man will find his way facilitated in America, for just in exact contradiction to the system of patronage and corruption of the political life is the simplicity of the commercial. A man is valued in commerce at exactly his worth. If he has ability and shows business capacity, he will be given credit very readily, and will be remunerated according to his proved value. But just as there is no price too high for a man who is excellent, so no amount of interest will avail the incapable, and the man who is worthless gets nothing.

Unfortunately the estimate of a man does not include punctilious honesty. It refers to shrewdness in buying and selling, and to any ingenious contrivance whereby a market can be discovered or created. Any means may be resorted to to gain prices, and here step in

the methods known as rings, corners, etc., which it is not necessary to pursue, since at the present time they fortunately do not affect Canada.

Each trade has its own committee to supervise its private interests. In the case of some kinds of machinery, of sugar or similar goods, if a commodity is found to sink below a certain price owing to increased supply, or diminished demand, the committee is called and probably decides upon closing the sales of this commodity in a sufficient number of instances until the price recovers, paying the closed houses meanwhile as much as they would receive if they remained open at the diminished prices. While the trade committees pretend to enforce protection in order to keep up wages, the effect is the reverse. The result of closing the market by protection is to give the capitalist the power to keep up prices which go to swell his profits, while the activity of the labourer is crippled by a limited market, the means of the consumer being narrowed by the increased dearness of goods.

The cost of primary products has been minimized to a marvellous extent. In many cases it is the "spot cash" which alone enables the business to be continued. But one obvious cause for the crushing down of prices on raw produce is the high rate of interest on the borrowed capital which farmers are compelled to pay. This obliges them to get cash in hand, even if they part with the goods at less than their value, and so forfeiting their legitimate profit.

The next part of the business is that of the middle man, who will retrieve for his own benefit whatever the farmer lost on the price, by knowing exactly where to place the goods, so as to meet a demand. It is clear that the knowledge of the pressing need of the producer influences the buyer in the price he offers. It is part of his business to know exactly what the farmer has to pay in interest out of the price of so many loads of apples, and he will "figure" to himself how much more will have to go for wages and for living. He will put it as

low as he can, and then make his bid. Nor does he buy because the apples are good apples—he buys because his information enables him to tell exactly the need of the consumer, so that again he can “figure” precisely what the consumer can be made to pay.

Everything that the wit of man can do has been done to limit the cost of production. Besides the use of machinery, the farmers are caught and held in the iron grip of mortgages and liens, in many cases strapped upon them by the commission men themselves; so that they are ground down to the last farthing on which they can exist. But the cost of collection and distribution is the topic over which the astutest American heaves his deepest sigh. This branch of trade refers to such enormous enterprises as railway and steamship companies, into whose working it would manifestly be impossible to enter in the present small work. But it may be stated generally, that while in Canada the complaint is made that the railway bleeds the producer, in the States they are supposed to bleed the consumer.

We will state a case in milk and cream. We will say that there is practically unlimited supply and demand; the only difficulty being to connect the two. The question is one of collection and distribution. First the utmost rapidity is necessary; therefore pace cannot be sacrificed to economy. Long distances in hot weather are fatal, and this necessitates cold storage. Then depôts or central receiving houses are required, whence the commodity can be retailed in small quantities, which necessitates a staff of men and carts. It is unnecessary to pursue the matter further, to see the large sums disbursed in handling this commodity, beginning with train service, horses, drivers, wear and tear of carts, rent and wages, all which must come out of the price of milk and cream, besides its actual value to the farmer.

It will also be seen that railways, in arranging their tariffs, have to keep themselves perfectly informed as to markets. They also do their best to ascertain the profit to the shipper. Few railways wish to let the shipper or

commission agent get too much profit. But the commission agent holds a threat over the railway, for, after all, he has the last word, seeing that he fixed the price paid by the consumer. So he says to the railway, "All right, put up your rates; the consumer will have to pay." Then he goes to the consumer and says, "See how these railways bleed you." Then it becomes a good topic for the Press and the politician.

But sometimes the railway thinks that its rates are too low, and agrees with the manufacturer or commission agent that the town ought to pay more on a certain article. They probably agree together to lower the rate on some other goods for which there is less demand. We will say that a town is totally unsupplied with nails. Yet nails are so necessary that any price will be paid for them. The railway sees this, and at once puts up the rate on nails, though not injuriously; and the town pays the extra rate, and out of part of the proceeds the railway lowers rates elsewhere. The part which railways play in regulating markets, in encouraging or depressing them, is a very serious consideration in trade. An economical and expeditious railway is of incalculable importance.

Then comes the case of competing lines cutting down each other's rates. This also increases the efforts made to foster traffic. It is not inconceivable that at this point railways may interfere politically through the Press, or by other means, to remove or impose tariffs between States.

The usual policy of the commission agent is to supply the home market at a given rate. When it has absorbed all it will take at a certain price, the surplus is sent on elsewhere to the next market; possibly there may be more that this market can take without lowering the price, so the goods are moved on further to the next market. The arrangements are made by telegrams, so that there is no loss of time, and the goods are not spoilt by unnecessary handling. The wire reaches the train, and the car instead of being detached goes on to the

next market. Now, it is clear that by this means the first market pays dearer than it would if all the produce were left there, while the last market pays a good deal less than if it were deprived of these supplies. The real market is no longer in the street of one town. It is in several towns, and the dealing is done by telegram and telephone all along the line.

There can be no doubt that relief of some kind must be afforded to congested markets, and it is difficult to imagine any other way by which a balance may be maintained.

The main difference between the commission agents and the railways is that the latter can never lose sight of long haulages, steep gradients, and return freights. This is where they suffer most from competition, and in the present day of many curiously-developed classes of trade, there is no telling by what means, or where, competition may come in.

One of the most arbitrary features to be reckoned with is that known as the convenience of the market. It is impossible to tell how it may operate. It may suit a merchant to ship goods to one port rather than another, because a merchant there obliges him or favours him. Or the matter may refer to very simple causes. A settlement of merchants from Chicago may locate themselves at Nelson, and naturally they prefer to get their clothes from Chicago rather than Winnipeg, Montreal, or Victoria. The banks may even step in. It may be simpler to do business with Spokane rather than Okanagan, because of banking arrangements. There are also side issues in connection with markets which give one market a preference over another, good or bad, such as ports, wharfage, harbour dues, telephones and telegraphs.

From the foregoing it will be quite clear that the methods of trade which prevail must be taken into consideration by any man who goes into the country to avail himself of its possibilities. The farmers of British Columbia are indignant because, although the railway is there, they cannot make a profitable use of the facilities

which it offers towards securing markets. They have not yet learnt that it is impossible for the railway to ship small and uncertain lots, as, for instance, a crate of cabbages one week, and none at all the next. If this is to be the state of trade the single crate of cabbages will have to pay for the accommodation reserved for it on days that it does not travel. And if half a car-load is sent (as the company cannot run half-cars) the whole car must be paid for. Therefore too much stress cannot be laid on the necessity for co-operation.

A great deal of ingenuity and skill is required to organize and operate a market; and when one looks upon the dumb brutes—the horses toiling at the plough, or eating their hard-earned forage in the evening—and thinks of all the far-reaching results of their patient, honest toil, so inadequately rewarded, one wonders even more at the deep root, than at the gaudy flower and showy fruit. And yet the whole thing is worked out as part of our necessities, and of this world's limited good.

Different products require totally different handling. In the case of wheat we have to deal with a staple product, and one which, like wool, can be handled at almost any time. There is no hunting for a market. Buyers come to the wheat and pay cash. It is bought F.O.B., and sold outright. Thus it offers advantages over fruit, which is sometimes sold on a thirty-days' acceptance. But though staple, wheat is a treacherous business for speculation. The price drops very easily, and a man must be backed by large capital. It is handled on the same plane as stocks and shares, and has its "bulls" and "bears." In this it offers no parallel to wine, tobacco, or even tea. Inasmuch as these products suffer from fashion, wheat again has the advantage. Then it is shipped at the lowest rates, even no rates, for it can go as ballast, and thus be sent anywhere with ease. The necks of the sacks are cut, and the wheat shot down into the hold of the ship. It goes round the Horn as a return cargo on hardware or spirits. It will also travel with any other goods, and in this is

unlike tea, which cannot be shipped with any highly-scented cargo, or fruit which requires cool storage. Possibly too much stress is laid upon the power of speculators. They can control the market to a certain extent by "options" and "futures;" but the opening or closing of a market is not really in their hands, and the price will ultimately recover to the basis of supply and demand.

For the year 1897, an exceedingly remarkable year both in crop and prices, it is computed that the wheat crop in East Washington was valued at \$25,000,000. The crop was exceptionally large, varying from 30 to 40 American bushels per acre. The average price was stated to be 70 cents the bushel.

The cattle business is divided into two classes, and this system is likely to prevail also in British Columbia. There are farms well suited for rearing and breeding; and these are quite distinct from the ranches where cattle can be grazed and fattened cheaper than anywhere else. In such a district as the Lower Fraser, dairying is a distinct feature, and consequently cattle breeding comes in also; but there are no ranches attached to these farms. It will therefore pay farmers to rear their calves on skim milk and sell them as yearlings, which is the earliest that the ranchers care to take them. The Jersey breed will probably be less favoured, and the cross between Ayrshire and shorthorn increase. The Holstein or Friesland is said to be the best cow for cheese, and this breed pure, or crossed with shorthorn, is always acceptable to the rancher.

The result of this division in the cattle business is that dealers travel through the country buying up young stock. Sometimes as many as 1000 head will go through Spokane in a single day to the ranches in Montana. The ranchers will take young things or lean cattle from one to four years old. The cattle are turned upon the ranges in spring, and as many as possible are sold off before the coming winter.

It is no uncommon thing for 4000 head to be turned

out on one of these large ranges in the spring. There seems to be always money in cattle, and steers for fattening are said to be a scarce commodity all over the United States. When I was in Spokane the average value of beef cattle for the State of Washington was computed at \$25.05½ per head. I was surprised to find that cows were quoted higher, at \$25.89 per head, and by some people the price was said to fluctuate from \$21 to \$30.

The fruit-market in Spokane is managed by large commission houses, some of which deal exclusively in fruit, while others deal in vegetables as well. The business may be said to have systematized itself in Spokane, though a good deal is based on the experience of California. In the commencement California shipped her goods recklessly, leaving it to chance whether they sold, were wasted, made a profit, or a loss. The result was so unsatisfactory to the growers that a number of tinning factories and evaporators were started in California, and dried apricots and silver prunes established themselves in London. California is still the largest fruit-producing state, and Washington has to act with due regard to what is happening there. The subject of irrigation has been there worked up with great care and success. The times of depression, owing to over-production in the local market, have taught the producers every conceivable device for economy in output, and for securing markets. The business is older by some years than anything in Washington, as Washington is older than British Columbia, and the fruit-trees are matured and in full bearing.

Spokane has the advantage of geographical position and the converging lines of seven railways. It must therefore continue to be a great distributing centre; and the railways are so alive to this fact that they do all in their power to provide information of all kinds connected with the trade to the commission houses in Spokane. Every day they give details as to exactly how many cars of produce and of what kinds have been shipped from

California, and for what markets they are bound. Every care is taken to prevent losses through a glut occurring in any market at any given point; so that in the case of over-production canning is immediately resorted to so as to limit the supply of green fruit. It is a rigorous rule never to permit more fruit to be sent in than the market will absorb.

The first requirement for this market is rapidity of communication. Nothing is ever done by mails; it all depends upon telegraphs and telephones. "The whole system," said a commission man to me, "is on wires."

Besides the Californian business, the commission houses act as agents for the farmers, handling the fruit for them at a certain percentage of profit. The commissioners employ agents who are appointed to survey, as it were, certain districts. These men will remain in their districts—it may be a valley with a river running through it—for the whole summer. Their business is to watch the fruits, ascertain to a nicety what amount there is, the quality, and the condition. They say exactly when it is to be picked, and how it is to be packed, and wire to the central office to say how many cases are to be expected, and what the cases contain. Then they bring the cases down by boat to the point where it connects with the railway, and their part of the business is finished.

The central house in Spokane knows, by advices over the wires, precisely which market requires the products, and how much each market will take. They then telegraph to the railways to have cars in readiness according to certain numbers affixed to them. Each car is packed with certain products, its number recorded, and its destination. But after the cars are packed and started, the central office may hear over the wires that they have been anticipated in a certain market. They immediately look up the number of the car, and telegraph after it and divert it whole to another market, or in half or quarter car-loads to several markets.

The main difficulty is to gauge exactly what a given

market will absorb. This depends to a certain extent on the nature of the product. Lemons are considered the most uncertain, and an instance was given me of two extra car loads getting into New York by mistake. The commission house made up its mind to a dead loss, as the market was believed to be already fully stocked. To their surprise, the two extra car loads made no appreciable difference in price. There are very few products in which such a thing could happen without loss, and it is accidents of this kind which diminish the returns, but the middleman shelves the chief loss on to the producer. He has, indeed, the railway rates to defray, but the producer receives nothing, if he makes nothing.

The position of California with regard to New York is singular. A glance at the map will show that New York is at the end of a very long railway haulage from California. Now, one of the principal products of California is oranges; but oranges can come into New York seaborne at a very small cost from the West Indies. The railways are, therefore, obliged to make a special through rate for oranges from California to New York, or they would lose the traffic altogether. In consequence, the rate of oranges from California to New York is actually $12\frac{1}{2}$ cents per 100 lbs. less than from California to Spokane, which is half the distance.

The commission houses sell to retail dealers in towns, and the chief business of these retailers is to study and cultivate the taste of the market. They have always to guard against a surplus, and yet it is fatal if the market is under supplied. The best safeguard against surplus is a large labouring-class population, who will generally take the surplus at cost price. But if these sales become too large or too frequent they have the effect of depressing the market. A second-class set of customers get wind of the evening sales, and defer their purchases. The retail dealer falls back on small orders and makes frequent use of telegraphs, etc. This is especially the case in a small market such as Rossland, where there are only about 5000 persons. The consequence is that

the supply is apt to be restricted. The retailers who have set up there are not backed with very large capital, and consequently have very little storage. While I was in Spokane a dealer had an order through the telephone for an extra can of milk to be sent up that night. I could see what an enormous economy was effected by the use of the telephone in perishable products.

It is a wonderful sight to see the trains made up of cars each thirty-two feet in length. On the Sunday that I was there, twenty-two car loads left. The Northern Pacific railway had just instituted a fast fruit service from Spokane to St. Paul. It was at first intended to send these trains twice a week, but the business grew and developed to such an extent that a daily service was being considered.

The Sunday train consisted of twenty-two cars loaded with peaches, plums, and pears. Seven of these cars came from Portland, six from Yakima, five from Walla Walla, two from Spokane, and one each from Ellensburg and Hunt's prairie. Two out of the twenty-two were consigned for Winnipeg. Whenever ten car loads can be got together they are despatched forthwith as a special fruit train. These fruit expresses make quicker time than the passenger trains.

I found it extremely difficult to get any estimate of the amount of fruit grown in Washington. But, up to the time of my visit, the fruit from the Snake river was estimated at a hundred and seventy-five car loads; but this is not more than half the fruit from east of the Cascade range, and the business is increasing rapidly.

It was quite as difficult to arrive at any idea of the profits derived by the farmers. But the following facts were given me by an informant, who was, I believe, most anxious not to mislead me. An orchard, chiefly apples, but including plums, cherries, and pears, in full bearing, is worth \$200 per acre per annum. One man with only a five-acre orchard has been saved by it, in times of panic and low prices for wheat, etc. Large

capitalists in Chicago are turning their attention to the business. One of them has bought land, and is planting orchards of four hundred acres in size. There is a prospect of companies going into this branch of agriculture as they have already gone into ranching; and I may remark that it has struck me as a very likely way to realize fortunes in the wheat districts of Manitoba. There is practical certainty that wheat will command a high price for the next year or two. Were a large capitalist to "grub-stake" a dozen farmers in Manitoba, he would be quite as certain of a large return as if he sent miners to the Klondyke.

The most profitable fruit is the winter apple. In the local market of Spokane the price of apples will be a dollar and a quarter per box; in the general or export market the farmer gets 75 cents a box. There is an additional profit to be made in the winter apple, if the farmer has judgment in selection, and can store his fruit while the market is flooded. This means a little outlay. The storehouse has to be kept at an even temperature, and the fruit must be watched; but by reserving and maturing them, he will get another 25 to 50 cents a box for them.

Celery is a very profitable crop, and, it is said, will grow well wherever apples answer. A great business is done in celery at Spokane. It flourishes there, and at Michigan, to perfection. It requires an old lake bottom, and a stream for irrigation. I have heard that it is a good crop for land which is inclined to be alkaline.

It is asserted that there is at the present time as much agricultural backing behind Spokane as there is behind Toronto. Toronto has grown up to a population of 200,000, chiefly, I believe, as a distributing centre. There is more wheat grown in Eastern Washington than in Ontario. Spokane is only ten years old, and has a population of 25,000, and it is said that the increase is at the rate of 5000 per annum. During my short stay in Spokane I had no means to verify

these figures, but I believe them to be correct. It was impossible not to note the enterprise in building, although the style of architecture was lamentably hideous. I was taken to see public buildings, before which I could only close my eyes; but they served their purpose by indicating the immense wealth of the city of Spokane. The railways offered another testimony, but possibly I was most impressed by the organization of supplies by the big commission houses.

It is an incontestable fact that Spokane has brought the art of collection and distribution to singular perfection. "I can always get anything I want from Spokane by telegraphing for it," was the remark I constantly heard in British Columbia. Any retailer in Rossland who runs out of butter in the evening can telephone to Spokane, and will receive supplies the following morning. Thus economy and convenience are combined, and it is all a matter of organization.

But the foundation of this present prosperity was laid in a time of depression. Spokane started, as so many American towns do, with a rush and a boom. Nine years ago she boomed—and a wooden town sprung up in less than two years. A fire ensued, which burnt the whole place to the ground; there was practically no insurance, as premiums were too high; but so great was their faith in the town site that the people borrowed money to rebuild the town, and did so in the most solid and costly style. Had prices kept up, everything would have gone well; but a set back occurred. Then the "old timers," who owned the great "blocks," were sold up. There was the curious spectacle of large buildings, which quite recently were worth millions, now suddenly valueless. The money had somehow vanished, leaving the shell; and the men who were millionaires had to begin again. But Spokane started on some years of bad times. Panic blighted the country, brought on by wild speculation, and the whole city became paralyzed.

Then, when things were at the worst, it entered the brain of an enterprising Canadian—who, I regret to say,

had gone to the States to find more scope for his energies—to start an exhibition of the natural resources of the Spokane district. This was the origin of the now famous annual exhibition known as the Spokane Fair. It consists of fruit, flowers, vegetables, grasses, grains, and minerals. Its object is manifold. It brings together producer, consumer, and middleman. The big commission houses at Chicago and St. Paul send representatives to meet the prominent fruit-growers, that they may see what is being produced. The railways bring these representatives into Spokane free of expense, with a view to the increase of trade they anticipate as the result of their visit. Samples of all the products of the country, from a radius of two hundred miles, being collected together in one centre, special attention is paid to render the occasion beneficial educationally.

The agricultural colleges send an exhibition of insects which affect the growth of fruit or flower. Lectures are held, in which a careful explanation is given, which insect is noxious and which is useful; what steps should be taken to destroy the bad and encourage the good; the best manner of pruning and planting trees, together with advice as to selection of kinds. All these matters are discussed and explained by authorities, both commercial and scientific.

It is chiefly due to this simple expedient that Spokane was the first of the Western towns to recover her prosperity. It is said that the bank clearances show a greater ratio of increase in the last two years than in any city in the United States.

Some of the good fortune is due purely to natural resources, such as soil and climate. In the latter, no doubt Spokane is somewhat exceptionally fortunate, but certainly not more so than many parts of British Columbia. She escapes the blizzards, which are bred in the Selkirk range and blow across the prairies of the North-West. The heavy wet from clouds which drop against the Cascades, and render Chilliwack and the Lower Fraser humid by incessant rains, does not affect

Spokane. The clouds re-form, and pass high above the sun-baked dry belt from Cisco to Notch hill, and falling against the Selkirks descend in rains which assist the Kootenays, and reach Spokane in a lesser degree.

But the mineral resources must not be passed over, since they have certainly played their part in raising the fortunes of Spokane. The Cour d'Aléne mines have not attracted much outside notice, but they have been producing silver and lead at the rate of \$9,000,000 to \$10,000,000 per annum.

The future of the town will probably show what can be done with the enormous water-power in the beautiful falls of Spokane—the one natural beauty of the place—situated in the centre of the city. Already electricity is generated, and a couple of flour-mills worked for local supplies; but the total horse-power at these falls is estimated at 32,000 horse-power—almost double that of the falls of Minneapolis.

The lessons to be learnt from a study of Spokane are practically unlimited, and as I walked about its streets, or tore round the suburbs on its cars, I wondered by what manner of means British settlers could be taught the lesson in commercial methods on which the success of Spokane is based. As I looked at its great buildings, which are ungraceful and devoid of beauty, I contrasted Spokane with the cities of old—cities that monks and warriors dreamt about and built, according to their vows and with their earthly careers, stone by stone—and then I looked at this fungus set in the plain. I thought of the terraces with olive and oleander trees—fitting background to saintly lives spent in converse upon the Beauty of Holiness. I thought of the colleges, of the gardens and ancient shades of Oxford, of the aisles at Westminster where Milton took his exercise.

Spokane, indeed, leaves a want which all its wealth and success can never fill; yet it offers suggestions for solving the most difficult problem in colonial settlement, which is itself the only solution to the problem of our over-crowded population.

But I can see no reason why a city which has done so much, and proved her strength, should be denied the charm and grace of higher things, and I hope most confidently that in British Columbia the people of the great cities which will arise will care for and cherish the culture and beauty of the old world.

CHAPTER XXIII.

NELSON.

From Spokane I went to Nelson, travelling by Mr. Corbyn's railway, which passes through Colville valley. This is a very rich agricultural district, though the farming was not of a high order, the land being in small farms, and the farmers a rather poor class of Irish.

My inquiries at Spokane had not given me much light as to the supplies of Rossland and Nelson. The duties were said to tell against the business. It seems as though in such bulky products as hay British Columbia holds the market. At Trail, when I was there, two car-loads of eggs were expected from Ontario, shipped by a large Winnipeg firm. The Alberta creameries had shipped 40,000 lbs. of butter into British Columbia; but the demand was still increasing, and prices tended to rise.

I had occasion to go to the luggage-car to get out a cloak, and on turning round I found that quite a quarter of the car was packed with fruit—plums, peaches, tomatoes, and pears, besides fresh-milk cans, and one cask filled up with ice which contained fresh cream. The conductor told me that quite four car-loads a week of fruit went into Rossland. On Mondays half a car-load went into Rossland as a rule. It went thus in small quantities by passenger train, about a quarter of a car-load a day. There was about a ton of fresh

fruit going into Nelson with me, besides several crates of live poultry and milk and cream.

The supplies also go into Nelson from the flats of the Kootenay river, between Boundary creek and Bonner's ferry. The imports from this side are largely butter and hay, but I saw some crates of apples. The transport, being by steamer, is very cheap.

The Nelson smelter is said to be the largest on the continent. With the recent improvements which were being added while I was there, the output is equal to ten tons of copper bullion per diem. The smelter is owned by the Hall Company, who own also the Hall mines. I was told that the ore produced by the company's own properties was sufficient for working the smelter at its then rate of produce, and that never more than seven per cent. was used from elsewhere. At that time there were between seventy and eighty men employed in the blast-furnace, which had a capacity of 350 tons per diem. Besides the smelting there was a refining-plant, which was in process of being doubled.

The ores treated by this smelter are neither of so varied nor refractory a nature as those at Trail, and roasting, with its horrible sulphur fumes, is never resorted to. The process, as I saw it, was first the shovelling of the ore and limestone flux into the roaster, or huge furnace, which is shaped like a large coffee machine. The lower part of the roaster is brick, and in front of it burned and flamed a fire of pine-logs. The ore in the roaster is boiled into a liquid molten mass. The copper, gold, iron, and silver—in fact, the minerals—sink below, and are tapped and drawn off in a stream, which runs into square moulds shaped in sand. These moulds are called matte. The rock, or slag, which rose to the top of the roaster, descends as the minerals are drawn off, and is finally left to cool in the roaster. When turned out, it is a dark brittle material, somewhat resembling glass. Silica is a very common flux, and it struck me that this by-

product might be turned to account for making glass bottles for the fruit and fish trade. All the rafters were covered with slag-wool, a fine brown hair of spun glass produced by the fumes of the roaster. This material is very useful for putting between walls or floors and ceilings to deaden sound. It is also considered fireproof.

The matte is very curious, but uninteresting looking. It is generally the colour of dirty rusty iron; but sometimes there is a beautiful moss or copper wire formed in the cavities, where the air has been imprisoned and struggled to escape. If this copper moss is exposed to the air, it oxidizes and becomes black, like the woolly hair on the head of a Kaffir. These moulds are broken or ground up and boiled in the refinery. As the molten mass boils it is skimmed, as soup is skimmed of the grease. This process continues for some hours. It is then run out into moulds, and appears of a very rich bright copper colour. The bricks or bars which I saw there were estimated as follows: four ounces of gold to the ton of ore, two per cent. in silver, and the rest copper. The dividing of the metals was effected by another refining process, which I did not see; after which a far more accurate computation of values could be made. The coke used at this smelter is brought from Namaino, involving costly freight, which the opening of the Crow's Nest pass will avoid by bringing in fuel from the coal-fields in the Rockies. The additions which were being made to the smelter will enable it to treat the silver-lead ores, as well as the copper, silver, and gold smelted hitherto.

The town of Nelson is very beautifully situated upon an arm or branch of Kootenay lake. It is a clean, well-kept town, and is the head-quarters of the police. When the railway comes through from the Crow's Nest pass, Nelson will become a great distributing centre and a very important city. The beauty of the scenery, and the attractions of boating and fishing, mark it out pre-eminently as a residential town.

At Nelson I met Colonel Baker, who was travelling on parliamentary business. I also met Mr. Hussey, the chief of Provincial Police, and most of the head officials of the C.P.R., who were making a tour of inspection.

Before leaving Nelson I went to see the gaol. It is here that a goodly list of desperadoes and ruffians of the worst description have been made to feel the arm of the law. It was a poor little wooden building, and most unpretentious in appearance, but the walls were very thick. I had been asked by one of the police, whom I met on my travels, to visit the gaol when I came to Nelson. I met him by accident in pursuit of his duty (he was tracking a man who had committed a murder), and as he did not tell me his name, I made no inquiries. He showed me the cells, which I think were only six in number, besides the condemned cell. He pointed out to me the frantic efforts which had been made to bore through the floor, or work out a bar from the grill by various prisoners. It seemed that many of them who found their way to the gaol at Nelson had never realized what a prison meant, or chains and leg-irons either, and their fury at being mastered was like that of wild beasts.

Every day they were allowed out in the court-yard for an hour. This yard is fenced by close wooden walls to the height of thirty feet, and my guide told me that emerging from the cells into the fresh air and finding themselves under the free sky, brought on the frenzy worse than ever; and they rush howling against the wooden walls, making desperate efforts to jump or climb it.

The day before I arrived in Nelson the condemned cell had been emptied of a murderer, against whom there had been a very strong feeling. He was guilty of a peculiarly cold-blooded crime, though he was only a young man of about twenty-four, whom the constable described to me as a hardened criminal, who came out to be hanged on the gallows erected in the court-yard with a grin on his face; and that the last thing he

did was to look round at the bystanders and laugh. I afterwards heard that, though an American, he was a Buddhist, and believed that after he was hanged he would start afresh on another earthly career. The gallows had been pulled down and put away in a shed, and a little heap of rough sand and stones in the lowest part of the court-yard marked the place where the murderer's body lay buried in quicklime. On the ground were strands of a new rope, which the constable told me had been cut up by the spectators to be taken away as souvenirs.

In the shed with the gallows there was an odd collection of "properties" stowed away. Some were the unclaimed effects of people who died without leaving any address of friends. They were found in miners' shacks, or empty houses, whose occupants had been taken to a hospital some way off. I saw a woman's sewing machine, and thought of the home life which must once have centred round it. There were miners' tools, picks, pans, shovels, guns, cooking utensils, bedding; some old trunks, corded and sealed, with the dead owner's name, or some particulars connected with the finding of it, written on a label and pasted outside. Near the door was a suit of clothes, which was "evidence." The murderer, who had just been hanged, had worn this suit when he committed the murder. I was struck with the good condition of the clothes—good boots, a neat (almost new) tweed suit, and a good hat—I felt sure he could not have been in want.

"Want, no!" exclaimed the constable. "He was just a desperado, and very likely this was not the first man he murdered. I never came across so hardened a criminal." He pulled something out of a sieve as he spoke, shook it, and folded it carefully. "I didn't know this was here," he remarked. "It's the black mask."

"Surely," I said, "you'll take these things out and burn them?"

He put the mask away, and looked at the clothes. "I'm not sure," he said; "some of them, perhaps.

But they are good clothes, and plenty of men would be glad to wear them."

"Glad to wear them!" I exclaimed.

"Yes," he answered. "Oh, you've no idea—but men come here sometimes with hardly a rag on them at all—especially in winter-time. To give you an idea what they'll wear—and be *glad* to wear—you see these irons" (and he showed me a pair of tremendously heavy leg-irons). "Well, you see, a man can't pull his trousers on over them, so we have these" (and he showed me a pair of hideous things, which buttoned up the sides from the ankle to the thigh). "A man has these leg-irons riveted on him, and he can button and unbutton these trousers, but the others he could neither get on nor off. Well, men have come here so destitute that, when they left, they've been glad to have these to take away and *wear in the streets*. No! They don't care!"

I stopped for a moment looking round, and then I asked, "What is it, this crime? What makes men criminals in a rich and beautiful country?"

"It's impossible to tell what it is," he said. "I've often wondered at it myself. I believe, if most of their histories were traced, they would begin in small ways which are *not found out*. That encourages them, and one day they get in for a big thing, and it makes them desperate. They can't forget it, and they know all it entails; and they get reckless, and they get mad with drink, and drink away all they have, and others rob them. Whatever happens, we mean to maintain the law in this country, and make it safe. Whoever breaks the law shall suffer according to law."

After this we spoke of the superstition rife amongst these people. I had been most struck with it amongst mining experts, some of whom I found clinging as it were to the skirts of a *clairvoyante*. Their superstition was coupled with an utter disbelief in Christianity, and resembled nothing I ever met with, except the witch doctrines of the Kaffirs.

These were, I believe, the distinctive crimes of the

country. The crimes of the women had nothing remarkable about them, and owed their origin to the old commonplace source of vanity. A vain woman is never very far from crime.

The rigid enforcement of the health law, and closer restriction against the sale of intoxicants to men who are already drunk, are two points to which more attention might be beneficially directed.

On leaving Nelson I went to Kaslo; but on board the boat with me was Colonel Baker, and he recommended me to travel by way of Jennings to Fort Steele. Therefore at Kaslo I determined to turn back and take the boat for Bonner's ferry. Mr. Phipps Woolley was on board, and I had an interesting conversation with him respecting many things in the country, with which he had long been familiar, such as the fishing industry.

On my way down the lake, I spent one night with Mr. and Mrs. Lendrum at Ainsworth, which is a centre of silver mines shipping to Pilot Bay and the States. This spot is exactly opposite the old Bluebell mine, which was one of the first (silver) mines opened in British Columbia. I was particularly interested at Ainsworth in two hot mineral springs, which ran down the mountain. They were evidently highly charged with mineral matter, of which iron and silica formed a share. The water was so hot that I could hardly bear my hand in one of the springs. I was distressed that the Government took no steps to build a suitable hospital, but I heard that these springs were owned by Victoria people who were in the Government, and were playing a waiting game, hoping, no doubt, to reap the unearned increment.

From this point I went on to Bonner's ferry by steamer, and to Jennings by train, where, to my inexpressible chagrin, I found the last boat had stuck on her way up, and was not expected back for a day or two.

There was nothing for it but to put up in the wretched inn, and endure the predicament as well as I could.

Jennings is situated in a narrow valley, full of depression and gloom. The sun only shines into it for a

limited time, and the great precipices cast their shadows from side to side. The broad river, with its mighty flood, goes past silently and stealthily. There are by its banks some nameless graves, to which the people have consigned tattered human remains which have sometimes risen to the surface at this point, and been hooked ashore. Whence they came, or how they met their death, whether they were British, American, or Canadian, is not known. The rocks are sharp, and the bodies are often stripped of every particle of clothing except their boots; and more than that, some are so gashed and ragged as to be little else than skeletons, shredded with scraps of sinew.

More failures! "And the gentlemen's sons are always the worst!" Some were bound to be British. Perhaps they were good men done to death unfairly; perhaps they deserved their fate. But I could not but tread gently, thinking of them as once they may have been in the brightness and happiness of childhood, and the eagerness of youth. I thought of all their parents felt and hoped; and whatever their sins, however black their lives, however injurious to the new country or disgraceful to the old, I could not condemn without pity those who had paid the forfeit with their lives, and lost for ever their chance in this world.

"When you and I behind the veil are past,
Oh, but the long, long while the world shall last,
Which of our coming and departure heeds,
As the seven Seas should heed a pebble-cast.

"A moment's halt—a momentary taste
Of being from the well amid the waste;
And lo! the phantom of caravan has reach'd
The nothing it set out from! Oh, make haste.

"O threats of hell and hopes of Paradise!
One thing at least is certain!—*this* life flies.
One thing is certain, and the rest is lies,
The flower that once has blown for ever dies."

CHAPTER XXIV.

FORT STEELE BY THE COLUMBIA RIVER.

My stay at Jennings was cheered by the kindness of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander; and I spent most of my time boating with them, and spent my evenings in their log cabin near the river.

The fishing is greatly exaggerated, as, indeed, I found it almost everywhere. Four small trout in an hour were my best basket. But I heard it was very good; and finding the river intolerable, I went to a small creek, taking my canteen with me and some slices of ham. I camped there, breakfasted, and fished diligently without getting a rise. At last I saw a trout jump near the mouth of the creek. It was too far for me to cast, so I pulled off my shoes, stockings, and skirt, and waded. I caught my fish; but I cannot recommend any one to copy my example. The cold of the water was intense. The stream was very strong, and the stones frightfully hard. I had some way to walk to reach my shoes, and approached them in an attitude of adoration—typical, I thought, of the mental condition in which I rejoined the C.P.R. whenever ill-luck separated me from it for any time.

My camp fire was still burning, and there was some hot tea in the pot; and having cooked my fish and eaten it, and comforted and warmed myself, I returned to be consoled by the Alexanders, who could not think what had become of me. By way of variety, I asked them to dine at my camp, and cooked them a fowl spatch-

cocked, African fashion, as Count Plata had taught me; and they called me "a first-rate cook."

One day we went on an expedition up the river in the dug-out which Mr. Alexander had made for himself. He understood poling very well, and had poled many tons of hay into Fort Steele in this dug-out. We spent the day at his ranch, and returned in the evening, skimming down the rapids in the twilight. Beautiful lights and shadows fell across the hills and forest; an eagle sailed overhead; a flight of duck skimmed across the surface; an owl, sitting on a broken pine tree, inquired, "Who cooks?" And very soon we were at the landing-stage of Jennings once more.

At last it was finally decided that no more steamers would go from Jennings to Fort Steele that year, so I determined to retrace my steps, and get in by Golden and the Columbia river. There was a stage from Kalispelle; but I was too travel-worn to feel equal to three days' staging. I could also have ridden in over the trail from Bonner's ferry; but the season was advanced, the nights were cold, and it was "Uncle Sam's" territory; and though I have taken risks in my time, I did not care to run the risk of being robbed or murdered—or both—to gratify the greed of a cowardly desperado, who, if he were arrested, would buy himself off with the price of my watch or contents of my purse. In a word, I knew that a woman travelling alone would find the difference between the stars and stripes and the crosses of St. George and St. Andrew with the blue saltire of Ireland.

At Bonner's ferry, where I had to spend the night waiting for the steamer, I found the inn as bad as that at Jennings. My bedroom was even smaller, the window more obstinate, and the bed so unpromising, that without further research I unrolled my Wolseley valise and shook out my African kaross. Then I went out and bought myself a steak, and betook myself to the river with my rod. I kindled a good fire, broiled the steak over the ashes, and was sitting on my cloak watching

the blue reek of my fire, and enjoying the very last of a deep drink of tea, when a young rancher came ashore in his boat. He seemed surprised to see me, and stopped to chat. There was to be a dance in Bonner's ferry, given by the lady-teachers of the neighbourhood; and all the young ranchers from far and near were coming in to attend the festivity. The prospectors despise such frivolity. They care for nothing but the hills; and when they come down they like to smoke their pipes and talk, as long as they are sober enough to speak, of what they did on the hills.

I fitted my rod together; and then I saw the dusky face of an Indian watching me out of the willows on the bank. I began to cast my line from an old hulk moored to the bank side. The scenery was full of colour—colour so rich that I marvelled how it could be painted. The colour was liquid and transparent, like very delicate old painted glass when the sun shines through it, and carries the colour with it, and spreads it as it choses, painting what it likes. The mountains were blue and bright crimson; the alder and poplar trees emerald green, sparkling as their leaves quivered in the evening breeze; the water still and deep, save where in mid-stream a slight eddy played round a hidden obstacle, or a sharp ripple marked a corner in the river bed. The reflections were perfect, repeating the purple of the clouds, the white blaze of the sunset, the ultramarine of the sky above, and the flushing of the lower ranks of clouds.

Turning my head to see if the blue smoke still rose from my fire, I saw the brown prow of a bark canoe shoot round the corner. In the canoe was a little old Indian, sitting on his heels and using his paddle earnestly, though noiselessly.

"Klahowyah Tillicum!" * I cried.

He turned a bright, sharp little face like a bird, and replied in his soft Indian voice, "Klahowyah Tillicum!" Then he added gently, in perfect English, "I'm going home."

* "Good day, friend!"

Y

"Where's home, Tillicum?" I inquired.

"Over there," he replied, still paddling, but nodding his head to the opposite bank.

"I wish I were going with you, Tillicum!" I answered. And that moment I struck a fish, and a low chuckle of infinite relish was the last I heard of my Tillicum.

Shortly afterwards there came down the captain of the hulk; and he seemed so struck with my capacity for "rustling," that he offered me the hulk to sleep in if I had any blankets.

After this the Indian came out of the willows. He had a queer old shot gun under his striped blanket. He came to hide in the hulk and shoot duck, which began to fly as the sun went down. His thoughts were, no doubt, deep, but he said nothing.

I went on casting my line, but without remarkable success. The fish were called squaw fish, and were very game when once hooked. They would not take a fly, but rose to a roach hook with a piece of meat. The largest was about a pound and a half, and I caught him with a baby-spinner, which I shot out on my fly rod.

Suddenly a voice called, "Good evening," and turning round I saw an elderly lady standing on the bank.

My fishing was ended, for she came straight down into the hulk, saying—

"I guess you're English, and I'm a Southerner—an unregenerate rebel."

Her object in coming down was to invite me forthwith to her house to stay the night, "loaf around," and make myself at home.

I put away my rod and followed Mrs. Maclure, and spent the rest of the evening listening to tales of the Southern wars, reminiscences of Thackeray's visit to Virginia, of young Britishers who fought as volunteers, and of the slaves "whom my father owned by the hundred."

"Yes, it was the Dutch, to begin with—the Dutch of Pennsylvania—who *sold us* the slaves. They brought them over from their African possessions, and found

them too expensive to keep in the cold weather in Pennsylvania, so they sold them to us down in Virginia. Oh yes, I know it's the proper thing to pity a slave—mind you, I'm not saying that slavery's right. But the slaves I pity are the poor whites who have to work in those factories. That's slavery, if you please. My father's slaves were the happiest people in the world. You should just have heard them with their violins, singing half the night; and they composed their songs as they went.

“‘I’m a nigger! I’m a nigger!
And I don’t care a damn.
 I’m a sight deal better, any day,
 Than a poor white man.’”

Reminiscence crowded hard and fast, and when I left it was with the determination to come back the next day. I spent the night in my valise, and breakfasted the next morning on boiled eggs, making my own tea.

I lunched with my friend of the previous evening, and the meal was enlivened by an analysis of the American girl, the Kentucky girl, the Kansas girl, the Virginian, and the Pennsylvanian—though upon this last some delicacy was evidently felt, for the subject was dismissed with a sentence which I decided to make my own. “We must be careful not to tread upon Dutch toes.”

At three o’clock in the afternoon I went on board the *Ainsworth*, and was soon gliding swiftly between the green wooded banks of the meandering Kootenay.

My fellow-passengers were miners, prospectors, and a few Chinamen, and one American woman, who had recently divorced her husband because she found that he did “not suit” her.

As we passed along an Indian occasionally shot out from the banks in his canoe, his bright-coloured blanket, or red and green sleeveless smock, with a girdle round the waist, forming an appropriate feature in the scene. His dusky, wild-looking offspring climbed the trees, and

fished from the branches, or played by the banks. There was an uncared-for, weird air about the children, making more akin to nature than humanity. They seemed hardly human, and yet were neither animal nor banshee. The tepee, with its crossed sticks and the smoke curling slowly from the top, was just as suitable a feature to the landscape as the Indian himself.

Every kind of scenery has some corresponding expression in the human mind, and instinctively recalls to one the words or emotions or figures expressed by a master mind, to whom perhaps vaguely the same kind of scenery originally gave the inspiration. There are thundering cascades and mountain peaks over which storms pass and the sun breaks out, and forests standing motionless with the sparkle of rain-drops on fir-needles—a visible expression of Chopin's music. And the same is true of human beings. There are people whose tone of mind (they are rare enough, God knows) recalls Fra Angelico's paintings. My travels through the Kootenays set me thinking of Rudyard Kipling. The small street, with its miners and prospectors passing to and fro with their packs upon their backs. Chinamen—wooden, stolid, secretive, persevering, incomprehensible. Indians, with their lithe, graceful figures, and purposeless, aimless lives. Through it all there breathed an intense human interest: it might be brutal, rather than spiritual, and yet it had such touches of grace as I could not doubt would redeem it and give its people a place in Kingdom come.

The steamer passed close to the reclaimed lands of the Alberla and British Columbia Exploration Company, which are situated at the extreme south of Kootenay lake. I regretted not being able to see something of these lands, but we passed both coming and going in the dark. The idea of draining, by a system of pumping, this very fertile land in the vicinity of the mining markets, is a good one; but I am unable to express any opinion as to the soundness of the scheme. The land is offered at a very reasonable figure, and perhaps

young men might feel disposed to venture on a small holding; but until the engineering works have stood the test of some floods, it would be impossible to feel certain of their reliability.

I went ashore at Ainsworth, and spent the afternoon with Mrs. Lendrum, going on in the evening to Kaslo. I slept on board, and took the train early the following morning for New Denver, *via* Sandon.

The Kaslo and Sandon railway passes up a narrow gorge, through which a rapid trout stream has forced its way. It rained, and there was fresh fallen snow upon the peaks. I could not but deplore the wreckage of cedar trees all along the line—burnt and ruined—leaving the stream bare and exposed. As long as it was shaded it afforded the best ground for spawning trout. Now it was useless for that purpose; and as we ascended it became muddy and turbid with the washings from the mines.

These streams, which are such a common feature in Canada, are very companionable. They are the embodiment of mirth and jollity, and superabundant high spirits. As they came tumbling down in their hurry to reach the great waters, they seemed to me like British boys at football. I loved to see them bursting out of the pine forest and hurling themselves into the light of day. They came to deliver a golden message from the heart of the hills, and seemed to laugh at the prospector toiling, toiling, while *they* had found the gold and blazed their trail long ago.

At Sandon, where we stopped two hours, I went to deliver my letter to Mr. J. M. Harris. All the shops and offices were open, and the mules coming down from the mines with ore as usual, although it was Sunday.

Mr. Harris was in his office with several other gentlemen, and forthwith we plunged into the silver question. The "slump" in the value of silver had caused a panic, and Sandon was paralyzed. Only the richest mines were working. The fall had been a heavy one, and the fear was that it might continue indefinitely. The

price at which the low grade mines had closed was fifty cents the ounce; but I had heard Mr. Scott Macdonald declare that the best mines in Sandon and Slocan were so rich, and the methods of production had been so cheapened, that the mines would pay until silver dropped to twenty-five cents the ounce. It is only natural that the owners of silver mines should complain at prices which dropped from 84 to 50 cents.

The questions surrounding silver are altogether different to those relating to gold. It seems that up to the present time the full commercial use of silver has not been discovered. Unlike copper, abestos, and nickel, it has no large industries which demand it imperatively. It is highly ornamental, and, in common with ostrich feathers and the like products, will be dependent to a great extent on the whim of fashion. It remains to be seen to what extent art can increase its decorative usefulness.

Beyond doubt it is highly important to ascertain the lowest figure at which a mine can produce silver at a paying rate. The cost of production of this metal is probably lower than any other. There is generally a by-product mixed with it, such as copper or lead, which is sufficient to pay the costs, the silver making a clear profit.

In the Reco mine (near Sandon) the costs have been reduced to as low a figure as five cents an ounce, from which it will be seen that the mine, which is one of the best, will pay handsomely at even a lower figure than that fixed by Mr. Scott Macdonald. That the returns from the silver mines are considerable, may be gathered from the Reco (a comparatively small mine) paying \$50,000 a month in dividends. The Payne mine was shipping on the reduced price about 500 tons of ore weekly, valued at about \$150 the ton. There are to be large shipments from Slocan during the present winter of very high grade ore.

I believe that the rush to the Klondyke had caused considerable chagrin among mine-owners in this district,

and increased the bitter feeling on the currency question. I failed to see how the free coinage of silver could add to the marketable value of the metal. Certainly it would do so up to a point, but when the enormous output is considered, which would immediately take place from mines of a lower grade, I could not see that free coinage solved the problem of values.

It is impossible to use 25 cent or 50 cent notes, and as the prices of goods become lower in Canada more silver will be necessary; in fact, an increased population would absorb more small cash.

So far as increasing the cash currency of the country is concerned, it would seem that a larger coinage in silver would be beneficial. And if a mint were started in Canada it is incredible that it would not pay, especially if the dollar notes were recalled. It seems anomalous that Canada, which is a first-class silver producing country, should use a paper currency. But when the subject of the free coining of silver is brought in there appear to be involved enormously difficult problems such as are not suitable for popular agitation. I found the gentlemen at Sandon keenly excited upon the subject of bi-metallism. They were ardent silverites, and were thoroughly at home in this most intricate question.

Without laying claim to special knowledge, it would, I fear, be found that British capital would hesitate to embark in Canada if bi-metallism were introduced. Perhaps it might be possible to get over this difficulty by drawing capital from the States; but it is notorious that there has been of late less disposal on the part of the British public to take up American securities, and this hesitation seems coincident with the unsettled condition of the coinage. Thus the withdrawal of capital for Canada from the States might not be possible except at ruinous interest. Of course, if the States established a silver standard, and Canada followed, a link would be forged between the States and Canada. But at the present time all Canadian diplomacy and

finance has been drawing towards Great Britain—and that, if I am not much mistaken, means a gold standard. But in the opinion of the silver kings of Slocan and Sandon, dollar notes, though detestable as compared to silver, were preferable to gold.

Perhaps the strongest point which the silverites have on their side is that the gold standard offers advantages to bankers and large capitalists which have nothing to do with legitimate trade values. If this be true or not I cannot say, but whether any legislature in the world would be strong enough to approach the subject adversely to substantial banking interests is a point of considerable doubtfulness. The only way in which the demand for silver could be legitimately increased would be by an increased wage-earning class. The tendency seems setting that way. I found in some places that barter was still resorted to, where I am sure in a year or two such a thing will be impossible.

I went on in the afternoon to New Denver, a lovely spot on Slocan Lake.

The following morning I went on board the C.P.R. steamer, and went round the lake, stopping for two hours at Slocan City. Throughout this district there are narrow fertile valleys, but most of the land is held very strongly by private individuals and land companies; so that no produce to speak of is grown in the neighbourhood. I found plums selling well which came through the Shippers' Union from Kelowna. A good deal of hay also came in this way.

I noticed that a good many miners who had camped on the shore of the lake were preparing to strike their camp. They were washing their clothes, and had good fires, with old tins full of water, into which they threw their shirts and boiled them. The nights were getting cold, and they found their tents no longer attractive.

At Roseberry I left the steamer, and proceeded by rail to Nakusp. The C.P.R. had recently announced their intention of locating a townsite at Roseberry, which should be a port whence steamers and barges should

carry produce down the lake to New Denver and Slocan City.

At Nakusp there is a good deal of shipbuilding done by the C.P.R., and a very fine boat was in course of construction. The scenery on these lakes is so lovely that American tourists are travelling in increasing numbers every year. It is a pity that the hotels at Nakusp are so poor. It is difficult to assign any cause for the unpalatable and unnourishing nature of the food. The beef is hard and coarse, the vegetables badly cooked and stale, the milk tinned; so that very often after my dinner I strolled out feeling like one of those unfortunate cats whom it is some people's policy to feed insufficiently in order that they may catch mice. As I walked down to look at the shipbuilding at Nakusp I felt that I should have been very glad to catch something for my supper.

The following morning early I went on board the C.P.R.'s boat for Arrow Head, and enjoyed an excellent breakfast. At Arrow Head, while we were waiting for the train, a number of cattle from the North-West were taken on board our boat. They were fine animals, and were going to be distributed between Slocan, New Denver, and Sandon. I did not think them in first-class condition; certainly they were not fat, but, considering their long journey, they had travelled very well and without mishap.

After spending another night at Revelstoke I went on to Glacier. The weather had become excessively cold, as is very often the case about the 1st of September. I spent two days at Glacier, thoroughly enjoying the comfort of the hotel and the charm of the wonderful scenery. The peaks were whiter than usual with fresh-fallen snow, and the great glacier seemed to come closer than ever.

The trains stop here at very convenient hours, the eastward bound in the afternoon and the westward at about twelve o'clock. In nearly every train I knew somebody, and on one occasion I met a friend whom I had last seen in Johannesburg.

I was more than ever impressed with the vast difference of British Columbia viewed from the C.P.R. and the country as I had seen it in my rambles off the track.

There was something inexpressibly comic in meeting the tide of tourists in their travelling garb, with their sticks and kodaks, botanizing tins and butterfly nets. An old "trail-blazer," who stopped off to lunch with me at Glacier, was greatly incensed at the presumption of the women trippers, who started mountaineering in blue-bottle veils, and with little satchels. I had some difficulty in making him control his desire to enlighten them as to his opinions upon their performances. I saw some of them looking at him with astonishment not unmixed with terror; and I felt that they failed to realize that the man in a badly washed canvas shirt, hob-nailed boots, and a cowboy's hat, was a gentleman.

On one occasion I had boarded the C.P.R. just as I had come down from the wilds, but my heavy baggage lay waiting for me on the platform. It had attracted the attention of some Americans, who had been reading its labels, etc., and when the train moved off the conductor of the sleeping-car, who knew me, came to tell me their remarks. "Who is she?" they asked. "Who is she? She's got all that luggage, and she's dressed—she's dressed as if she hadn't got a thing!"

On the 10th of September I left Glacier for Golden *en route* for Fort Steele. The Columbia river runs northwards between the Selkirks and Rockies, and at Golden a steamer starts for Windermere. This steamer was waiting, and I drove down to the wharf at once. It was the *Duchess*, who was making her last voyage for the season, the water having become too low for a vessel of her draught; as it was, we stuck continually on sand-bars, and had to be hauled by a cable wound round a tree on the bank, worked by a windlass on the ship's bows.

My fellow-passengers were the usual assortment of miners and prospectors, and we stopped at points to

put them down with their cayuses and "grub," or to pick them up, or leave provisions. At one place an old newspaper hung on a stick caused us to run in, and we found, by a deserted camping-ground, a box containing some letters, with money for their postage. I happened to catch sight of one of the letters, and saw the envelope bore a well-known crest. Evidently some "tenderfoot" had brought his note-paper with him—by no means a bad idea, for I have been glad to write on an old telegraph form or any scrap of paper.

Two men on board were old South Africans, so that we had plenty to talk about; and one of them, Mr. Keyser, turned out to be the brother of a lady whom I knew in the old country.

The section of the river up which we were steaming ran between the Selkirks and Rockies. The river was about sixty yards across, and ran so smoothly that the sylvan banks and the great peaks behind them, standing back beyond wide marshy lands, were all reflected perfectly in the water. The early frosts had turned the maples to the rich blood-red of the poinsettia, while the silver birch shook its small foliage like so many golden sovereigns. Here and there a mountain spruce rose slim and stately with a crown of red-brown cones like very large cigars, and a poplar,—green as an emerald,—from a scrub of cranberries and straggling knucki-knuck, whose bark the Indians scrape and dry for tobacco.

There can be no question that these mountains are highly mineralized, but as merely scenic the effects of the strange colours of their peaks give them a value of their own. There was no colour, from brilliant crimson to violet, from vandyke brown to cadmium, that these peaks did not show it, nor any tone, from the most delicate pearl grey to the richest purple. Then we came to cliffs like marble, with strange hieroglyphics worked upon them. They represented walls, and the writing appeared exactly like ancient histories of the Hittites or Egyptians. Elsewhere they were piled up in castles with bastions. There were broken archways

like the naves of ruined abbeys, and crumbling turrets set upon old walls. It was incredible that this should be only the handiwork of nature, and the clay only an annual deposit of an ancient river baked by the sun of forgotten centuries.

At first I thought these deposits were similar to those on the islands at the mouth of Nanaimo harbour, but on consideration I came to the conclusion that the islands were soapstone or meerschaum, and these cliffs a delicate highly plastic white clay. It might be that they were gypsum; but there are beautiful clays in this country, and it would seem as though some day ceramic works directed by the intelligence and skill of the Japanese might produce a very beautiful pottery. When I was at Cranbrook I brought away a sample of some of the clay which the Indians prize very highly, and which they come a long distance to fetch upon their ponies.

Above Windermere our struggling steamer could not proceed, so we landed to continue our route by stage. I walked on ahead of the stage, and came down to a garden in the valley, where a Chinaman was at work irrigating onions, lettuces, etc., by diverting a stream. Wandering by the side of the stream, I found an abundance of wild strawberries of most delicious flavour. In this country the strawberries produce a second time in September, and the fruit is very rich and sweet. This is a fortunate feature, for few crops are so profitable as the strawberry. There is always a shortage in the market of strawberry jam, and no means has ever been devised to prevent this. For even if sufficient fruit could be grown the season that it lasts is so short that the factories cannot put up an adequate annual supply.

After staging some miles we came to a trolley drawn by a horse, which took us down to a small ferry-boat, on which we proceeded to Canal Flats, which we reached after dark.

Canal Flats consists of a single inn, which is the posting house for Fort Steele. The Kootenay Valley Land Company obtained a grant of land from the

Government of British Columbia to the amount of 27,000 acres for building a canal to connect the Columbia and Kootenay rivers. A more useful work could hardly be imagined; but the way it was carried out rendered it speedily abortive. On my return journey I went to see the ruins of this miserable little canal. It was about twenty feet across, and could never have been deep enough to allow the passage of a fair-sized cargo boat. In fact, I was told that it only worked for one short season! Since 1889 the land of the grant has been assessed, and from \$4000 to \$4500 paid in taxes. The land has been held in the hope of securing high prices as the country developed. But the company has acted perfectly within its rights. No clause was inserted by the Government as to the reversion of the land in case of the canal being faultily constructed or otherwise useless. The only result of the canal at the present time is to render the navigation of the Columbia river more difficult than before by turning the water into the Kootenay.

The following morning at eight o'clock I started by stage for Fort Steele. The road was rough, the stage a very shaky machine, and the driving execrable. About noon we reached Hansen's, an inn kept by an enterprising Dane, who had planted a good garden, where I saw flourishing apple and plum trees. He had some sheep in a pen, which he killed off one at a time for his guests. They were a new importation, and regarded with curiosity.

In this district I heard a great deal of the hardships of the labourer, and great complaints as to low wages and uncertainty in employment. It seemed to me that these matters relate to features which are inseparable from modern conditions.

The price of labour is regulated by the prices of commodities, and the prices of commodities by markets. Enough has been said already to show the arduous and even hazardous nature of the business which regulates and exploits markets. The public are becoming more

and more dependent upon markets. There is a decided diminution of the public which lived upon the produce of its own farms or estates ; and labour is becoming more and more an independent factor, as distinct from or opposed to capital.

In the old days farm-servants lived housed and fed upon the land, more often than not in their masters' houses. To a certain extent this was the case also with rural trades. Local markets were then a feature in every district, but now their place is taken by shops or stores supplied from large centres.

In a word, the method of supply nowadays is one of collection and distribution from large centres, which doubtless affords employment to many individuals who have nothing to do with production. But the markets in these large centres are contingent upon so many possibilities that they can never be stable. Hence the uncertainty in the labour market, which renders it practically impossible for two-thirds of the people to look six weeks ahead with any certainty. It is impossible for Unions to fix wages. It would be better for the workmen to be more facile and prepared to adapt themselves so as to take advantage of any opportunity for earning money which comes in their way. Upon inquiry as to what the labourers did when wages were high, I found that they drank heavily. Upon making further inquiries, I found that, as a rule, the best paid men were the greatest drunkards. I came to the conclusion that quite twice as much destitution was caused by drink as by low wages or difficulty in procuring work, and that this is stating the case very modestly. Wages are, on the whole, considerably higher than they were, but the uncertainty is much greater.

On further inquiry, I found that the system of creating small municipalities or corporated cities chiefly dependent upon one man, or one mining company, is frequently a very mischievous arrangement. These corporations possessed not only rating powers, but the power of appointing their own police. As they owned all

the land, they could, if they chose, prohibit any church being built; and they sometimes objected openly to the interference of any minister of religion whatever as directly contrary to their own interests. These interests consisted in seeing to it that the miners who came down from the mines with their pay should "blow it in," as the phrase is, in the saloons, bars, and houses which they (the owners of the township) ran for the purpose of retrieving the wages. In order that outward appearances should be kept as decent as possible, every precaution was taken, such as locking up the drugged or drunken miners until they were sober, in back rooms kept for the purpose. It is not too much to say that there is a population in British Columbia which lives by encouraging the prostitution and vice of the hard-working class; and what this means in loss to the country I gathered from a story which, as it was told me twice, has doubtless some foundation in fact. It was a railway contractor who found his work behindhand solely on account of the vicious enticements of the crowd who came to his section point, and set up dancing-saloons and bars. Twice he spoke to them when two of his men were killed, and told them what he would do, but they defied him. Then one day, when the wind was in the right direction, he sent out and fired the forest. The flames swept down upon the rising township, its bars and its saloons, and in a few hours nothing was left but smouldering embers—after which the work of laying the line proceeded in due course. The working man will urge his right to get drunk or be vicious at his own expense, and for the sake of argument we will grant him the point; but is there any device under heaven by which the right of any class in the community may be justified which enables them to derive a profit by ensnaring and tempting human beings to their ruin? The law of the land is enforced against robbery with violence, and if British Columbia acts in accordance with her conduct in the past, she will take measures to suppress the licensed villainy of the bars in backwood towns and the worse conditions in small cities.

In the early days of Cariboo, Sir Matthew Begbie was commissioned to suppress lawlessness, and where no precedent existed, to make one; in fact, to create the law as he administered it. He was a striking example of what a fearless, just, and far-sighted man can do in a new country; and the immunity from crime enjoyed on the gold-fields of British Columbia, as compared with the States, is largely due to the characteristic energy of Sir Matthew Begbie. Many are the stories told of Sir Matthew's determination to bring offenders to justice, and the difficulty he sometimes experienced with a timid jury. One was told me in Victoria, which I believe is less well-known than others, and as I had it from good authority I will repeat it.

Sir Matthew had at length succeeded in procuring the arrest of a gang of ruffians, who had been sand-bagging. He was particularly anxious for a conviction, and in summing up he laid down the course, which the jury were to take in a very direct manner. Nevertheless, the jury were frightened, and returned a verdict of not guilty. Sir Matthew then addressed the prisoners. He regretted that, owing to the conduct of the jury, he was unable to pronounce upon them the sentence which he had in his mind; but he would request them that the next time they reverted to their habits of cowardly violence, they would sand-bag the present jury. Needless to say that a judge of this temper cleared Cariboo of desperadoes, and strengthened the cause of law and order.

At Fort Steele I was gradually nearing the American border once more. It was a small town which had boomed when the Crow's Nest railway was decided upon, the idea being that the C.P.R. would come into Fort Steele. This was a delusion, for I believe the railway never intended to go into Fort Steele. The place owed its origin to a small fort, which was built for the accommodation of some of the mounted police, under an officer called Steele. The exploitation of the North Star silver mine, followed, situated above Fort Steele on the Kootenay river.

Steamers were run during the summer months up the Kootenay river, from Jennings in Montana, carrying provisions and mining machinery. The cost of freight may be judged by the fact that one of these steamers paid for herself in a single trip. The ore from the North Star was shipped as return cargo to the American smelters. Below Fort Steele is the famous old gold-field of Wild Horse creek, where the first gold rush took place into British Columbia. Coarse gold is still dug out there in paying quantities, and it is intended to put in machinery for quartz milling when the railway comes through the Crow's Nest.

There was a great deal of chagrin expressed in no measured terms against the C.P.R. and Colonel Baker, because the railway survey passed some twelve miles from Fort Steele, and located its section point at Cranbrook. It was openly stated that Colonel Baker had used his official position to induce the railway to take this course; and there was some talk, supported by a banquet, of bringing pressure to bear upon the C.P.R. through the interference of the Dominion Government. It was represented that the railway was wilfully and wantonly doing despoil and damage to a highly promising township.

I did not wonder at the disappointment in Fort Steele. It would have made a great difference to the town, and to the mines in the immediate vicinity, had the railway come straight into the township. At the same time, apart from the steepness of the gradients, I saw that the railway would have to consider the possible cutting of rates by routes already established.

The Roman Catholics were beginning to build a small wooden chapel, which would apparently accommodate about two hundred persons; and there were other signs of confidence in Fort Steele; but I came to the conclusion that the booming of Fort Steele was a little premature, and the people who had bought lots were naturally upset. In this idea I was confirmed by hearing that it was never the intention of the C.P.R. to attempt the gradients into

Fort Steele. The town already possessed the communication by water with the railway at Jennings, and a stage-road from Golden on the C.P.R. So far from Colonel Baker having induced the railway to come to Cranbrook, he had purposely bought his land in that neighbourhood because he believed that the C.P.R. would eventually pass somewhere in that neighbourhood. What he did not foresee was that, when the railway came, it would select the best part of his land, that under plough and capable of irrigation, on which to locate its section point.

The fact is, that nothing is more difficult than to tell precisely where a railway will pass until every gradient has been thoroughly surveyed, and the whole plan made out. If the precedent were to be established that any small township which cropped up anywhere was to compel a railway to come into it, railway enterprise would be impossible, and the commerce of the country suffer severely, owing to expensive and circuitous communication. The official position of any minister is a thing of the hour, but the game which the C.P.R. is playing is one which at every point is affected over a course of about four thousand miles, and which will certainly outlast the lives of the present generation.

CHAPTER XXV.

CRANBROOK—CONCLUSION.

I LEFT Fort Steele the same evening for Cranbrook, where I arrived at about 9 p.m. It was dark, and as I ascended the wooden steps I heard men's voices within, and the barking of a dog. I found Mr. Hyde Baker entertaining two gentlemen who were interested in the mines of the district. After an excellent supper of cold partridge, I retired to rest, and never needed it more than after the long day's staging over the sand and rocks of East Kootenay, between Canal Flats and Cranbrook.

The following morning Mr. White and his friend started on their ponies to the hills, and Mr. Baker drove into Fort Steele on business, while I remained resting, and getting rid of the dust of travel.

The harvest operations were in full swing, and a glorious sight the wide valley presented, stretching as far as the eye could reach, a mass of golden grain.

This ranch was worked on an expensive system; a great deal of labour being used. There were no mills in the neighbourhood, transport was very costly, the population sparse, so that all this beautiful corn land was devoted to oats and forage crops. The range had suffered, in common with all the ranges in the district, from the herds of wild cayuses, upon which the Indians maintained some kind of very indefinite rights. These creatures are absolutely worthless and most mischievous, and sooner or later some steps must be taken in many parts of British Columbia to reduce their numbers. It

is said that in the States they have been shot, boiled down, and exported to France. In the afternoon I walked into the forest.

These Canadian backwoods exercise a great fascination over one's mind. Their solemnity and silence, and their vastness, is full of physical repose, which leaves the mind free to speculate and to dream. It was when I was watching the still surface of a great lake, down to whose very waters the pine trees grew, that I listened to a woman from the States summing up the Canadian character in converse with one of her own countrymen, and as the conversation proceeded like the course of a hare, round and round one point, I was able to take notes.

"Them Ontarios is as green as pumpkins—as *pumpkins*, cap'aen."

The captain gave a lively assent, shook his head, and heaved a sigh.

"And more—they're pore. An' their poverty and pride go ill together. That's so with them Ontarios. I'm not denyin' but a gurl from the West is smarter; but smartness is not all—not all, cap'aen, nor liveliness, neither. Now, I've an Ontario, and she's a good gurl, is Mee-ary. But then, I've trained her, and I've fed her. You bet—cap'aen, I have."

The captain lost no time in expressing his absolute conviction on these points.

"Yes, I've fed her and trained her, and she's worth four and a half, cap'aen. I've four other gurls; but I'd sooner have Mee-ary than the other four, and she an Ontario! And I'm not saying she wasn't green and pore, and starved—yes, cap'aen—when I had her."

The captain murmured that he had never found the Ontarios anything else.

I have not the slightest doubt that there is some truth in the observations of the shrewd but not unkindly American. Life has been easy to the Canadian in this country, whose wealth he hardly seems to realize. He dreams and has aspirations and ideals, and unless his

fighting spirit is aroused he is very gentle. Even the poorest people have a courteous, gentle manner and a well-bred air, which even their high estimate of the value of education, and their marked appreciation of culture, does not account for. But they are a little wanting in quickness. Nevertheless, I am convinced that it is a mistake for the Yankee to underrate even the greenest "Ontario," as others besides the good lady's Mee-ary may prove to possess qualities which will bear "training."

In the evening Mr. Baker returned with Mr. Laidlaw, and the following day we drove to a distant part of the ranch, and set up a te-pee. On the way we passed the carcass of a dead cayuse which smelt most offensively, and round it were innumerable birds of prey, chiefly buzzards with red feathers about their beaks. They had mined the inside of the animal, and the air and sun had withered the skin till it was as hard and dry as canvas. Mr. Baker assured me that eagles will eat carrion, a habit which I thought was confined to vultures.

After luncheon we started walking with the dogs. Mr. Laidlaw carried a shot-gun, and Mr. Baker a rifle. We went to see some curious white clay, very smooth and fine, of which there appeared to be a good deal in a swamp, which in winter-time was much frequented by game. This old swamp was probably once a lake, but I could not understand how the clay came there. It was as nearly in the centre as possible, and the surrounding heights appeared all rock and sand. We followed this swamp till we reached some alkali pans, on which were teal and duck. Mr. Baker started them up with his rifle, and they went away over the place where Mr. Laidlaw was hiding, but out of shot. We came on the track of a deer near the alkali pond. The water was very salt and bitter, but it was white alkali.

I could not learn what it was that the Indians used the clay for. Mr. Baker said, "to stop up the cracks in their huts;" but for an indolent people to come so far

and to select that particular clay seemed to indicate that they prized it for other purposes than stopping "a hole to keep the wind away."

In the evening Mr. White and Mr. Bruce returned. They had had a rough experience in the hills, for, after a long climb to the log cabin where they were to spend the night, they found it unprovisioned save for a small bag of flour, and they were badly supplied with wraps.

They looked thoroughly worn out and tired, but they brought back some beautiful specimens of peacock and sulphides, and we spent a very interesting evening discoursing upon rocks.

They were to leave early the next morning, and their ponies were carefully shut up overnight.

Before seven o'clock I heard them climbing carefully down from their room overhead, and then there was dead silence. I got up at my usual time, and marvelled somewhat at the silence with which they had managed their departure; when all of a sudden came a noise like a charge of cavalry right underneath the window.

Looking out, I saw a herd of wild cayuses with the gentlemen's ponies in their midst. They dashed straight past into a corral, and all four gentlemen in their coat sleeves came after them in hot pursuit.

I was soon outside, and learnt how as usual the wild cayuses had come in the night, broken down the pen, and taken the ponies away with them. Then began a remarkable scene. Mr. Baker took a lasso, and we drove the herd past him at full gallop, and, as they passed, he singled out the horse he wanted, and caught it round the neck with the lasso.

In due course we had breakfast, but the gentlemen were in no hurry to start. Then came other people, chiefly miners, in search of lost horses enticed away by these vile cayuses. One young Eastern Canadian had been searching for his pony on and off for weeks, and this morning he rode up with it in triumph. But it had become quite wild. He mounted it, however, and I saw the creature buck fifteen or twenty times all round the

yard, and jump thirty feet, but without unseating him, which fact I believe to be partly due to the Mexican saddle, the girths of which are very strong, and the high peak in front, a great safeguard with a buck-jumping pony.

The following day I left Cranbrook for Fort Steele, intending to take the stage back to Canal Flats; but on arriving at the posting-house, I found that the stage would not run till Sunday or possibly Monday morning. Mr. and Mrs. Edwards kindly invited me to stay with them, which I need not say was very preferable to remaining at the inn.

In the evening I called to see Mr. Galbraith, who I found to be well acquainted with the history of Fort Steele. He spoke very highly of the agricultural possibilities of the district, and I was especially interested in hearing the account he gave of apples and plums. He did not seem able to speak positively respecting the price of land in the neighbourhood. Irrigation is undoubtedly desirable; in fact, for vegetables and most fruits, it is essential.

The price of all dairy produce is very high; butter could not be bought at fifty cents a pound. Condensed milk was used from the time I left Golden till the time I returned, except for two days which I spent at the inn at Windermere. The price of hay is very high, and this is likely to continue, as more and more forage will be required for the mines. The fact, however, remains that the land is strongly held by people who intend to ask a very high price for it. I heard thirty dollars an acre suggested as cheap. The C.P.R. has a large grant here, and will doubtless sell as the railway comes through; and land which can be irrigated twice in the fore part of the season is worth buying at twenty dollars an acre. Two things must be borne in mind—the eaten-out condition of the ranches, and the necessity of securing water rights. So far as markets are concerned, the mining prospects were so good in this district, and scattered over so large an area, that there can be little

doubt of an exceptionally good local market. Besides the North Star, the St. Eugene, and Dibble * mines, the Mammoth and Wasa prospects had been opened, and gave highly satisfactory results. The old diggings at Wild Horse creek were being taken in hand with improved machinery for working the quartz ledges, and there is but little doubt that a good deal of mining will be successfully prosecuted in the neighbourhood of Moyie lake.

Mr. Laidlaw, who returned with me from Cranbrook, showed me some beautiful specimens of ore and quartz, silver, copper, gold, and lead; and I brought away with me specimens from the St. Eugene, North Star, Dibble, and washings from the Moyie river and Wild Horse creek.

On Sunday Mrs. Edwards drove with me to a farm rented by a Suffolk man who had married an Eastern Canadian. There was plenty of water for irrigation, and he used plenty of manure. I never saw roots of such size and weight. I measured a swede, and found it to be over two feet in circumference as nearly as I could judge; but it was not full grown, and I did not like to pull it up. The farmer told me that it was difficult to find food for cattle in winter, and in summer-time the sand-flies persecuted the cows so that he was obliged to shut them up. He believed in men working on farms or renting a farm for a year or two to learn the ways of the country, and to get accustomed to the climate. He said that men became more economical in Canada than they were at home, and that whereas at home a man went to a shop for anything and everything, in Canada he did all he could for himself, and so saved his money.

The diatribes against the C.P.R., which frequently

* As soon as the railway is through, the North Star will be the largest shipper among silver mines of Canada. At the St. Eugene there are 60,000 tons of ore, carrying 68 per cent. of lead and 50 ozs. of silver, ready for shipment. The Dibble is a group of mines, the ore in the lowest shafts of which runs to \$400 to the ton in gold and silver. Besides the gold, silver, copper, and lead of this district, there is an immense oil-bed on the Moyie river, besides gas-pits, representing untold wealth.

help to fill a column or two in the local papers in British Columbia, bear a family likeness one to the other; and therefore it is safe to surmise that they are inspired from the same quarter. The scales in which they are written are the sharps and flats of the shocking monopoly, under which the country is represented as "writhing," or sneers at the "C.P.R. ridden Government at Ottawa."

As far as the Press of British Columbia goes, it neither reflects the tone of public opinion, nor does it lead. Too often it is in a very struggling and impecunious condition, and is glad to grasp at any financial support which may be given it.

The C.P.R. occupies the position of a commercial undertaking, although it is bound by Government subsidy. This fact affects it not otherwise than if it were a steamship line conveying mails. But it has an enormous competition to struggle against in the States. It is in the position of encouraging an agricultural population, for which the Government of British Columbia has done practically nothing, and to push the supplies of the mining markets from Canadian sources.

American influence recognizes in the C.P.R. the strongest bulwark against certain Yankee enterprise—a strength which cannot be shaken by partisan spirit, and which it is impossible to influence politically. They think it would be easy to exploit the railway, and manage the rates and the markets, were it only run by the British Columbian Government, or if it occupied a political platform in the Dominion. Hence the clamour in small "rags" for "a policy of Federal interference," and for "railways to be built by the British Columbian Government in opposition to the C.P.R."

On Sunday evening Mr. Norberry came in to see us. He gave me a very interesting account of his cattle ranch. He breeds as few animals as possible, preferring to buy them at one or two years old. He dwelt very much on the necessity for sheltering cattle, saying that shelter was quite as important as forage; in fact, he

placed it first. He built sheds for his cattle on the ranches. "Every hoof of mine can get under shelter," he said, "and so they don't want so much food." His shelters were 60 feet by 24 feet, logged and chinked, with an open space in the centre, as a doorway, about 15 feet wide, and not higher than necessary. He said that wild cattle cannot be fed out of mangers; the best way is to load a sleigh and run it along fast, throwing out the hay by the way. I asked him about the best breed of cattle, and he said, "I am sure polled beasts would be better. I say they would do better without horns; but the butchers won't have them; they give \$2 a head less for polled cattle. Herefords run out in time, and want fresh blood; they run to long horns and long legs. What I want to get to is killing the horn in a young calf."

Mr. Norberry did not believe that the C.P.R. could jump about among the mountains of Kootenay like a goat in a cabbage garden; but he was very desirous of seeing Fort Steele connected by a spur line; and I gathered elsewhere, that there was so much faith in the money to be made by this enterprise, that the people of Fort Steele were anxious to do it, and reap the benefit themselves, rather than allow the C.P.R. to obtain so valuable an asset. Judging, however, by my private views of Fort Steele, I had doubts on the subject.

This neighbourhood is a good one for sport. Rocky mountain sheep, mule-deer, and bear being plentiful in the season; duck are also abundant in autumn. Many were the sporting yarns I listened to. One struck me as particularly entertaining, and I therefore give it. A sportsman went out with his gun, walking over the snow on snow-shoes. He was walking along the base of a steep foot-hill, when, on suddenly looking up, he saw a bear above him in the snow; he raised his gun, aimed, and fired; but hardly had the report sounded, leaving the air charged with smoke, than he found the bear rolling down the hill head over heels, and before he

could move the creature was close by his side, rearing itself up on its hind legs. It had purposely rolled down the hill to avoid being shot.

This yarn is similar to one I heard in Africa of a man who raised his gun to fire at a lion, and, remembering it was not loaded, threw up his arms and yelled with terror in so agonizing a manner, that the lion turned round and walked away.

Both stories may be true; but I think it would be misleading to allow the tender-foot in Canada, or the tripper in South Africa, to rely upon lions being scared by yelling, or to expect bears to roll down the hills like hedgehogs.

The old diggings of Wild Horse creek are close to Fort Steele, and at the present time Fort Steele offers a good base for miners who can purchase their provisions, blankets, etc., in the different stores of the township. But in the early days of Wild Horse the provisions were packed in over the American border, along a well-known trail which has been very recently improved into a road. Mr. Edwards told me that, in cutting the road, the workmen came upon the skeleton of a man who had been buried not far from a creek which crossed the old trail. At the back of the skull was a small round hole, and inside was found a lead bullet. It was remembered that there were two packers returning with their mules to Montana; they had taken up their goods and been paid off; the creek at that time was crossed upon fir poles, laid close together, over which the mules stepped; a party followed the two packers a couple of days later, and coming to the creek they found a tent pitched, and inside the tent the corpse of one of the packers. His chum, who showed them the corpse, said that the man's mule had stumbled and fallen upon him. The story seemed a strange one, but though they carefully examined the body, they could find no trace of violence, nor was there a drop of blood anywhere.

It was nobody's business in those early days to make inquiries, and, after some discussion, the body was

buried. Years passed, and the chum, who went down to the States to spend his earnings, died raving mad. The belief is that he shot his comrade to get his money, and used for the purpose a small revolver, putting the muzzle close under the man's long hair. He had ample time to wipe away the blood before the other men came down. In listening to this yarn I found myself wondering whether Bacon wrote an essay "On being found out."

I left Fort Steele on the 20th of September by stage, spent one more night at Canal Flats, and drove on the following day to Windermere.

Here, to my vexation, I was obliged to stay till the afternoon of the 23rd, owing to the steamboat not connecting. Windermere possesses one small inn, where the sportsman or artist would find himself well fed and treated with every civility.

The neighbourhood is a promising one for agriculture, cattle attaining a good size. But arable crops require irrigation, and the ranches are dreadfully eaten up with wild cayuses. At all events, stock must be sheltered in winter. The wild cayuses abound along the shores of the Columbia river, and I thought I had never seen a stranger sight than these wild, odd-shaped creatures, galloping to some high point from which they could look down in safety to watch the steamer. It is a good plan to descend the Columbia from Windermere to Golden in a row-boat, especially for duck-shooting. The duck went overhead in thousands after sundown.

There was so little water by this time in the river, that only a small steamer could make the passage. On our return journey we took a scow in front with merchandise, and, in consequence, we ran into banks and became hung up upon bars. The little boat had no sleeping accommodation, but I spread my Wolseley valise on the table where we had our meals. I sat down with the crew, who were a mixture of French Canadians and boatmen, with one old soldier from the 90th Rifles who had served during Riel's rebellion.

The food was cooked in tin by two Chinamen, and served in tin, and tasted of tin. After I had strapped myself into my valise, the door opened cautiously, and in came John and his satellite. I asked him what he wanted, and he said he was "going to sleep." I objected to this, and was trying to look dignified as I spoke from inside my valise, when the captain came to my rescue, and John retired to sleep elsewhere; probably among the coals.

The object for which I had travelled was accomplished, as far as it could be; and as I sat on the scow, I felt amply satisfied concerning the wealth and fine prospects of this Colony for British settlers; indeed, my difficulty was to convey an adequate idea of the vast possibilities for young men who were ready to work hard. What I had seen far surpassed anything I had been told of the riches and fertility of this country.

It was a splendid feeling of satisfaction and triumph, and I longed to be able to express myself in some suitable form—to gather my friends round me, to dress in my best, and dine with them to discuss the great future of British Columbia—instead of sitting alone upon my valise in a travel-stained suit of jungle cloth and a battered straw hat.

Before I left Canada, however, I plunged into a scene of animation and happiness; for it was my good fortune to be present at the wedding of Miss Herchmer, the daughter of the Commandant of the North-West Police. There, upon the prairies, at the little garrison church, the ceremony took place with all the customary paraphernalia of a wedding in the old country. The bride's dress, which was of silk brocade, fitted beautifully; the display of handsome presents, the bishop to perform the ceremony, the troopers in their scarlet coats with drawn swords lining the aisle, all combined to form a great occasion. But it was chiefly by the decorations of the church—the pine-branches and wheat, etc.—that the Canadian North-West asserted itself.

This was an opportunity, which I thoroughly appre-

ciated, of seeing something of the fine body of men known as the North-West Police. Their history has been well written, their deeds are well known, and require no comment of mine.

Much to my concern, I had heard rumours of their disbandonment. For certain purposes, a body of troopers, such as these police, are unequalled; and, once disbanded, they would be difficult to reassemble—at all events, in the well-disciplined order in which they exist at present.

In the early days of my travel I met an American who went out of his way to sneer at the North-West Police, until I felt obliged to ask him a few direct questions. He admitted that they preserved order among the Indians very efficiently, and that such incidents as the commotion caused by Almighty Voice * might occur at any time. But he ridiculed the idea of Canada requiring an "armed force," declaring that it was "out of date," for that "arbitration would be resorted to in future upon all points in dispute among nations." "Besides," he added, "it's so expensive. Canada might employ that large sum spent on the Police so much better in other ways." I replied that the Police had been sent to the Klondyke, and that if they had not gone, men of the same stamp would have had to be found, and they could not be found in a hurry. Moreover, that Canada had a large frontier to watch. He looked up quickly at my reference to the Klondyke, and reverted once more to the costliness of the Police. I knew that this idea of the cost had been bruited in Canada by a section of Eastern Canadians; but I was surprised to find this American urging a point of the kind, considering that he was not liable.

As I eyed him, a verse from an old nursery rhyme crossed my mind, but I spared him the quotation. Had I quoted it, he would probably have slunk away talking

* Almighty Voice made a rising in the early part of last year, and accounted for five of the Police before he was taken and hanged.

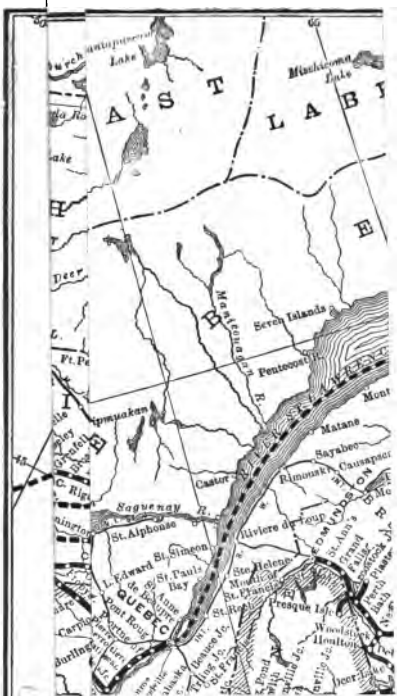
about "blood being thicker than water," etc. Yet if he chances to read this passage, it may be for his good to know the lines—

"The faithful counsel of the mischievous rat,
To the keeper of the house that he lodges at,
By all means, sell the cat,
And with its price buy cheese and fat."

"Them Ontarios," I reflected, "is as green as pumpkins—if they part with their police!"

* * * * *

A short rest at Banff, to enjoy the last of the mountains, a short stop at Winnipeg, a week at Montreal, and a few days with my kind friends the Herrings at Quebec, and then I went on board the *State of California* on the 16th of October, and sailed the following morning for Liverpool.



APPENDIX.

I.

AN EXTRACT OF THE LAND ACT OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Pre-emption of Surveyed and Unsurveyed Lands.

4. EXCEPT as hereinafter appears, any person being the head of a family, a widow, or single man over the age of eighteen years, and being a British subject, or any alien, upon his making a declaration of his intention to become a British subject before a Commissioner, Notary Public, Justice of the Peace, or other officer appointed therefor, which declaration shall be in the Form No. 1 in the Schedule to this Act, and upon his filing the same with the Commissioner may, for agricultural purposes, record any tract of unoccupied and unreserved Crown lands (not being an Indian settlement) not exceeding three hundred and twenty acres in extent in that portion of the Province situated to the northward and eastward of the Cascade or Coast Range of Mountains, and one hundred and sixty acres in extent in the rest of the Province: Provided that such right shall only extend to lands bonâ fide taken up for agricultural purposes, and shall not be held to extend to any of the aborigines of this continent, except to such as shall have obtained permission in writing to so record by a special order of the Lieutenant-Governor in Council.

Who may record unsurveyed lands.

11. Upon the compliance by the applicant with the provisions hereinbefore contained, and upon payment by him of the sum of two dollars to the Commissioner, the Commissioner shall record such land in his favour as a pre-emption

Certificate of record.

claim, and give him a certificate of such pre-emption record, in the Form No. 3 in the Schedule hereto; and such record shall be made by the Commissioner in triplicate, the original to be handed to the pre-emptor, a duplicate to be retained by the Commissioner for local reference, and the triplicate to be forwarded forthwith to the head office of the Lands and Works Department, to be there examined, and if found in all respects (or, if necessary, after having been amended by the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works so as to be) in accordance with the provisions of this Act, to be finally entered in the Land Office Register, the pre-emptor to be notified of any alterations being made in the description of his claim, whose duty it shall be to alter his stakes so as to agree with the amended description. C. A. 1888, c. 66, s. 12.

The pre-emptor must occupy the land within thirty days after the date of the certificate of record, or the land is forfeited to the Crown, with all buildings and improvements erected upon it. The occupation must be a continual *bonâ fide* personal residence, and does not admit of absence for longer than two months, unless the pre-emptor can show the Commissioner good cause, such as sickness, etc.

No pre-emptor is allowed to record more than one claim, but a chartered or incorporated company may pre-empt land by special order of Lieutenant-Governor in Council.

After recording the claim a certificate of improvement must be obtained.

Certificate
of im-
provement.

22. A pre-emptor of surveyed land, who has been in occupation of his pre-emption claim for not less than two years from the date of its record, shall be entitled to receive from the Commissioner a certificate, to be called a "Certificate of Improvement," in the Form No. 4 in the Schedule hereto, upon his proving to the Commissioner, by the declarations in writing of himself and two other persons, or in such other manner as the Commissioner may require, that he has been in occupation of his pre-emption claim from the date of the record thereof, and has made permanent improvements thereon to the value of two dollars and fifty cents per acre, and such declaration shall be in the Form No. 5 in the Schedule hereto. Such certificate shall be in triplicate, one part to be handed to the pre-emptor, another part retained by the Commissioner for local reference, and the third part

transmitted forthwith to the head office of the Lands and Works Department; and it shall be the duty of the Commissioner to note the issue of such certificate on the duplicate pre-emption record thereof retained in the Commissioner's office. 1884, c. 16, s. 20; 1893, c. 22, s. 4, *part*.

25. After the grant of a certificate of improvement as aforesaid to the pre-emptor, and payment of one dollar per acre for the land has been made, a Crown grant of conveyance, in the Form No. 7 in the Schedule hereto, of the fee simple of and in the land mentioned as recorded in such certificate, shall be executed in favour of the said pre-emptor, upon payment of the sum of five dollars therefor; but no such Crown grant shall be executed in favour of any alien who may have declared as aforesaid his intention of becoming a British subject, until such alien shall have become, according to law, a naturalized subject; and no Crown grant shall issue until the pre-emptor or his family shall have bonâ fide occupied the pre-emption for at least two years. 1884, c. 16, s. 23; 1891, c. 15, s. 12.

26. No transfer of any surveyed or unsurveyed land pre-empted under this Act shall be valid, until after a Crown grant of the same shall have been issued. 1884, c. 16, s. 24.

28. No pre-emption record shall be granted except for land taken up for agricultural purposes, and no certificate of improvement or Crown grant shall be issued for such pre-emption until ten acres at least of such pre-emption have been brought under cultivation. 1896, c. 28, s. 15.

Crown grant to be issued on payment of \$1 per acre.

No transfer valid until Crown grant is issued.

Pre-emption records restricted to agricultural lands.

Sale of Crown Land.

29. Every person desiring to purchase unsurveyed, unoccupied, and unreserved Crown lands shall give two months' notice of his intended application to purchase, by a notice inserted, at the expense of the applicant, in the British Columbia Gazette, and in any newspaper circulating in the district wherein such land lies; such notice shall not include a greater area of land than six hundred and forty acres, and shall state the name of the applicant, the locality, boundaries, and extent of the land applied for; such notice shall be dated, and shall be posted in a conspicuous place on the land sought to be acquired, and on the Government Office, if any,

Purchase of unsurveyed Crown lands, not exceeding 640 acres.

Publication of notice of application.

Initial post to be erected and marked. in the district. He shall also place at one angle or corner of the land to be applied for, a stake or post to be known as the initial post, at least four inches square, and standing not less than four feet above the surface of the ground; and upon such initial post he shall inscribe his name, and the angle represented thereby, thus: "A. B.'s N.E. corner," (meaning North-East corner), or as the case may be. Except such initial post is so planted before the above notice is given all the proceedings taken by the applicant shall be void.

Deposit on account of purchase price.

He shall also deposit twenty-five per cent. of the purchase money with the *Assistant Commissioner of Lands and Works for the district in which the land is situate*, together with his application to purchase (*in duplicate*), within ninety days from the date of the staking of the land applied for, and after the notice of his intended application to purchase shall have appeared in the *British Columbia Gazette for two months*, and he shall have the land required surveyed, at his own cost, by a duly authorised Provincial Land Surveyor; and such lands shall be surveyed on the rectangular or square system now adopted by the Government, and all lines shall be run due north and south and due east and west, except where from the nature of surveys made it would be impossible to conform to the above system; and wherever possible the said survey shall be connected with some known point in previous surveys, or with some other known point or boundary:

Survey.

Classification of lands surveyed.

(1.) It shall be the duty of the Surveyor to classify the lands so surveyed as timber lands, first-class, second-class, or third-class lands, adopting for the purposes of such classification the distinctions contained in the next ensuing subsection, and he shall make full and accurate field-notes of his survey, and upon completion of the survey shall file such notes and a report of his survey in the office of the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works, accompanied by a statutory declaration verifying such notes, and showing the area of first-class, second-class, or third-class lands which are embraced by such survey; and such declaration shall also state whether in his opinion any of such land, and if so what, is likely to be required for the purposes of a townsite or fishing station, and whether the granting of such land or any of it would prevent or hamper the development of any adjoining natural resources:

(2.) Lands which are suitable for agricultural purposes, First class. or which are capable of being brought under cultivation profitably, or which are wild hay meadow lands, shall rank as and be considered to be first-class lands. Lands which are suitable for agricultural purposes only when artificially irrigated, and which do not contain timber valuable for lumbering purposes, as defined below, shall rank as and be considered to be second-class lands. Mountainous and rocky tracts of land which are wholly unfit for agricultural purposes, and which cannot, under any reasonable conditions, be brought under cultivation, and which do not contain timber suitable for lumbering purposes, as defined below, or hay meadows, shall rank and be considered to be third-class or pastoral lands: Second class. Third class.

(a.) Timber lands (i.e., lands which contain milling timber to the average extent of eight thousand feet per acre west of the Cascades, and five thousand feet per acre east of the Cascades, to each one hundred and sixty acres) shall not be open for sale: Timber lands not open for purchase.

(3.) The Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works after examination of the report of the survey, the field-notes thereof, with the statutory declaration of the Surveyor, and all other documents and information in relation to the application, and of the character of the land applied for, which shall be procurable, if satisfied with the information, and that it is not contrary to the public interest that the sale should be made (but not otherwise), shall name the price, based upon the classification provided by the preceding sub-section, at which the land applied for, or any portion thereof, may be sold to the applicant, and thereupon, but no sooner, the sale may be allowed to proceed. The price of first-class lands shall be five dollars per acre; that of second-class lands, two dollars and fifty cents per acre; and that of third-class lands, one dollar per acre. The purchase money shall be paid in full at the time of the purchase, twenty-five per cent. being paid as before provided, and the remaining seventy-five per cent. when the survey shall have been accepted, and the sale allowed to proceed by the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works; but no right or title can be acquired to any such land until after such land shall have been surveyed to the satisfaction of the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works. Commissioner to fix price on basis of Surveyor's classification. Purchase money payable upon acceptance of survey.

Leases for
general
purposes.

The area comprised in any sale is not to be less than 160 and not greater than 640 acres.

The survey and purchase is to be completed within six months from the date of application. Before a second purchase can be made the applicant must satisfy the Commissioner that he has improved his land to the value dollars per acre.

Leases.

Crown
grants to
contain
provision
as to town
lots.

(3.) The Lieutenant-Governor in Council may grant leases of Crown lands which have been subdivided by survey into lots not exceeding twenty acres in extent to any of Her Majesty's subjects for the purpose of bonâ fide personal occupation and cultivation, upon such terms and conditions as may be deemed advisable. No person shall be entitled to hold more than one lot under such lease. Leases granted under authority of this clause shall contain conditions binding the lessee to build a dwelling-house during the first year of tenancy, and to settle upon, cultivate, and occupy the land within the meaning of the 'Land Act' and such other conditions as may be approved by the Lieutenant-Governor in Council. Such lease shall also contain a covenant providing that the lessee shall, at the expiration of the term of the lease, be entitled to a Crown grant of land so leased to him, provided that all the conditions and stipulations of the lease have been faithfully fulfilled.

3. Section 13 of the "Land Act Amendment Act, 1896," is hereby repealed, and the following is substituted therefore:—

(13.) All Crown grants hereafter issued of lands, the right to which was acquired subsequent to the 17th day of April, 1896, shall contain a provision that in the event of any lands thereby granted being divided into two lots, one-fourth of all the blocks of lots shall be re-conveyed to the Crown. The blocks to be so re-conveyed to the Crown shall be ascertained as follows:—The Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works shall first select one block and the owner three, and so on in turn, the Chief Commissioner selecting one and the owner three of the unchosen blocks until the division is made.

4. The Crown shall have a lien upon all steamships, rail-
way and stationary engines, smelters, concentrators, and all
furnaces or machinery in or for which any timber or wood
upon which a royalty is reserved and payable in any way or
manner, or for any purpose has been or is being used or
consumed, also upon all steamships, tow-boats, scows or other
vessels, and upon all railway trains, teams and waggons in
any way engaged in transporting such timber; such lien to
confer the same rights, and to be enforceable in the same
manner as the lien and rights of recovery of royalties
conferred by under the provisions in that behalf of the
"Land Act," and amending Acts.

Extends
Crown lien
on timber
royalty.

Leases.

54. Leases (containing such covenants and conditions as
may be advisable) of unoccupied Crown lands, not exceeding
one hundred and sixty (160) acres in extent, may be granted
by the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works—

(a.) In that part of the Province situated east of the
Cascade Range, for a term not to exceed five
years, for the purpose of cutting hay thereon, to
any person or person whomsoever, being bonâ fide
pre-emptors or purchasers of land appurtenant to
the meadows desired to be so leased, at an annual
rental of 10 cents per acre :

East of
Cascade
Range.
Hay leases.
Pre-
emptors.

(b.) For a term not to exceed twenty-one years, for the
purpose of opening up and working stone quarries,
or as sites for fishing stations, on such terms and
conditions, not inconsistent with the provisions of
this Act, as may be approved by the Lieutenant-
Governor in Council.

Stone
quarries.
Fishing
sites.

Water.

40. Every person lawfully entitled to hold land under
this Act, or under any former Act, and lawfully occupying
and bonâ fide cultivating lands, may record and divert so
much and no more of any unrecorded and unappropriated
water from the natural channel of any stream, lake, or river
adjacent to or passing through such land, for agricultural or
other purposes, as may be reasonably necessary for such

Land-
holders
may re-
cord and
utilize
water.

purpose, upon obtaining the written authority of the Commissioner of the district to that effect, and a record of the same shall be made with him, after due notice as herein mentioned, specifying the name of the applicant, the quantity sought to be diverted, the place of diversion, the object thereof, and of all such other particulars as such Commissioner may require. For every such record the Commissioner shall charge a fee of two dollars; and no such person shall have any exclusive right to the use of such water, whether the same flow naturally through or over his land, except such record shall have been made and such fee paid. C. A. 1888, c. 66, s. 39.

Free Grants.

Lieut.-
Governor
may make
free grants.

38. It shall be lawful for the Lieutenant-Governor in Council to make such special free or partially free grants of the unoccupied and unappropriated Crown lands of the Province for the encouragement of immigration or other purposes of public advantage, not being bonuses for the construction of railways, with and under such provisions, restrictions, and privileges, as to the Lieutenant-Governor in Council may seem most advisable. C. A. 1888, c. 66, s. 37; 1891, c. 15, s. 7.

Educational Endowments.

Reserves
for educa-
tional pur-
poses may
be sold at
public
auction.

39. Lands heretofore reserved as an endowment for the purposes of education under the provisions of section 38 of the "Land Act," chapter 66 of the Consolidated Acts, 1888, may be sold by public auction, of which reasonable and sufficient public notice shall be given, but not so as to dispose of any land at less than its classified price. 1891, c. 15, s. 8, amended.

32. [*Repealed by c. 15, s. 6, 1891.*]

Sales and
free grants
for dyking
and drain-
ing pur-
poses.

33. It shall be lawful for the Lieutenant-Governor in Council to sell any vacant lands of the Crown, or make free grants thereof, to any person or company for the purpose of dyking, draining or irrigating the same, subject to such regulations as the Lieutenant-Governor in Council shall see fit. 1884, c. 15, s. 53.

There are also timber leases, and leases for stripping hemlock bark. The Government also holds a lien upon all timber felled for spars, logs, props for mines, shingle or cord wood.

77. This Act shall not be construed so as to inflict penalties upon free miners engaged in prospecting, nor upon travellers, nor upon persons engaged in merely scientific pursuits or exploring, nor upon farmers cutting timber in connection with their farms, nor upon persons cutting cord wood for personal use for fuel for domestic purposes and not for sale, or cutting cord wood for school purposes. 1896, s. 28, s. 5.

Free
miners,
travellers,
farmers,
and others
cutting
timber not
affected.

ASSESSMENT ACT, 1888.

INTERPRETATION CLAUSES.

Wild Land.

(7.) The words "wild land" shall mean land claimed by any person on which there shall not be existing improvements to the value, when assessed, of two dollars and fifty cents per acre on land situate west of the Cascades, and one dollar and twenty-five cents per acre on land east of the Cascade Range of mountains: Provided always, that the value of the improvements upon any parcel of the lands of any person in any district shall exempt an equivalent number of acres of his land situate in the same district and adjoining to the land whereon such improvements exist at the rate aforesaid from the operation of this sub-section.

Under section 6 of the Assessment Act, 1896:—

There shall be assessed, levied and collected from every person and paid to Her Majesty, her heirs and successors, the sums following, that is to say: three per cent. on the assessed value of "wild land." Provided always that if the above taxes so assessed and levied are paid on or before the 30th day of June in each year, but not otherwise, the collector is hereby authorized to receive, and shall receive in lieu of the above rates:—

Two and one-half per cent. upon the assessed value of "wild land."

II.

LIST OF TREES OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Botanical Name.	English Name.	French Name.
<i>Abies amabilis</i>	White fir	Sapin blanc
" <i>grandis</i>	Western white fir	Gros sapin
" <i>subalpina</i>	Mountain balsam	Sapin des monts
<i>Acer macrophyllum</i>	Large-leaved maple	Erable
" <i>circinatum</i>	Vine maple	"
<i>Alnus rubra</i>	Red alder	Aune rouge
<i>Arbutus Menziesii</i>	Arbutus	Arbute
<i>Betula occidentalis</i>	Western birch	Rouleau
" <i>papyrifera</i>	Canoe birch	" a canot
<i>Cornus Nuttallii</i>	Western dogwood	Cornouillier
<i>Juniperus Virginiana</i>	Red cedar	Cedre rouge
<i>Larix Americana</i>	American larch	Epinette rouge
" <i>Lyalli</i>	Mountain larch	" des monts
" <i>occidentalis</i>	Western larch	" rouge
<i>Picea alba</i>	White spruce	Petite epinette
" <i>Engelmannii</i>	Western black spruce	Epinette noir
" <i>nigra</i>	Black spruce	Grosse epinette
" <i>Sitchensis</i>	Western white spruce	Epinette blanche
<i>Pinus albicaulis</i>	White-bark pine	Cin blanc
" <i>contorta</i>	Scrub pine	Cypres
" <i>monticola</i>	White mountain pine	Pin blanc
" <i>Murrayana</i>	Black pine	Cypres
" <i>ponderosa</i>	Yellow pine	Pin jaune ou rouge
<i>Pirus rivularis</i>	Western crab-apple	Pommier
<i>Populus balsamifera</i>	Balsam poplar	Paumier
" <i>monilifera</i>	Cottonwood	Biard
" <i>tremuloides</i>	Aspen	Tremble
" <i>trichocarpa</i>	Cottonwood	Tiard
<i>Prunus emarginata</i>	Cherry	Lerisier
" <i>mollis</i>	"	"
<i>Pseudotsuga Douglassii</i>	Douglas fir	Pin d'Oregon
<i>Quercus Garryana</i>	Western white oak	Chene
<i>Salix lanceifolia</i>	Lance-leaved willow	Saule
" <i>lasiandra</i>	Willow	"
<i>Taxus brevifolia</i>	Western yew	If
<i>Thuja gigantea</i>	Giant cedar	Grand cedre
" <i>excelsa</i>	Yellow cypress or cedar	Cedre jaune
<i>Tsuga Mertensiana</i>	Western hemlock	Pruche
" <i>Pattoniana</i>	Alpine hemlock	"

III.

ORDINARY EXPENSES OF A VESSEL AT
VANCOUVER.

	Dollars.
Hospital dues per register ton	0.02
Health Inspector's fee	4.00
Harbour dues	5.00
Bill of health, outwards	1.00
Pilotage, per foot (each way)	2.00
Pilotage per foot (steamers)	1.50
Port Agency (according to size)	25.00 to 100.00
Discharge of ballast (usually done by ship's crew)	
or per ton	10.00 to 25.00
Harbour towage	10.00 to 20.00
Stevedoring—	
General cargo or salmon, per ton	45
Sugar, per ton	27½
Lumber and timber, per M. ft., according to the style of cargo and facilities of the ship	80 to 1.00
Watering	15.00 to 20.00

RATES OF TOWAGE.

PILOTAGE DISTRICT OF YALE AND NEW WESTMINSTER.

The ports of the Pilotage District of Yale and New Westminster shall be as follows:—

Port of Vancouver.

Port of New Westminster.

Port of Yale and several landings on the Fraser River.

(1.) The limit of the Port of Vancouver shall be inside a line drawn from Point Atkinson to the red buoy on Spanish Bank.

(2.) The limit of the Port of New Westminster shall be inside a line drawn between the outer buoys and north and south sand heads at entrance of Fraser River.

DUES.

For vessels entering or clearing from the Port of Vancouver the rates of pilotage shall be as follows :—

	Dollars.
Vessels under sail	4.00 per foot.
" in tow of a steamer	2.00 "
" under steam	1.50 "

The pilotage from Cape Flattery or Royal Roads to a line drawn from Point Atkinson to the red buoy on Spanish Bank and *vice versa* is not compulsory, but if the services of a pilot are required, he shall be paid the following rates, viz. :—

	Dollars.
From Cape Flattery	6.00 per foot.
" Callum Bay	5.00 "
" Beachy Head	4.00 "
" Race Rocks or Royal Roads	3.00 "

And for vessels under steam or in tow of a steamer the following rates shall be paid :—

	Dollars.
From Cape Flattery	3.00 per foot.
" Callum Bay	2.50 "
" Beachy Head	2.00 "
" Race Rocks or Royal Roads, vessels under steam	2.00 "
" Race Rocks or Royal Roads, vessels in tow of a steamer	1.50 "

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